A Roll of Honour

IRISH PRELATES & PRIESTS

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IRISH PRELATES & PRIESTS OF THE LAST CENTURY

WITH PREFACE BY

Most Rev. John Healy, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

DUBLIN

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND

27, LOWER ABBEY STREET

M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED,

50, UPPER O'CONNELL STREET.

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PREFACE

I THINK we may all congratulate the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland on the publication of this volume, which has very fitly been called the "ROLL OF HONOUR." It is, indeed, a Roll of Honour, for it comprises the most eminent Irish Churchmen of the nineteenth century, whose services to the Church and to their country have rendered their names immortal in the history of our native land.

It would, I think, be difficult to find a trio of Churchmen in any country who hold a higher place in the estimation of their countrymen, both as ecclesiastics and patriots, than Murray, and Doyle and John MacHale. They disagreed in many points, but no one has ever yet questioned their honesty of purpose and nobility of character. Their lives are sketched in this volume in a strong, vigorous style, which is not unbefitting the robust and manly character of those

great men, whose work for Ireland can never be forgotten by their countrymen.

Then, where will the literary men of our schools and colleges find a nobler type of the cultured Christian scholar than that which is set before them in this fascinating memoir of Dr. Russell, for so many years the venerated President of Maynooth College ?

I have read over the sketch of Father Hand with great interest, and I venture to commend it to the careful perusal of our ecclesiastical students of every grade. Many of them have to meet trials and troubles such as Father Hand met, and overcame in a noble Christian spirit ; and I have no doubt that, in their own difficulties and trials, they will find great encouragement and consolation in this record of a beautiful, godly life, which appears to me to be the very highest realization of the glorious ideal set forth in the eight Beatitudes.

Dr. Murray rendered more services to religion, in my opinion, in Ireland by the various religious communities he founded than any other single ecclesiastic since the time of St. Patrick, except,

perhaps, St. Malachy, or his own predecessor, St. Laurence O'Toole ; but I doubt if any of these services was greater than his getting Father Hand to found All Hallows College.

I hope the "ROLL OF HONOUR" will have a very wide circulation, and I cordially recommend it to all the clients of the Catholic Truth Society.

✠ JOHN,
Archbishop of Tuam.

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BISHOP OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN .

1786—1834.

JAMES DOYLE, priest of the Order of St. Augustine, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, was born at New Ross, in the county of Wexford, in 1786. His father, who had died a short time before his birth, came of an old Wexford family that had suffered much during the Penal Days for their fidelity to the Catholic Church, and held a small farm some five or six miles from Ross, in the direction of Enniscorthy. His mother, Anne Warren, was his father's second wife. A woman of remarkable practical sense and strength of character, she supported herself and her family after her husband's death by teaching a small school at Clonleigh. From her and from a Mr. Grace, who kept a mixed school in the neighbouring parish of Rathgarogue, James Doyle picked up his early education until he was sent, in his fourteenth year, to the Augustinian College, New Ross. Before this, however, he had passed through scenes that left upon him an indelible impression. He witnessed many of the incidents connected with '98. He saw the excesses of the soldiery; the cruelties perpetrated by the yeomen to goad the people on to rebellion; the wanton insults to our religion; the free quarters, the

mock trial at the drum-head courtmartial, the execution immediately afterwards. When the limits of endurance had been passed, when the burning of Boolavogue chapel had exhausted their patience, he saw the boys of Wexford shoulder their pikes and march away with Father Murphy. From his hiding-place in a furze bush, he, with a young companion, Martin Doyle, subsequently Parish Priest of Graiguenamana, Co. Kilkenny, was a spectator of the battle of Ross, and saw the varying tides of victory and defeat ebb and flow that long summer day through the Three Bullet Gate. When the fierce struggle was over, when the sword of Erin was broken at Vinegar Hill, he saw the English columns, flushed with victory, wild with the lust of vengeance, sweep through the country, leaving behind them many dark and bitter memories which influenced his opinions and largely determined his public policy.

Dr. Doyle was no infant prodigy. He does not seem to have been one of nature's favourites, or to have been endowed with all those gifts which bring, almost without effort, social distinction, as well as intellectual pre-eminence. At school his undoubtedly remarkable abilities were by no means prominent. His classical professor observed, "that Doyle had talent and was able to improve himself; but that he did not display any extraordinary mental powers." He was shy and reserved in manner, caring little for and holding himself aloof from the sports and games in which boys delight. Studious and pious, he manifested, to the great joy of his mother, a decided vocation for the religious life. His mother's death broke the principal tie that bound him to the world, and in the following year, 1805, he joined the Augus-

tinians. He made his novitiate in Grantstown, a convent about fourteen miles from New Ross, the modern representative of the old Augustinian Abbey of Clonmines, founded by the O'Kavanaghs in 1385. During the trying year of the novitiate he went through his religious exercises in an exemplary manner. Under its salutary discipline his splendid natural virtues, raised by a new spirit to higher level, grew ever stronger and more responsive to the suggestions of Divine Grace. Living always in the presence of God, praying earnestly to Jesus in the Tabernacle, he steadily acquired the virtues distinctive of the religious state :—obedience, detachment from worldly comforts and conveniences, brotherly love, devotion to the Passion and to the Blessed Sacrament. A close study of the writings of his holy Father Augustine and of the lives of the Augustinian saints, hearing read week after week the Rule written by St. Augustine fifteen hundred years ago—that Rule whose wisdom and adaptability are such that to-day, after all the discoveries and revolutions, it regulates most of the religious bodies in the Church, that Rule whose first words are " before all things beloved brethren, let God be loved, and then our neighbour "—he became filled with the spirit of his Institute. In the choir and in the study-hall, whether reading over the pages in which Possidius, Noris and Berti interpret the mind of their Master, or repeating at Divine Office the antiphons in which the Church vividly presents the various phases of Augustine's life, he became familiar with every aspect of that eventful career :—the bright promise of early years withering away under the fell influences of pleasure and of mental pride ; the prolonged alienation from the Church ; his intellectual wan-

derings, flitting from one philosophical school to another in quest of that Ancient Beauty who has made us for Himself and in whom we find rest for our souls—the tears of Monica, the sermons of Ambrose, the epistle of St. Paul, the grand renunciation of the world and its concupiscences—the little religious community in which the days were passed writing books to convince the sceptic, and teaching Catechism to instruct the ignorant; the zealous priest, the saintly bishop, who combined in his efforts to defend and propagate the church of our Redeemer all that was grandest in the Apostolic traditions with all that was best in the Grecian schools. Meditating and conversing upon all these vicissitudes of him who was at once one of the greatest saints in the Church and one of the most daring figures in the world of speculation, he became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Augustine. Having a most vivid perception of that far-away time, he realised the difficulties by which Augustine was confronted and the methods he employed to conquer as well as to convince his age. Taking his Holy Father for a model, he resolved by cultivating a spirit of sincere and solid religion, and by careful and judicious mental training, to prepare himself, under God's Providence, for a task which in its essentials was the same as that which occupied the best energies and called forth the finest efforts of Augustine, namely —to banish prejudice and remove misrepresentation, to destroy all the obstacles that impeded her development, and to make the Catholic Church loved and honoured in his native land. Possessed of such dispositions, he showed all the signs of a religious vocation, and being admitted to Profession, made his vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in January, 1806.

After his Profession, with three brother religious —Clayton, MacDermott, and O'Hanlon—he was sent to make his studies at the University of Coimbra, Portugal. He at once showed great application : while others, said one of his fellow-students, were indolently lounging in the enervating heat of a Portuguese summer, Doyle was studying at the rate of seven or eight hours a day. Here, for the first time, his superior ability became evident : the University authorities were so much impressed that they gave him the unusual privilege of enjoying, while still a student of the Augustinian College de Graca, or "the little university," the full gratuitous range of the university proper. He read omnivorously ; and, both in private discussions with his fellow-students and in the more formal displays on public occasions at the University, entered with great spirit into the intellectual movement of the time. The intellectual movement of the eighteenth century has few, if any, parallels in the history of philosophy. One of the greatest revolutionary forces that the world has yet seen, it inspired some of the most attractive ideals, created the public opinion, and largely shaped the public policy of the century which has just passed away. Its energy is not yet spent, we must wait yet awhile before it has finished its course and men can write its epitaph. Its spirit was at once critical and constructive ; its temper at once narrow to the extreme of bigotry, and generous to the extreme of impracticable benevolence. On its political side it was, or pretended it was, filled with hatred towards kings and tyrants and all the outworn forms of ignorance and oppression. Before its votaries obtained supreme power, hungering and thirsting after justice, it promulgated the rights of man, and threw alike

over peer and peasant the mantle of equality before the law. In its universal charity it would regard the whole human race as one family: it would break down the arbitrary barriers erected long ago by crafty tyrants to keep the people apart. Nay, it was thrilled by more splendid aspirations, and led on by more glorious hopes. Until it was enthroned in the high places of political authority, until it ranked as one with the principalities and powers of the world, and wielded a despotism more terrible than the Bourbons ever exercised, and more comprehensive than the Cæsars ever claimed; it dreamt of drying up the sad tears of childhood, and of stilling the querulous murmurs of age; it aimed at bringing to a final close the bitter feud between rich and poor; it aspired to ring out the thousand wars of old, to ring in the thousand years of peace. Of its fidelity to these grand ideals let revolutionary Paris tell. In its religious aspect it was critical and destructive: a system of cold abstraction and empty, barren negation. It encouraged the gross materialism that there was no soul—"the brain secreting thought as the stomach secretes chyle"—no immortality: that we were as the beasts that perish, with no life beyond the grave, where loving words can again be spoken and loving hearts again can beat. It openly proclaimed scepticism, a habit of cynical doubt that paralysed all spiritual energy, either by denying absolutely the existence of God, or if it admitted His existence as a possibility, robbed us of the comfort that such a thought can bring, telling us that our Father who is in heaven could no more hear or help us in our bitter needs than could the dumb idols to whom the heathens kneel. Its hatred of the Church was intense. It instinctively felt

that its progress, not to say its supremacy, was incompatible with the existence of the Church. For the loving title of "Holy Mother Church," by which every generation of Catholics since the day of Pentecost have known and reverenced the kingdom of Christ, it substituted another—"The Infamous One": "*Ecrasez L'Infame.*" Destroy the Infamous One, was the shibboleth that summed up its policy, the hellish war cry that nerved its hosts. Its morality was just what might be expected. An elegant dash of sensuality was an essential element in the composition of every man of letters: no one could hope to become a philosopher without first becoming a libertine.

This infidelity, propagated with marvellous success by the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, had swept all over the continent, and naturally at a great seat of learning like Coimbra the new ideas were much read and discussed. They were in the air of the period, and could no more be excluded from centres where young men congregate than cholera or any other plague that certain unhealthy conditions generate. Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, Coimbra—intellectually, at least—was as dangerous to people as the schools of Carthage to the youthful Augustine. By this storm of Rationalism many of the students were shaken: a very few, but still a few, sons of Catholic mothers, fell. Breathing the infected atmosphere, gifted with a keen and unusually independent mind, Doyle could not hold aloof and remain a mere passive spectator of the struggle. Though it was a task fraught with danger, unless undertaken with proper safeguards and from a proper motive, he resolved to analyse and test for himself the arguments urged, with infinite pity and scorn

for their benighted opponents, by the flippant lads who gloried in the name of Voltaire. As far as his undeveloped ability and comparatively limited information permitted, he reviewed the whole scheme of Rationalism. He traced its genesis, the historical conditions—intellectual, political, social, and religious—which gave it birth; by First Principles, necessarily accepted under penalty of intellectual suicide, he estimated its philosophical value, its claim to our assent as a reasonable theory of knowledge. He examined its substitutes for the consolations which the Church promises and bestows, and saw how far they could minister to minds diseased; how far they could satisfy the permanent needs of the nature of man. This Rationalistic movement received a great impetus from its theory of social relations. This theory, while exciting the cupidity of the philanthropists, who hoped to make something handsome out of the topsy-turvydom it would entail, appealed with great force to the victims, hungry and ignorant, of a terribly unjust feudal system, as well as to those whose generous sympathy clouds their foresight and perverts their judgment. Now, in these days Doyle's favourite study was Law—a study, which, by-and-bye, he will find very useful, both in leading Irish agitation and in checkmating the grave and reverend seigniors of English Parliamentary Committees. By the principles of Law, which is nothing more than reason regulating human conduct, he saw that the new theory was utterly untenable: he learned from Montesquieu and from the Justinian code that the state of nature never existed, and that the social contract was a chimera. From jurisprudence he passed to history. "Looking into antiquity," he says, "I

found religion worshipped by Moses, and not only by Moses, but that Numa and Plato, though in darkness and error, were amongst the most ardent of her votaries." From history he passed to philosophy. In the fierce light of speculation he saw the incurable defects of the new movement ; how miserable and mean a thing it was ; how narrow in its fundamental principles ; how inconsistent in its details ; how inadequate and absurd in its explanations. The origin of Religion, according to the new sages—at whom now even the rawest Darwinian laughs—must be sought in the cunning of the priests (whom one might suppose to have been the products rather than the creators of the religious sentiment) inventing silly fables to gull mankind. It must not be looked for in God's revelation, nor in certain inborn cravings in the human heart—constant, profound, and inextinguishable. Its function, according to the same venerable authority, was to assist oppression and obstruct education, or, at best, by playing on their grotesque superstitions, to keep the masses in good order, whilst such champions of progress, virtue, and free thought as Louis XV. and Joseph II., Frederick the Great and Empress Catherine, quaffed their nectar, careless of mankind. We can imagine, for even then in incisive logic, in the tierce and quart of mind, Doyle was past-master, how he brushed aside the absurd sophisms of the young free-thinkers whose free-thinking mainly consists in bellowing conclusions drawn by processes they seldom employ, from premises they never understand. He might ask them—as Mr. John Morley, who certainly is above suspicion of overstating the Catholic case, asks them—is it thus they will sweeten the lives of suffering men and take its heaviness from that droning, piteous

chronicle of wrong and cruelty and despair which everlastingly saddens the compassionating ear like the moaning of a midnight sea? It was not by cold, cheerless, radically depraving conceptions like these that the Church became the refuge of humanity in the dark days of old, but by the representation to men sitting in bondage and the shadow of death of God-like natures moving amongst them in the most eternally touching of human relations—a tender Mother ever interceding for them, and an Elder Brother laying down His life that their burdens might be loosed. "Assisting oppressions and obstructing education." We can imagine the indignation with which the impetuous young Irish boy, facing the foreign sciolists, repelled such a foul calumny from the Church. He had come from a land where oppression and illiteracy indeed were rife, but where they were the direct outcome of the intolerant spirit of Protestantism, of that very spirit of which Rationalism was merely a further development. He had come from a land where the Church was the sole refuge against oppression, and the chief agent in distributing whatever little knowledge was to be had. He knew that through grief and through danger her smile had cheered the pitiable way of the Irish people. Seeing that calamity served only to evoke greater love and self-sacrifice, he knew that they slandered her who said her vows were frail. Alike from reason and experience he knew that the regeneration of Ireland, as well as of society in general, would be effected only by the spirit of the Church, which even by her own children is too little known and too little loved.

And yet, despite all his opposition to "French principles," though he would have repudiated the thought that they in any degree affected his con-

victions, there can be little doubt that to a certain extent he was influenced by at least some of the "ideas of '89." In order to effectively refute an opponent we must enter into his position by the aid of sympathetic imagination, we must look at things from his point of view, examine the question at issue in all its bearings, in the light of the principles which determine his judgment. Even by arguing with his fellow-students, Doyle would have become familiar with the various features of the philosophy of the eighteenth century. But we have already seen that in the rashness of youth he had undertaken the perilous enterprise of independent examination; that he had gone to consult the oracles which had set the world on flame; that he was not insensible to the glamour of the theories which, all illusive as they were, had cast a spell over the finest spirits of the time. His familiarity with all that was best in this school of thought quickened his naturally strong sense of justice, and stimulated him in his future struggle for individual liberty, religious equality, and the creation of a united Ireland, in which "every race and every creed might be by love combined."

Another element in the formation of his character was his appreciation of the marked contrast between the position of the Church in the Peninsula and its position at home. In the Peninsula it was clothed with dignity and authority; it was served and courted by nobles and by kings. The ritual of the Church was carried out in stately cathedrals, rich in glorious historic associations, with all the solemnity and splendour of an elaborate ceremonial. Princes felt themselves honoured in being permitted to bear the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament in the procession of Corpus Christi. At home the Church was still fettered

by the Penal laws ; it was emphatically the religion of the poor, the ignorant, and the weak things of this world. The Irish Catholic in his own country walked with bated breath.

> "Above his head a ruined shed,
> No tenure but a tyrant's will,
> Forbade to read, forbade to plead,
> Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile."

Doyle himself had make his religious profession in a thatched cabin that served for a church. As the young student meditated on this contrast, into his mind came the thought and the determination to change all that ; to strike the chains of servitude from the limbs of his co-religionists ; to bring about religious equality and restore the Church to her rightful position, a city of perfect beauty built on the hillside giving the law of Christ to loving and obedient nations. However, his preparation for the great task to which he had set himself was interrupted in 1808 by the French invasion of Portugal. The French, who had long since grown unfaithful to the idea of liberty, which they had exchanged for glory, under General Junot invaded Portugal, and in a marvellously short time effected a complete conquest of the country. Soon, however, the Spanish and Portuguese peoples rose in arms. England became their ally, and sent out to their assistance a large force under the Duke of Wellington, Sir Arthur Wellesley as he then was. "All ages and conditions," writes Father MacDermott, one of Doyle's fellow-students, "were summoned to arms. The ecclesiastics of the university, specially the students, were enrolled. Doyle displayed much loyalty, was drilled, shouldered his musket and went on guard." He also accompanied, as interpreter, the British mission

to Lisbon to conclude a treaty of peace with the French. In this duty he displayed such high ability and tact that the Portuguese Government offered him an important position in their diplomatic service. But, as he afterwards told his people in one of his pastorals, he "rejected the favours of the great, and fled even from the smiles of a court that he might, in his native land, from which he had become an exile to procure education, labour in the most humble department of the sacred Ministry." On his return to Ireland, in December, 1808, he was sent to New Ross to complete his studies. Having been ordained in Enniscorthy, on Rosary Sunday, 1st of October, 1809, he taught Logic to the Augustinian students at New Ross for four years, and kept up his private studies until, in 1813, he was appointed to a chair in Carlow College.

On arriving at Carlow he presented himself to Dr. Staunton, the President, who first looked rather doubtfully at the ungainly figure, huge frieze coat and battered hat of the would-be professor. "What can you teach?" asked Dr. Staunton. "Anything from A B C to the third book of Canon Law," replied Doyle, who felt somewhat hurt at his cold reception and the President's scepticism as to his ability. "Pray young man," said the President, "can you teach and practise humility?" "I trust," answered Doyle, "I have at least humility to feel that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known." "You'll do," said Dr. Staunton, as he rubbed his hands and called for lunch. His appointment to Carlow being confirmed by the Augustinian Provincial, Dr. Sheehan, of Cork, Doyle began to teach. As a teacher he was a success from the

beginning. During his first year of residence he taught Rhetoric. He was then promoted to the chair of Theology, which he filled till 1819, when, on the death of Dr. Corcoran, he was at the early age of thirty-three, appointed Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. With his consecration his public life began ; and with his public life began a new era in the history of Ireland.

Heaven knows a new era was, indeed, sadly needed. To say that the condition of Ireland at that time was degrading and intolerable would be altogether inadequate. It is doubtful if the sun ever shone on a more unhappy country or on a state of society better adapted to kill all the finer qualities of human nature, and to produce and perpetuate all the worst forms of barbarism. Government was simply organised tyranny, a huge perversion utterly and incurably wrong. The social fabric was constructed on entirely false principles ; everywhere there was oppression, misery, and discontent. The blackest lines in this awful picture were drawn by landlordism ; by Protestant Ascendancy, in its two very odious manifestations of Catholic disabilities and payment of tithes ; by illiteracy, to which the great mass of the people were doomed by Penal Laws which made education a crime. These were the problems that imperatively demanded solution. How were they to be faced ? Where did the solution lie ? These were the questions before the young Bishop. Now, in passing sentence on Dr. Doyle for the plan of campaign he adopted, and for his views upon institutions and upon men, we must beware of the fallacy of judging him by the standards by which we test our public men to-day. To judge the men and principles and policy of one period by those of another would be

entirely erroneous and would falsify, if it did not destroy, the lessons of history. We are, all of us, in great part the products of our environment, creatures of our circumstances, animated and informed by the spirit of our own age. The time spirit colours our opinions, moulds our thought, supplies us with watchwords and aspirations. Public opinion is the timekeeper of public agitation. Those who aspire to be leaders of men must keep in touch with it, otherwise they will simply talk over the heads of the people ; their programmes, be they ever so heroic and sublime, will fall upon deaf ears, for the people have their hearts set on other things. Public men must be judged by the highest standard of their place and generation. With the age the standard varies. As Doyle's standard differs from, perhaps falls beneath ours, so will ours be lower than that of the Ireland of fifty years hence. Let us remember this as we trace the Bishop's career, and we shall find how bravely and well he acquitted himself in the great struggles for social reform and religious equality.

Social Reform and Religious Equality—these were the burning questions. How were they to be settled ? Some ardent spirits then, as now, might dream of Ireland's heroic past and of fights for freedom in a later day, and speak of Sarsfield and of Washington. But it was only a few years after '98, and the ghastly memories of that terrible time still haunted the minds of the people. The failure of the Rebellion had chilled the hopes of armed revolution, and there was no organisation in the country. Besides, these years after Waterloo were the high-water mark of the European reaction ; the monarchs of the Holy Alliance made common cause to suppress popular uprisings, and the supremacy of England was unquestionable.

There was then no remedy except constitutional agitation. Even upon this most of the Bishops, and what used be styled the natural leaders of the people, looked askance. They must not be blamed. Like the two pitiable peasants in *Knocknagow*, who were conceived and born under a notice to quit, their spirit was broken by the Penal Laws, and they thought it a great favour to be permitted to live and to have Mass offered up quietly. Many of them had seen the priest-hunter at work, and dreaded to intensify the bigotry that had never slumbered. In their boyhood, education had been a crime, and dogs had been trained alike to run upon the track of wolf and friar. Only four years before Doyle's birth, was removed the ban from Catholic education. Only twenty years before it, in 1766, Father Sheehy was hanged at Clonmel.

> "What wonder if their step betrays
> The freedom born in penal days?"

Dr. Doyle felt that the time had come to end all this, and abandon the old timid policy. He was convinced that the only way to tear the collar of servitude from the necks of the Irish people, to make them feel themselves quite as good as the Protestant Orangemen, to infuse into their hearts the spirit of freemen, was not to go to their enemies with cap in hand and on bended knee, but, always within the limit of conscience, to face them in the arena and fight them with every available weapon. It is by this advocacy and practice of crimeless but determined agitation, that Dr. Doyle is pre-eminently the champion of Catholic equality.

But before all things Dr. Doyle was bishop, responsible to heaven for the souls committed to his care. The Penal Laws had more or less para-

lysed ecclesiastical authority; the discipline, with which we are so familiar, had long been impossible; many abuses had naturally crept up. He determined to introduce a better tone amongst his people, and by wise organisation render the ministry more efficient. On his first visitation in 1820, the year after his consecration, he founded confraternities and total abstinence societies in every parish. He also, as pioneer of the Catholic Truth Society, introduced an excellent system of parochial libraries, "which," as he told the Parliamentary Committee in 1825, "I have stocked with books of religious and moral instruction exclusively. These books are given out to heads of families upon their paying a penny a week or a fortnight for the use of them; they are given to the poor gratis." He revived the practise of retreats for the clergy which had gone into disuse in Ireland for nearly three hundred years, and in July, 1820, he conducted unaided a retreat at Carlow, which was attended by most of the Irish Bishops and by over one thousand priests from every part of the country. Thus initiating most of the more special forms of religious effort, he gave a wonderful impetus to ecclesiastical reform and more than any other laboured to repair the ravages of persecution and restore the ancient beauty of the Irish Church.

During his visitation he inquired into the moral and social condition of his people. He found them groaning under the most frightful servitude, reduced to the very extreme of human misery by oppressive rents and still more oppressive tithes. "A long series of oppressions," writes Arthur Young, a few years before Doyle's birth, "aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought the landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty

superiority and their vassals into unqualified submission. Speaking a language that is despised (as it was then), professing a religion that is abhorred, and being disarmed, the poor find themselves in many cases slaves. The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot who yields obedience, in whatever concerns the poor, to no law, but to its own evil.'

Sixty years after Young's visit the colours are evidently darker. "But what," says Carlyle, taking as his text the Report of the Irish Poor Law Commission of 1836, "if history somewhere on this planet were to hear of a nation each third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History in that case feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation, and that starvation from age to age pre-supposes much. History ventures to assert that the French *Sans-culotte* of '93 who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers and die fighting for an immortal hope and faith of deliverance for him and his, was but the second miserablest of men! The Irish sans-potato then, had he not senses then, nay, a soul? In his frozen darkness it was bitter for him to die famishing, bitter to see his children famish. Nay, if that dreary Greenland wind of benighted Want, perennial from sire to son, had frozen him into a kind of torpor and numb callosity, so that he saw not, felt not,—was this for a creature with a soul in it some assuagement or the cruellest wretchedness of all? Such things were; such things are, and they go on in silence peaceably—and Sansculottisms follow."[1]

[1] *French Revolution*, III., 368.

Government by the *ancien régime* in France was defined as despotism tempered by epigrams. In the unhappy time of Ireland a century ago, government was little better than landlordism tempered by assassination. The retribution was frightful. Every year Special Commissions of Assize were appointed. The peasantry were hanged publicly by the dozen and transported by the hundred. This state of wild unrest and oppression was an abomination to the young Bishop. Of fearless and impulsive temperament, he hated wrongdoing, no matter whence it came, and denounced the excesses on both sides in this brutal and bloody fight between injustice and revenge. Of moderate views, he had no sympathy with a *jacquerie ;* he hated crime and anarchy ; but, like the father of his people, he knew that force was no remedy, and that the only way to peace and reform was by abolishing wicked laws. In his first Pastoral he warned his people against the Ribbonmen and similar secret societies. Using every argument to convince them, he asks : " Where is the landlord amongst you who is an oppressor ? Where is the employer who is not humane ? When have you been sick and they have not relieved you ? When have you been naked and they have not covered you ? When have you been hungry and they have not fed you ? When have you been houseless and they have not sheltered you ? And if you could point out exceptions are they not as rare as the stars that fall from heaven ? " It is interesting to note in the evolution of Dr. Doyle's opinion, and at the same time a terrible testimony to the misery of the country, that when revising this Pastoral a few years afterwards he drew his pen through these passages. His Pastorals against

outrage were not effective. How could they be? In the present state of human nature, just as fever rises from unhealthy soil, so crime is the inevitable, but ever reprehensible, outcome of certain social conditions. He decided on sterner measures. Arrayed in full canonicals he smote, from their parish churches, the leaders of the Ribbonmen with excommunication, and terrified them into submission. It was on one of these occasions that he delivered the ever-memorable address in the course of which he said: "I know the miseries of the poor, and accordingly *even* I have sometimes forborne to remonstrate with you as I might justly have done. 'Show to us,' it might be said by some of you, 'that if we be patient and submissive we shall not be banished from our homes, that we shall not be reduced till even food and water fail our children, that we shall not perish in disease and hunger. Show us that these things will not happen and we will cheerfuly follow your advice. You speak of the punishment that awaits us. What punishment can be greater than to die of hunger! You remind us of the affliction we bring on our families. What affliction can surpass that of the mother and children driven in a state of utter destitution from their fireside to wander friendless and hopeless through a world that rejects them till death comes to absolve them from their sufferings.'" . . . "The widow and the orphan may have perished, and the honest cottier, torn from the land to which nature attached him, may have withered and died. But even if you be the children of that widow or the sons of that peasant, let me at once remind you that revenge is forbidden. The Lord saith, 'Revenge is mine and I will repay.' God alone or those who hold power from Him can ever execute

justice. Let this truth sink deep into your souls ; let it never depart from you ; tell it morn and night in your poor huts and cabins, and if turned forth in the world to starve and die, repeat it amid the darkness of the night ; and when the storm and rain pelt you and your little ones, as you shiver in your hunger and your raggedness, still ever, ever repeat it—'Revenge is God's alone.' " Appeals like this could not but be effective. Crime was checked, and in a few years his diocese became one of the most peaceful in Ireland.

To this end powerfully contributed another movement—the movement for Emancipation, whose motto was, "He who commits crime gives strength to the enemy." Of this movement for Emancipation the master spirits were Doyle and O'Connell. Like the various popular movements since, it had many vicissitudes ; it had its days of success and its nights of defeat. Now, in the ebb of bigotry and reaction, it was carried out of the range of practical politics ; now it was being borne along in the flowing tide of liberalism and justice. About the time of Dr. Doyle's consecration, in 1819, its fortunes were very unfavourable : never since the Union had its prospects been so gloomy. In Parliament that year was made a fruitless plea, a plea irresistible in its cogency of argument, vibrating with the pathos of the purest eloquence, a plea that, alas ! was the last despairing effort of Henry Grattan. Outside Parliament there was little reason to hope. The Catholic aristocrats had hitherto controlled the movement. Timid and apprehensive, their first principle was, "Don't embarrass the Government." The Bishops were passive ; the priests held aloof ; the people were for the most part entirely ignorant of its existence.

There was no real organisation. Those who took any interest in it where divided over the veto. English Catholics and Irish superior people insisted on giving the Protestant King of England the right to veto all Catholic ecclesiastical appointments in Ireland. O'Connell passionately opposed this insidious scheme for limiting the Pope's prerogative and destroying the ancient rights and the stainless spiritual independence of the Irish Church. The difference of opinion over the veto brought about the split which appears to be inevitable in every great Irish movement. The agitation, such as it was, collapsed. All might say,

> "Hope no more for Fatherland,
> All its ranks are thinned and broken."

In 1822, the year after Grattan's death, the defeat of Ponsonby's Bill, marked the very lowest point in the movement for Emancipation. The Cabinet was filled with men pledged to death against the Catholic claims. Never did the Ascendancy party hold its head so high ; never was its demeanour so arrogant or so insulting. "The country," says Lalor Shiel, "was in a state of degrading and unwholesome tranquillity : we sat down like galley slaves in a calm. A general stagnation diffused itself over the national feelings. The public pulse had stopped ; the circulation of all generous sentiment had been arrested, and the country was palsied to the heart." Ireland, verily, was a corpse on the dissecting table. The Orange Press bestrode it, heaping vile calumnies on the people, their religion, and their cause. All patriotic spirit had fled. People submitted helplessly to the scourge and contumely of their enemies. Nothing short of a miracle could re-

vive the country ; and this miracle was wrought by Dr. Doyle, the Augustinian Friar who wore the mitre of Kildare.

Emerging from the solitude always dear to him, he, at once as priest and patriot, vindicated the Catholic religion and the Catholic claims. In 1822, Dr. Magee, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in his first visitation at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, made upon our religion a bitter and gratuitously offensive attack. For centuries Catholic Ireland had tamely submitted to such misrepresentation and calumny. Be the calumny ever so vile the Catholics made no reply, lest reply should make matters worse. This silence Protestants understood to arise from the weakness and worthlessness of our cause. Dr. Doyle thought that the age of slavish submission and cowardly acquiescence in the bigoted pretensions of the Ascendancy party had passed away, and that the time had come for a new policy, a policy of action, a policy not merely of defence but of attack. In a few days, through the columns of the Dublin *Evening Post*, he replied in a letter signed by the now well-known initials J.K.L. (James Kildare and Leighlin). His letter created a wonderful sensation, and revealed a force in the Irish priesthood hitherto unsuspected. Its supreme courage in assailing the Protestant Established Church as a usurpation ; its power in stating the Catholic case ; its erudition giving evidence of wide and careful reading ; its well marshalled arguments ; its force and eloquence of diction ; its logical skill and subtlety ; all these qualities showed that the unknown writer was more than a match for the ablest champion in the Protestant Church. Magee's reply to this letter elicited immediately from J.K.L. a rejoinder that made the Lord Lieutenant

declare "Magee manifestly got the worst of it." Before the excitement over this controversy had fully subsided, Dr. Doyle followed up his Letters with his greatest work, *A Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Irish Catholics, by J.K.L.* The work was in the form of a letter addressed to the Marquis of Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, and at that time Lord Lieutenant. Its modest title is apt to mislead. It is not a simple vindication, not a mere defence of Catholic teaching. It carried war into the enemy's country with consummate ability, and gave the Tithe system and the Establishment a series of sledge-hammer blows that sent them reeling to destruction. No pamphlet since the days of Swift and Burke created such sensation. Winning at once an immense circulation, it aroused the dormant energies of the Catholics. "Some of its most striking passages," says Mr. MacDonagh, "were printed on placards and posted on the walls of town and village, where they were read aloud to admiring groups. After Mass, too, on Sundays in country districts it was read to the peasantry. Its eloquence and passion acted on the despised and degraded Catholics like the inspiriting blast of a bugle on depressed troops." Breaking the spell of that paralysis which had lain so long upon our people, it sent the life-blood of new and glorious hope coursing through their veins, and filled them with that spirit which dares all things, famine, persecution and the sword, and before which the forces of bigotry and oppression melted away like the Assyrian hosts from the breath of the Angel of the Lord.

Availing himself of the public opinion created by the writings of the young Bishop, O'Connell founded in 1823 the Catholic Association, the

famous league that frightened Wellington, and finally won Emancipation. Dr. Doyle was the first Bishop to join the Association. His example was followed by most of the Bishops, and in nearly every parish the parish priest was president of the local branch. He took a very active part in the agitation. He published in February, 1825, a series of twelve letters on the State of Ireland, which, going to the root of the question, exposed with great clearness and force the utter inadequacy of the remedial proposals of Government : full of political wisdom, they would be useful even to-day to those who aspire to understand and govern Ireland. Next month (March) he, with O'Connell and a number of representative men, was summoned to give evidence before Select Committees appointed by Parliament to inquire into the condition of Ireland. On arriving in London he learned from Sir Henry Parnell, whose guest he was, that the potent, grave, and reverend members of the Committee had laid a trap for him. "They are concocting a train of examination for the last week," said Sir Henry. "Some of the most practised theologians from Oxford and Cambridge are in attendance, adding link after link to the long chain of queries which are prepared for you." (Fitzpatrick, vol. i. p. 391). The Bishop, who had brought no book with him except his breviary, refreshed his memory by reading over the works of Catholic Theology which Sir Henry's library contained ; "thus I proceeded to the House of Commons and calmly awaited the advance of the enemy." The examination was very searching and comprehensive, embracing a variety of topics, from the wages of a Queen's County cottier, to the most complicated questions in dogmatic theology. It dealt with the Sacraments, Miracles, Purgatory,

Councils, Tithes, Papal Authority, the Veto, and payment of the Catholic Clergy in Ireland by the State ; and on all these points Doyle was never at a loss for a single instant. More than a match for the keenest and best trained minds in England, he so completely turned the tables on the Committee, that the Duke of Wellington replied to a Lord, who had asked if they were still examining Doyle, "No, but Doyle is examining us." Doyle's able and candid examination, his exposition of the more obscure points of Catholic teaching, did a great deal to break down prejudice founded on bigotry, and remove long-standing misconception. His power and popularity steadily increased. In his famous letter in which he discussed the union between the Catholic and Protestant Churches, he warned the Government that Irish Catholic disaffection would explode into rebellion at a favourable opportunity, and that "the Minister of England cannot count on the services of the Catholic priesthood. They have been ill-treated : with few exceptions they are from the ranks of the people : they inherit their feelings : and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley more deeply than those of Bellarmine, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings." Meanwhile the agitation grew more and more determined. The obstacles were many and great. The simple proposal of Emancipation was complicated by what were known as the "wings." English bigotry was so intense that it could not do the proper thing properly : it insisted on Emancipation being accompanied by severe insulting conditions, which robbed it of whatever grace it might have possessed. It had to be appeased, in return for Emancipation, by wishing to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders, and by

paying and pensioning the Irish priesthood, to make them the mercenaries and dependents of Dublin Castle. Dr. Doyle offered the most steadfast and determined opposition to the "wings." However others might hunger for the fleshpots of Egypt, he would prefer to remain in the wilderness for ever, rather than have the shackles of his country transferred to his faith. However, despite the assistance, if assistance it were, of the "wings," the progress of the movement was slow. A Catholic Relief Bill was brought forward in 1827 only to be rejected. Its rejection was immediately followed by the increase of the garrison in Ireland, and the distribution of 5,000,000 ball cartridges amongst the troops. Next year the crisis came. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald having accepted office in the Wellington Administration, had to resign his seat, and seek re-election. Now, on the formation of the Wellington and Peel Government, owing to their well-known hostility to the Catholic claims, the Catholic Association had resolved to oppose every supporter of the Government in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald's resignation was the first opportunity of testing this policy. But he came of an old Irish family, and though a member of the Government, was personally favourable to Emancipation. Consequently, *O'Connell* argued in the Council of the Association the resolution should not apply to him, and he should be returned unopposed! Wiser counsels prevailed. O'Connell was practically compelled to stand for Clare. Before proceeding on that eventful campaign, he sought the blessing of Dr. Doyle. The Bishop at once wrote—"Farewell, dear friend, may the God of truth and justice prosper you." "This approbation of Dr. Doyle," said O'Connell, "will bring to our cause the voice of united

Ireland." There is no need to tell the story of that fateful, desperately fought contest. O'Connell was elected by a majority of a thousand, and in a few days afterwards, at the bar of the House of Commons, spurned another of these blasphemous oaths which attest the tolerance of Protestantism, and the liberality of England.

Emancipation was at first very much misunderstood by all parties. The Orangemen trembled lest the unholy fabric of Protestant Ascendancy should tumble to the ground like the walls of Jericho. The Catholics had the most sanguine hopes of its power to remedy all their grievances and make of Ireland an earthly Paradise. In the beginning of his public life Dr. Doyle had seen that Emancipation was no panacea, but that it removed a great and crying evil. However, he, too, was now carried away by the tide of popular optimism, and recommended the people to lay aside politics and devote themselves to schemes of domestic improvement, which he hoped the Government would inaugurate. But the roots of Irish discontent had not been removed. Forces were at work which inevitably entailed a revival of agitation. The poverty of the people was terrible. The average daily wage for an agricultural labourer was then only threepence a day. The farmers had no security of tenure. Wealth was very unevenly distributed. The producer instead of having first claim had the last. What was left by the landlord was devoured by the tithe-proctor. Things went on pretty much as if the Clare election had never been fought and won. In the hope that Ireland would be governed justly, and that various beneficial measures would be undertaken by the authorities, Dr. Doyle held aloof from the Repeal

movement which O'Connell, with all his honours thick upon him, started after Emancipation.

But in 1830 the Bishop had to complain that "Catholics and the friends of Catholics were excluded from all places of honour and emolument; but, above all, the ejected tenantry left to perish by thousands, and no provision made, or, I fear, seriously designed to be made, for the poor." Owing to their disfranchisement, the forty-shilling freeholders, being no longer of any value to landlords, were evicted in large numbers and their little holdings consolidated into large farms. The burden upon their fellows not yet evicted became more and more intolerable. Besides, the Revolutions in France and Belgium in 1830 stimulated their sullen discontent, inspired the people with a consciousness of their own power, and made them more than ever determined to get rid of the hateful impost of tithe. The Irish people had never taken kindly to the tithe system. From its introduction they had been grumbling against it: from time to time their discontent led to insurrection. Sprung from the people, Dr. Doyle fully shared in their detestation. In his argument for Emancipation, in his reply to Archbishop Magee, and in his *Vindication*, he struck often and hard against the tithe system. These germs having fallen on good soil, nurtured by a congenial atmosphere, matured after Emancipation into the tithe revolt. On the concession of Emancipation the Bishops were anxious that the country should settle down, and by enterprising industry work out its social salvation. Doyle was full of plans tending to remove the moral and physical degradation in which the people were steeped, to elevate and brighten their condition, and raise the standard of comfort and of culture. He laboured

hard for national education. One of his most cherished ambitions was to see "a well-ordered male and female school in every parish in the United Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin." And on the landlords refusing sites, he established the schools in the grave-yards. He used his influence to secure some legal provision for the relief of the sick poor. Indeed, generally speaking, he took an advanced part in promoting what would be now called social legislation.

In forwarding those movements he was indefatigable, but, after all, the cause dearest to his heart was that of religious equality. As long as the tithe system lasted, equality did not exist, even in name. Born in happier times, freed from the lash of the Penal Laws, we can scarcely imagine the gross scandal of this outrageous system. The Protestant Church, established in Ireland by force of arms, was one of the principal strongholds of English authority. As far as English law could effect, it had ousted from its legitimate place the faith of Patrick and Columbkille, and reduced it to one of humiliating inferiority. The symbol of the dominion of an alien race, it was execrated by the Irish Catholics. It was at once an insult and a hardship. Protestant rectors drew from parishes where there were scarcely a dozen Protestants over £1,000 per annum. Protestant prelates had princely revenues—the Protestant Primate's annual income was £20,000. All told, the revenue of the Establishment in those days, when the tithe system was in full swing, was about £1,300,000, paid for the most part by the Catholic peasantry. Flushed with their victory in Emancipation, the people in the winter of 1830 banded themselves together in a great and formidable agitation against tithe. Dr. Doyle rather than

O'Connell was regarded as the leader in this new phase of the struggle for religious equality. In the beginning of 1830 O'Connell gave abolition of tithe only ninth place in his programme. In his *Vindication* in 1823, Doyle gave the tithe system its first mortal blow. In his pamphlet *On the Origin, Nature, and Destination of Church Property*, published in March, 1831, he exposed the glaring injustice of the Protestant claim to tithe, and gave wonderful impetus to the movement. By his pastoral letters and speeches he stiffened the determination of the people to hand over no more of their hard-won earnings to the Church of the stranger. Finally, he gave it its watchword, its war cry, in the stirring phrase—"Let your hatred of tithes be as lasting as your love of justice." He advocated the policy of passive resistance. But in some cases the passions of the people were aroused by the seizures of cattle and furniture for non-payment of tithe, and conflicts between themselves and the forces of the Crown, resulting in heavy loss of life, took place at Newtownbarry, Rathgormack and Carrickashock. Goaded on by oppression in many shapes, the people soon got beyond his control. One of those terrible epidemics of crime, which, alas! we know only too well, swept over the land. Peace was impossible when injustice had the sanction of law. "Should this people," wrote the Bishop, "remain neglected by the legislature; should their grievances remain unredressed; should their poor be left to perish; should their children be left a prey to the Evangelicals and Methodists; should their religion continue to be insulted; should the agent and the tithe proctor and the churchwardens like the toads and locusts, come still in succession to devour the entire fruit of their industry; should

their blood when wantonly spilled go unrevenged, we need no Pastorini (a very popular 'prophet' of the period) to foretell the result. We have only to refer to our own history or open the volume of the human heart in order to ascertain it." The people were neglected by Parliament, their religion was insulted ; the agent and the tithe proctor and the churchwardens came in succession like toads and locusts to devour the fruits of their industry. The result was as the Bishop had foreseen. He denounced the wild excesses of the people with rare vehemence and passion. His popularity waned. But next year, by his splendid examination on the Tithe Question before Select Parliamentary Committees, popularity and power returned. His evidence rendered the old state of things untenable, and in 1838 the accursed system of tithe passed away for ever.

His activity was incessant. He spent himself in the service of his people. In his efforts to forward religion, promote reform, and suppress crime, he had never spared himself. He overtaxed his energies. A slow illness seized upon his frame. He visited various health resorts in vain, and sinking rapidly, returned to Carlow. Here he fell away. A lassitude paralysed his activity. Feeling his end coming, he prepared himself. A few days before his death he made his will, which ran as follows—"All things that I possess came to me from the church, and to the Church and the poor let them return all." On the morning of his death, the 15th of June, 1834, he made his confession to Dr. Nolan (who succeeded him as Bishop of Kildare), and received Extreme Unction. He then called for Holy Viaticum. Remembering his Master, he ordered his priests to take him from the bed and lay him

on the floor. There in humiliation and in prayer, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the fifteenth of his episcopate, James Doyle, the zealous friar, the grandest bishop that ever ruled Kildare, accepted the last earthly embrace of his God.

Now, before we take leave of Dr. Doyle, we must ask ourselves what manner of man was he, and what lesson, if any, has he to teach our generation. In estimating his character we must, as we have already said, take into account the circumstances and the accepted standards of his time. Applying these standards, we shall see that he was a very remarkable man ; that in an age prolific in great men he was conspicuous by his ability and energy, by his sincerity and courage. The son of very humble parents, educated in a thatched cabin, member of a religious order which the law of England merely tolerates, by sheer force of genius and determination he won for himself in Irish public life a position rivalled by O'Connell alone. As an ecclesiastical reformer he stands side by side with Charles Borromeo and Francis de Sales. He found religion enslaved and despised ; he left it free and respected. He found its strength impared and its brilliancy dimmed : by establishing Retreats for clergy and laity, by instituting confraternities, libraries for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and schools to train the people to avail themselves of these facilities, he initiated that great spiritual revival which has enabled the Irish Church to do more than repair all the ravages of persecution. Even making full allowance for the processes of national development and the tendencies of popular opinion he it was who created and, as one of the chief captains, led to victory the movements for Emancipation and Abolition of Tithe. In his conduct

of both these movements he proved himself absolutely devoted to justice and morality, standing when needs be against both the tyranny of Government and the excesses of the people—a farseeing statesman, a courageous patriot, ever and always the inflexible champion of religious equality. He found his country in the stupor of death, apparently smitten with incurable paralysis and decay. Like the prophet of old, he breathed into her lifeless form his own spirit of independence and self-reliance, and she sprang to life with hope in her broken heart and strength in her withered arm. He must be honoured with the heroic ones of our race who brought a new soul into Erin. Highly independent in thought, he would not brook dictation even from O'Connell. Of an impulsive temperament, he was hurried into extremes and made mistakes. But his mistakes were the result, not of selfishness, not of weakness, but an excessive love of his people and an intense desire for peace. These qualities are not altogether out of place in one who never forgot that he was a minister of the Prince of Peace.

Father John Hand

FOUNDER OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.

1807-1846.

IN the sketch following of Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, mention will be made of a young priest who suggested to him the idea of founding an Irish College for the Foreign Mission, which could only be carried out by the strong support of a prelate whose position and influence would render the project eventually successful. This young priest, so humble and obscure, was, under Dr. Murray's patronage, the founder of All Hallows College, whence many missionaries have gone forth to reclaim the lost sheep or to strengthen those who still retained the faith of their fathers in the wide regions of the United States of America and in other parts of the world.

Father John Hand belonged to a respectable family in the Co. Meath, who in the course of penal times were reduced to poverty, though it would seem that the Hands were connected with the noble family that gave to the Church the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, the last of Ireland's Catholic prelates martyred for the faith. John[1] was born in August, 1807, at Bolies, near Old-

[1] For the following sketch the writer is much indebted to a *Life of Father Hand*, by Dr. MacDevitt, late of All Hallows College.

castle, and his youth was spent in a very remote and quiet country place named Stonefield. His father was a working farmer who appears to have found it difficult to make both ends meet, having a large number of children to support. Consequently he reckoned much on the aid his elder son, John, would be able to afford him in the farm work as soon as he was old enough for that occupation. His wife was evidently a most pious and charitable woman, who was much occupied in the care of her children and house, looking after the dairy and other household work like all women in her station of life. She was particularly devoted to her son John, to whom she taught many prayers, always encouraging the innate piety which was strong in the boy at an early age. From her also he acquired a simple and practical spirit of charity which he soon evinced in his offer to carry milk from his mother's dairy to necessitous poor people who were unable to come so far to share in the gratuitous distribution made on certain days by Mrs. Hand, who generally sold the milk of her dairy to the neighbouring cottiers.

Little John was remarkably gentle and affectionate in disposition, which endeared him more to his mother, who could not but admire his loving ways, mixed with a certain graveness and dignity which are rarely seen in a mere child. He was nine years old when he made his First Communion, which it is said he had postponed, not thinking himself worthy to approach the Holy Table. Though this may have been the case, still, as those were times when children were expected to have no will of their own, but to obey their elders implicitly, it is much more probable that the child, along with

a number of others, made his First Communion at the time selected by the worthy curate, Father George Leonard, who always took a lively interest in John, whom he afterwards called his "beloved disciple." From the eventful day on which he received his Lord for the first time, John became more holy than ever, and more watchful over himself, fearing always lest he should offend God either by thought, word, or deed. His love of prayer increased, and his biographer writes that "at home he prayed every day humbly, fervently, and perseveringly, and gave nearly the whole of Sunday to devotions in the parish chapel. He had a special love for Vespers, that beautiful evening song or service of the Catholic Church, and though his voice was not strong, its sweet tones added much to the effect of the Vesper hymn in which he took a prominent part. In the evening, on returning home, he never failed in gathering around him his brothers and sisters to read for them a chapter of some pious book, after which the whole family recited the Rosary." Once a month, on the First Sunday, John received Holy Communion, and after breakfasting at a friend's house in the village, the rest of the day was spent in the chapel absorbed in his devotions. Moreover, he made it a rule to fast every Wednesday and Friday, besides the observance of Lent, which was then extremely rigorous in Ireland.

When John reached his twelfth year he regularly walked some miles to a school which was kept by an excellent master, who grounded his pupils thoroughly in elementary knowledge; and John profited so well by the instruction he received that his father began to think that perhaps his son would get on better in some commercial

pursuit than as his helper on the farm. The good priest, Father George Leonard, who always examined the children in their religious instruction, had a series of pious shilling books which he gave as prizes to those who best answered his questions, and many of these naturally fell to John Hand, who was always so attentive and painstaking in his studies. As the children grew older, Father George, after catechism on Sunday, held, as we are told, a Bible and Church History class, with public examinations on certain Sundays in which, wrote the zealous priest, John Hand was leader in every book. His interest in the lad increasing, he would take John for a walk on Sundays before Vespers, thus acquiring a thorough knowledge of the singularly beautiful character of this quiet and humble youth. In Father George's opinion, John seemed to be admirably suited for the ecclesiastical life, and he thought it would indeed be a pity to bury such talent in the daily existence of a farm.

This opinion was soon confirmed when John confided to him that, during the previous Christmastide when the distant mountains were white with snow, he had gone as usual to the chapel, and felt clearly that God was calling him to His service as a priest. Having told his mother, she said that his father had been thinking of putting him into some employment where he could earn something; however, as she completely sympathised with her dear son in his longing to belong solely to God, she willingly agreed to mention his wish to her husband. But the farmer was of rather a rough and masterful nature, and calling his son, he said very harshly that John was to begin instantly to help him in the farm work, or else go into some business, as

there was a large family to be supported. On hearing this, Father George offered to speak to John's father, who after much argument, grudgingly consented to the proposal that his son should attend the Grammar School at Oldcastle, while his mornings and evenings were to be spent working on the farm. Father George wrote that John, who was about sixteen, "did more than any lad of his age would do in a day, and although, in spring and harvest time, he was obliged to remain at home, still he always was at the head of his class in the classical school, learning by heart much of Homer and Cicero, and studying always conscientiously for three years in spite of all interruption from manual labour. At last John's patience and sweet temper won the day, and his father consented that he should attend the seminary at Navan as a day scholar, an aunt having offered to let the boy sleep at her cottage, which was about four miles from Navan. In this seminary, which had been among the first established after the repeal of the Penal Laws, John Hand studied even harder than before. His gentle and retiring nature was, however, mortified by the silly contempt with which the intern students treated the externs; but during four years they had full opportunity to find out that the poor humble lad easily surpassed them all in knowledge, and in steadfast application, for he never missed a single day, walking the four miles to the seminary no matter how rough the weather might be.

There was considerable difficulty at that time for an extern candidate to enter the College of Maynooth, as preference had to be given to the intern students whose fees kept up the Navan Seminary. The Bishop, Dr. Cantwell, knowing that John Hand

of all the levites was certainly entitled to enter Maynooth, examined him and used a certain amount of influence to obtain the entrance for him. But as he could not succeed, John returned home for a year, during which time he used to learn shorthand at Oldcastle, so as to be able later to make a little money for his expenses at Maynooth, where he knew Dr. Cantwell would eventually procure a burse for him. He was not disappointed in his hope, as the Bishop persuaded the President of the College, who required some one to assist in keeping the household accounts, to take John Hand, so that in 1831 he entered Maynooth as under Bursar, being entrusted with the accounts and the weighing out of the daily supplies of food for students and servants. At first he met with some ill-nature from some foolish students, but he never appeared to notice anything, and he devoted himself to his studies, much to the wonder of another Meath student, who, taking no part in the hostile demonstrations of his comrades, was greatly edified by John Hand's calmness and the manner in which he avoided all allusion to the annoyance that must have sorely tried his sensitive nature. This student, who became a great friend of young Hand, remarked that it was rare to meet with such a spirit of forgiveness as that shown by his saintly companion. In order to conciliate the students, John resolved not to compete with them for the prizes, and only in his second year, to gratify his old friend, Father George, did he consent to work for one of these premiums. In spite of his duties as under Bursar which were never omitted, he studied even more than his comrades, and with ease won the second prize, to the astonishment of many

who were not aware of his really remarkable talents, which were always carefully concealed by the profoundly humble youth. His biographer says that with all his spirit of humility and dislike of display, John Hand was noticed to be the foremost in every class while his interior life was known only to God. His spirit of prayer and mortification could not quite escape the observation of his superiors, and it is said that he always appeared to have the habit of doing everything in the most perfect manner.

About six months before his ordination, John Hand, renouncing all idea of working in the Meath diocese near his own people, left Maynooth and joined as a volunteer a small community of young priests from the College, who, under Dean Dooley, had undertaken, with the approval of Archbishop Murray, the important and apostolic work of giving missions and teaching a day school in Dublin. Their first residence was on Usher's-quay, but as soon as they could secure a place near the Phœnix Park, at Castleknock, they opened a diocesan seminary in addition to their other duties, which included the charge of the poorest mission in the city of Dublin. In the chapel of the new seminary Father Hand was ordained at the end of the year 1835 by Dr. Clancy, Vicar Apostolic of British Guinea. Though he did not take the vows of his companions, we are told that he shared their apostolic labour in the large city with burning zeal and, at the same time, followed the community life with much exactitude and fervour. In the school at Usher's-quay Father Hand spent many hours daily for two years, teaching the poor children, until in 1838 Dr. Murray, having given Dean Dooley the charge of a church at

Phibsboro' with a very rough and unpromising population, Father Hand and several of the community undertook this mission, "preaching in season and out of season," spending long hours in the confessional. This, however, for some time was generally empty, thus leaving the waiting clergy plenty of leisure not only for their breviary, but also for theological study. However, by degrees matters improved so much, that crowds of penitents came to kneel at the tribunal of penance. The church was not in the least like the splendid edifice so well known to our modern generation, and which is at the present time being still further enlarged and rebuilt.[1] In those far off days almost at the dawn of Emancipation, the chapel was gloomy and small, while the missionaries dwelt in a poor shed. Here Father Hand felt himself in his element. As was remarked later by one of his Maynooth professors "he was no ordinary priest but an Apostle." From four in the morning till late at night, in spite of delicate health, Father Hand was always at work, hearing confessions, visiting the poor and sick, and preaching. It is stated that for the latter he never made any elaborate preparation, but usually meditated on some text taken from Holy Scripture. His earnest and impressive sermons, in a voice "as clear as a silver bell," if never very strong, were always heard with attention and profit by his congregations. At this period he was thirty-two years of age, and was described as being "above middle height but

[1] The new church at Phibsboro' was built by the Vincentian Fathers. It is a curious coincidence that as this, Father Hand's first work, was identified with this Apostolic Congregation, so the College which he founded was also at a much later date entrusted by the Irish Hierarchy and the Holy See to the care of the same Congregation.

not commanding in stature, and his carriage and address were those of a holy priest." He had a fine intellectual head, rather strongly-marked features of a somewhat ascetic cast; his language was simple, his manners unaffected and dignified, and he also possessed the gift of being able in a few sympathetic words to console the bitter sorrows of others.

Among other duties, Father Hand, at the request of Dr. Murray, was employed in giving religious instruction to the teachers who were in training at the National Board Normal School, in Marlborough-street. He was soon known as an excellent catechist, his well-stored and retentive brain illustrating his teaching by many a forcible and telling fact, taken from Holy Writ and history. One day as Father Hand was teaching the Catechism, the poetess, Mrs. Hemans, happening to be visiting the schools, came in; and when at her request Father Hand continued his lecture, she listened attentively, and at the end knelt down to ask his blessing, so much was she, a Protestant, struck by his simple, yet beautiful, exposition of Catholic doctrine. It was not long before the vigilant Archbishop recognised in Father Hand a most able Apostolic labourer, whom he esteemed most sincerely and strongly encouraged. On Sundays Father Hand spent much of his time, until late in the evening, visiting the prisons where the Archbishop had given him every faculty, of which he availed himself amply in this great work of mercy. In the hospitals and penitentiaries also, Father Hand was a familiar figure, on his gentle mission of assisting and consoling the wretched criminal, the grieving penitent, and the sick and dying poor. In his case certainly, "the quality of mercy was never

strained" in the fulfilment of his works of charity. The sole recreation Father Hand allowed himself at rare intervals, was to visit some kind friends, who, knowing his love of music, used to play and sing for him the national airs of our country, which gave him much pleasure.

When a branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith was established at Phibsboro', Father Hand, being placed in charge of it, took the deepest interest in this grand Apostolic work, reading the *Annals* often late into the night, so fascinated was he by all that was published in these useful pamphlets. This, indeed, was the origin of the important idea which was destined to change the rest of his short existence, for by degrees he began to realize that if his people at home were in need of Apostolic workers, still they had them; whereas scattered in thousands over America and the Colonies, in Protestant England and Scotland, in the burning climate of Hindustan, in distant Australasia, so many of our Irish people were living and dying without church, Sacraments or priests, or were fast forgetting the truths of the holy religion which their ancestors had maintained at the cost of their blood. Therefore Father Hand thought that the best way to remedy the evil would be by the foundation of a College near Dublin solely to train priests for the needy Foreign Missions. He even drew up a scheme proposing to begin with two hundred students who should be supported by the voluntary yearly contributions of clergy and laity.

But Father Hand was only an obscure city missionary, practising the most austere poverty, and living a community life under obedience to

Dean Dooley, and he felt that alone he could do absolutely nothing to further his much cherished scheme which was treated coldly by his religious directors and friends. Consequently he determined to lay it before Dr. Murray and to implore his assistance.

The Archbishop, as it is related in his life, listened attentively to Father Hand, but he pointed out that it would be very difficult to found a College for Foreign Missions in a poor country like Ireland, and that it was a mere dream to think of such an undertaking. However Father Hand still persisted in his opinion that the project could be rendered feasible, and Dr. Murray who himself was full of the same Apostolic zeal that animated his visitor, at length consented to the new foundation. Meanwhile he advised Father Hand to write a circular to all the Bishops of Ireland explaining his idea, and the means by which he hoped to put it into execution. The next step was to go to Paris, to see there how the French Colleges for Foreign Missions were conducted, and from their rules to draw up constitutions for the contemplated Irish College. Dr. Murray gave Father Hand a letter of introduction to the Superiors of the French establishments, as well as to the authorities in Rome whither he was to travel later. It cost Father Hand a great deal to break off his useful laborious life at Phibsboro' where he was surrounded by friends, to depart alone and poor into a foreign land; but the voice of God had spoken too plainly to be mistaken, and with the thought of souls to be saved, he never hesitated for an instant in his obedience, no matter how much his loving and gentle disposition might feel the wrench. Although he had the promise of £6,750

for his foundation, Father Hand personally had not any money for travelling expenses, but while taking leave of some good friends, one of them, a Miss O'Reilly, at parting gave him £60 to help him on the way.

Father Hand lost no time in France, visiting seminaries, copying their rules, and obtaining much valuable information for his institute. The college that interested him most was that of St. Sulpice, whose rule he thought would be an excellent model for his proposed constitutions. In order to draw them up with the divine assistance, Father Hand went into retreat at Issy, near Paris, where the college has its country house, and while there he spent his time between the chapel and his cell. Before the tabernacle he prayed fervently for guidance and light; in his cell he wrote out the ideas that had come to him in prayer, or that had been inspired by all he had already seen. An Irish priest who visited him at Issy said that he found his "holy and dear friend, Father Hand, almost knee-deep in parchments, manuscripts and books. He seemed to be buried in the effort to draw up a constitution which would revive the missionary spirit in Ireland." For six months the holy priest prayed and wrote, until he completed the constitutions which, based upon those of St. Sulpice, were modified, as we are told, to suit the Irish temperament and mode of life. Father Hand determined that his missionaries should all be secular priests, which was highly approved by Mgr. Pompallier, Dr. Croke's predecessor at Auckland, whom Father Hand met in Rome. The aid of a few learned and holy priests was to be enlisted, who should seek for no remuneration but food and raiment, while training their students for the Foreign Missions. They were to lead a com-

munity life, to practise poverty, and to obey the Bishops and their ecclesiastical superiors. While some were to devote themselves wholly to teaching, others were to give short missions wherever they were invited by Bishops or parish priests. The directors, as they were all to be named, were to "join in the devotions of the college chapel at the time of prayer, and in the intervals of recreation to circulate among the students, to converse with them, to dine with them at the same table, and by word and example to teach them how to conduct themselves there." It was also desired that the directors "should live as much as possible like the students, seeing that we are happily responsible for their being made men of prayer, meditation, study, industry, zeal, self-denial, and apostolic disinterestedness." There were to be no vacations for either directors or students, and whenever any visits home should be absolutely necessary they should be as short as possible. The students meanwhile were to spend their holidays in acquiring knowledge of useful arts that would be of great assistance in their future career in distant and often savage parts of the world. As Father Hand wrote to a friend:—"I would rather that the College should never exist than not to be a truly apostolic one; and its superiors not to be in all things, rooms, attendance, clothes, food, etc., as like the students as possible, except in cases where a doctor should prescribe special treatment for either directors or students." This spirit of renunciation was a very prominent feature in Father Hand's constitutions, as he rightly considered that those who were to train young men to give up home, family, and friends for the hardships of life on the foreign missions, should themselves set the example of a laborious,

saintly, mortified life, in the spirit of the Apostle who wrote, "Having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content." [1]

Father Hand's conception of what his students were to be was just as clearly expressed. According to him, students were to be physically and mentally strong, as otherwise they would be quite unfit for the toilsome life of the foreign missions. They should not be admitted into the College before the age of twenty, and they should not depart on the missions before the age of twenty-five. As they were conscientiously to devote the short term of the College course to sacred learning, it was imperative that they should enter with a good secular education, for once engaged in spreading the Gospel in distant lands, there would be little or no time to spare for reading. Above all, the future missionaries were expected "to lay up a store of sincere and solid piety, exempt from singularity and weakness. The piety of a priest ought to be great indeed, but there should be nothing too ardent, too demonstrative, nor puerile about it. Everything in a priest ought to be steady and matured, and this applies in a particular manner to priests engaged in the work of the foreign missions. Moreover, it was desirable that students should cultivate a love for the ceremonies of the Church, and for everything connected with the divine worship." They should not be required to promise that they would go on these missions until, after a certain period of residence, the time should come for them to take the tonsure. Moreover, at the request of any student or some particular bishop, the young man could enter the

[1] Tim. vi. 8.

College to be trained for any special mission. Father Hand also attached great importance to the point that all the priests educated in his College should possess the manners of gentlemen, as "a benevolence of disposition and expression is necessary to inspire confidence. Let a priest be ever so virtuous and well-inclined, if he have not manners sufficiently pleasing to attract those who may stand in need of his ministry, he cannot hope to do the good which ought to be expected from a missionary. It is well known that a rough temper and unpolished language are the greatest obstacles to the respect and love of the people, and the priest who does not command the love and respect of his people can effect but little among them. At the same time the priest ought to be without affectation in his dress, frugal at his table, and reserved in the matter of amusement, since he would otherwise show that he was animated by the spirit of the world, and not by the Spirit of his Divine Master. To indulge in such vanities would indicate a mind not impressed with a due sense of the dignity of the sacred office, and surely it would not be in keeping with the laborious and painful life of a foreign missionary."

Such is the outline of the chief and essential points of Father Hand's constitutions which were drawn up with the wisdom, simplicity, and practical common sense that has ever distinguished the saintly founders of our great Catholic schools and seminaries. But one important step yet remained to be taken. Having completed the task on which he was engaged, in the month of January, 1842, the Founder of All Hallows journeyed to Rome to submit his work to the judgment of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI,

and the authorities of the Holy See. He took a small room in a poor part of Rome near Santa Maria del Pascolo, and so thoroughly did he apply himself to the furtherance of his undertaking that he never had time to think of seeing the wonders of the Eternal City. So well did he labour that his petition was handed into the Secretary's Office at Propaganda by the 3rd of February, and on the 28th of the same month with intense delight he received the rescript of approbation from Cardinal Fransoni, then Prefect of Propaganda. The Pope, who had taken great interest in all he heard of Father Hand's project, granted him a private audience, in which, we are informed, Father Hand, kneeling at the feet of the Holy Father gave him an account of his views, hopes, and wishes, imploring the Papal sanction and blessing in favour of his cherished undertaking.

On his side the Pope recognising in the humble Irish priest a man truly inspired by divine grace, spoke encouragingly of his project, though he reminded him that the scheme would require much money to render it useful and permanent. Father Hand answered that he relied upon the traditional charity of his country which he was confident would readily respond to the call, "Well, then," said the Holy Father, "I see you have a burning love for our divine Lord, a brave heart to undertake a most difficult task for his sake. This is a great happiness to me and I gladly give you my blessing and my sanction."

While staying in Rome Father Hand met Dr. Woodlock, afterwards Bishop of Ardagh, who offered his services gratuitously as one of the directors of the future college. Another young priest, Father P. Ryan, a friend of Dr. Woodlock,

also made the same offer, but he died a few years later at All Hallows. Sure of the assistance of these able men, and carrying a letter from Cardinal Fransoni to Dr. Murray approving of the new enterprise, Father Hand left Rome in April, 1842.[1] He stopped at Lyons by Dr. Murray's direction to see the members of the Central Council of the Association for the Propagation of Faith. They refused to give any grant towards the College, saying that they had not yet helped any missionary institute from their funds; but that they would not object to grant an outfit and travelling expenses to any of Father Hand's foreign missionaries. Though this would certainly be useful, still Father Hand being of opinion that £20 spent "in Ireland on the education of a future missionary would go farther to propagate the faith among nations abroad than £100 sent off to these missions, he appealed again two years later to the Council in Paris, but it was only after his death that Dr. Murray obtained £1,000 from the Society for All Hallows.

On his return to Dublin in June Father Hand, aided by the Archbishop of Dublin, commenced his immediate preparations for the foundation. The sub-committee of the Propagation of the Faith in Ireland zealously assisted him in looking for a suitable house near Dublin, and in raising the necessary funds, drawing for the purpose upon the Central Committee—who, however, nearly ruined Father Hand's plan by claiming the control of the College on account of their

[1] Cardinal Fransoni, as a mark of his esteem, presented Father Hand before his departure with £40 as a subscription to the funds of the enterprise, and a large number of books which should be the nucleus of a College Library.—*Life*, by Very Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D.

grants. However, the danger which the foundation would have incurred under the rule of a body of men who could have no intimate knowledge of the already difficult undertaking, was averted by Father Hand's tact and power of self-control, and he even succeeded in securing the support of the Central Committee, being much assisted by one of its members, Canon Pope of St. Andrew's, Westland-row, who was a great admirer and friend of the youthful founder.

The next thing was the organisation of the penny-a-week collection in Dublin among the poor who were quite willing to subscribe toward the new work. For this purpose Father Hand employed collectors, but he undertook to beg himself from the wealthier classes of Catholics, though at that period he was little known in the city. He used also to go to Smithfield on market days where he always found the graziers most generous. In his own county of Meath, Father Hand went about among priests and people who had known him from his childhood, and his appeals to them were never unheeded. Thus in the few years that passed before his death, by his own untiring exertions and gentle persuasion he collected £7,500 for the support of his College. Strange to say that with the exception of Archbishop Murray and Bishop Cantwell of Meath, the undertaking did not meet with much encouragement from the prelates of Ireland, who thought it would prove an impossible task to collect £6,000 yearly for his college. When they asked where the money was to come from, and what guarantee he would give, Father Hand answered, "I pledge myself to raise this money with the help of Almighty God, who is able to

make the weakest energies accomplish the most arduous undertaking ; and I offer you the charity of Irish Catholics as my security." Though the Bishops may have admired Father Hand's confidence in Providence, and his trust in the proverbial generosity of his countrymen, they naturally found it hard to believe that Ireland was not too poor to maintain such an institute. It was a dreadful disappointment to find that no encouragement nor assistance would be forthcoming, except from Dr. Murray and Dr. Cantwell, and Father Hand, after his attendance at the episcopal meeting, turned into the church and before the Blessed Sacrament offered up his cruel mortification, and prayed fervently that his plan might not be wrecked. He returned however in good spirits to Phibsboro' where he told the Fathers all that had occurred, adding that as he knelt before the altar he felt a strong sense of confidence such as he had never before experienced that his project would surely succeed. Though many were the obstacles in the way, Father Hand undauntedly continued his labours under the protection of Dr. Murray, and he also in 1843 secured as directors Dr. Bennett a learned Carmelite Father, and the distinguished scholar and writer Dr. Moriarty, who succeeded the founder as Superior at All Hallows, and later still became Bishop of Kerry. The other directors chosen by Father Hand, five in number, were also men of great holiness and ability, well suited for the very important work that lay before them, and quite willing to comply with the constitutions of their sagacious founder.

At length a fine house not far from Drumcondra was found, and as the property belonged to the Corporation, Father Hand went to see Daniel

O'Connell who was then Lord Mayor of Dublin. The Liberator who had already given £100 to the intended college, received him kindly, and promised to do all in his power to assist in the proposal to rent Drumcondra House and demense from the Corporation.[1] By the 18th October, 1842, Father Hand with one student entered the house, and on All Saints' Day the holy founder with Dr. Woodlock and Father Clarke, opened the new establishment by offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the oak room of the Manor House. A second student arriving, the studies were commenced, and the following year Father Hand was able to report to Cardinal Fransoni, that there were thirty-eight students and four directors, which soon increased to fifty-four pupils and eight priests.

Dr. Murray, in memory of the College being opened on the 1st November, and of its situation on confiscated Church property, selected the name of All Hallows for the new foundation, where much had still to be done to render the mansion suitable for its purpose. The grounds were in need of a good wall, the stables which

[1] Drumcondra Manor House was built, in 1750, on land formerly in possession of the Monastery of All Hallows, before the so-called Reformation. It was brought into the family of the Earls of Charleville by the heiress of James Coghill, and in this place dwelt for some time the notorious and cruel John Claudius Beresford, whose "Riding-house" in Marlborough-street was the scene of brutal torture inflicted by him upon Catholics during the Rebellion of 1798. At a later period Drumcondra House was inhabited by Sir Guy Campbell, who married Pamela, the daughter of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It is supposed that an old chestnut tree here, called Pompey, was used as a gallows for many a rebel, and that the place was long haunted by the shades of the ferocious yeomanry, who were known as "Beresford's Bloodhounds."—(*Father Hand's Work for Irish Exiles*).

were in themselves a fine building, had to be turned into a dormitory and halls, one of which, the former coach-house, was to be fitted for use as a temporary chapel. The early days of the College were full of anxiety to the founder. The sums he daily collected barely sufficed for the support of his inmates, and many were the reproaches and taunts he heard from people whom he hoped would have been ready to assist and encourage him. Having such confidence in the efficacy of prayer Father Hand made his students and directors join him in a novena for the relief of their needs, and very soon matters became more promising. Some Bishops on the foreign missions, anxious to obtain good priests from All Hallows, promised to subscribe £10 annually for each student who was prepared for their dioceses; the students paid £10 yearly, and the rest of the sum required was collected by Father Hand, who in a wretched gig, with a worn-out cloak and umbrella, spent his days on his begging rounds, returning in time to give, as the Superior, the evening lecture to his students in the chapel. He was always cheerful, keeping all his anxieties and worries to himself, and ever striving to please others. Perfectly regardless of his own personal wants, Father Hand never overlooked those of others, and he was ever foremost in seeing that his directors and students had all they required. He had very pleasing and attractive manners, which invariably assisted him in his begging expeditions, as well as on one occasion when at a friend's invitation he consented to meet a large party of Dublin clergy who were at the time, anything but cordial in their estimation of Father Hand, whom they scarcely knew, but whom they imagined to be both fanatical and rash.

During the evening spent in his company a great change took place in their opinion when they saw how bright and cheerful he was, joining so readily and agreeably in the general conversation. They felt that they had been much misinformed, and that a man so courteous, amiable and winning was indeed an acquisition in any society. The reverend host seeing how the prejudices of his guests were fast evaporating, waited his opportunity to introduce All Hallows into the conversation. Father Hand in his own captivating and simple way then described the needs of the foreign missions, which so pleased and interested his hearers that they all wished him success, and begged he would inscribe their names on his list of annual subscribers.

In December, 1845, Father Hand was able to report to Cardinal Fransoni that the College was being well supported in Ireland, and a refectory, additional dormitories and study halls were about to be built, and that with all the expenses of the last three years he still had in reserve £2,500.

Father Hand had also the gratification of obtaining Dr. Murray's permission to open the newly constructed College chapel to the public, and once more he could resume his missionary work by hearing confessions every Saturday and catechising the country children on Sunday. The grounds of the College once so neglected and covered with weeds, were now kept in good order, as there was nothing Father Hand liked better than to see everything under his care neat and clean. So well did the College thrive, that at the end of four years the Founder had the deep satisfaction of being able to send out several missionaries in answer to some of the

numerous appeals for priests addressed to him from Australia, India, America, Scotland and Wales by Bishops who were in charge of such various and in some cases distant dioceses.

But the hard work, the anxieties, the privations, and exposure to bad weather, gradually broke down the delicate constitution of Father Hand. He still continued his active life in the same self-sacrificing energetic spirit, until in April, 1846, one of his lungs was attacked by an abscess. In spite of the increasing weakness the saintly priest rose from his bed to say Mass in his room on Palm Sunday, and the following day; an effort that brought on hæmorrhage, and the case was soon judged to be quite hopeless. A message was dispatched to Dr. Murray who wrote kind words of regret and sympathy, and sent his blessing to the dying priest, whose sanctity and zeal for souls he had been the first to recognize and encourage. Shortly before the end Father Hand sent for his eight directors, spoke to them of their great duties, advised them to choose Dr. Moriarty to fill his place as President of All Hallows, and with the help of one of the Fathers, he raised his hand to bless them for the last time as they knelt beside him. His last words were to thank them for all they had done for him, adding, "I am very happy, I have had all I could desire, and I am now going before my God with well-grounded confidence." A few moments later the holy Founder asked Dr. Woodlock for the final absolution, and though his lips moved answering the prayers for the dying, he spoke no more. His last act was to kiss the crucifix before the great summons came, while in the chapel the students were praying for their venerated President. It was truly the happy and

peaceful death of one who in his short lifetime of thirty-nine years, had been a great and devoted servant of God, ever pursuing "justice, godliness, faith, charity, mildness," and bravely fighting without intermission the good fight of faith.

On a beautiful spring day in the month of May, the remains of Father John Hand were carried into the small cemetery attached to All Hallows, where the lowly grave was surrounded by the directors, students, and the neighbouring poor, all mourning the loss of a true friend.

The Founder of All Hallows had only survived the opening of his College four years, but the example of his gentle and holy life, his inflexible sense of duty, his energy in face of overwhelming difficulties, his unshaken confidence in God, his spirit of labour and endurance, his unvarying kindness to all still remains, and will remain, a glorious heirloom for many generations of Irish Apostolic students.

Most Rev. Daniel Murray

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

1768—1852.

IN the number of remarkable Irish prelates of the nineteenth century must be included Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, whose personality was decidedly not the least conspicuous among his distinguished contemporaries. His life never having been written, it is only from a funeral oration and notes published fifty-two years ago by Mgr. Meagher, and from notices scattered throughout other biographies that the writer has been able to compile the following sketch of one of the most holy Archbishops who ever occupied the See of St. Laurence O'Toole.

Daniel Murray was a member of a very respectable family possessing a farm near Redcross, a little village situated on somewhat high ground, having a view of the Irish Sea in the distance while in the background are the Wicklow hills, with their valleys, lakes and streams—and two of these rivers not far from Redcross have been described by the poet Moore in his well-known lines—

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

In the farmhouse at no great distance from the Avon and Avoca was born, in 1768, Daniel

Murray, who from an early age evinced a decided inclination to become a priest. His parents, like their forefathers, bore such a good reputation, that in spite of the penal law forbidding Catholics to hold land in Ireland, the Murrays were left unmolested on their farm, respected by their Protestant neighbours who shielded them from all oppression. Those indeed were times in which Catholic clergy at the risk of life fulfilled their sacred duties under the greatest difficulties and hardships; where ruins frequently testified the previous existence of Catholic churches and abbeys, where sand-pits, sea-caves, and mountain hollows, served as "Clash an Afrin" or "Mass pits," where the faithful could assemble to hear the Holy Sacrifice of the altar, with less fear of interruption from merciless gangs of "priest-hunters."

However in Daniel Murray's childhood, though there were neither decent churches, schools, nor charitable institutions for Catholics throughout Ireland, still a gleam of hope had arisen, for even Protestants were protesting against the Penal Laws, and in the corrupted, prejudiced yet brilliant Irish House of Commons, Henry Grattan had commenced his life-long career of denunciation against the political, social, and religious abuses, which like vampires were draining the vitality of his native land.

When old enough to leave home Daniel Murray was sent to pursue his studies in Dublin, in the school of Dr. Betagh, who had been a Jesuit until the suppression of his Society in 1766. Like those of his brethren who escaped actual ill-treatment and imprisonment, Dr. Betagh, under obedience to Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, had charge of the parish of SS. Michael and John,

with its obscure chapel in Rosemary Lane, where he spent his mornings saying Mass, hearing confessions, baptising children, solemnizing marriages, attending sick-calls, and preaching every Sunday. The afternoons were devoted to teaching in his school, while in the evening he was always found in a cellar which he had hired as a night school for apprentices and youths earning their bread in the day-time. Daniel Murray being a remarkably studious boy soon attracted the notice and esteem of Dr. Betagh, who spared no pains in the education of a youth in whom he perceived qualities eminently suitable for his future life as a priest. By his sixteenth year young Murray was quite prepared to begin his course of theology, but as Ireland then possessed no seminaries, ecclesiastical students were obliged to go to Irish colleges established for their benefit in Catholic countries on the Continent. Among these was the "Colegio de nobles Irlandeses," attached to the famous University of Salamanca in Spain, where Daniel Murray was sent, accompanied probably by other students intended like himself for the Church. It is not stated how he travelled, but as Catholics were poor, and there was frequent communication between Irish and Spanish ports, especially Cadiz, it is probable a tedious voyage was undertaken in a sailing vessel, devoid of all the luxury and swiftness of our "Atlantic greyhounds," and other liners, where steerage passengers enjoy comforts unknown to the highest and wealthiest of our seafaring ancestors in the eighteenth century.

At length the weary travellers landed in Spain, a fascinating country that can never be forgotten by those who have seen it. On

mules or on foot the Irish students traversed the rocky paths of often snow-clad "sierras," and wandered for days across treeless monotonous plains, until they came to Salamanca proudly seated on her four low hills beside the river Tormes, while to south and south-west rise two mountain ranges. The fine churches, palaces, colleges, convents, and other buildings of golden brown sandstone, were surrounded by venerable walls of great thickness, pierced at intervals by gates; through one of which the Irish travellers took their way along the narrow and steep streets to the plaza or square where stood the ancient "Colegio de Santiago or del Arzobispo," now the Irish College. As they entered the "patio" or courtyard they could have seen carved above the doorway a representation of the Spanish king St. James conquering the Moors; on the right was a fine sixteenth-century church, and the covered balconies of the college round the patio were embellished by beautiful busts and columns. Here lived Daniel Murray and his comrades, preparing themselves by study and prayer for the apostolic life. They must have often visited the twelfth-century "Catedra Vieja," or old Cathedral, so massive in its construction as to be called "Fortis Salamantena," besides the new cathedral and other churches in florid Gothic architecture, as well as those belonging to the thirty-nine religious houses, and twenty-five colleges of the town. What a change it must have been for Irish students accustomed to the miserable surroundings of Catholic worship in Ireland, to kneel in the magnificent Spanish churches, and to behold the ceremonies of our holy religion carried out with due splendour and solemnity in the midst of a Catholic nation. For

Daniel Murray, truly, was it a peaceful halting place before the heats and burthens of coming days. Yet he was no drone in the busy hive of the Irish College, but worked hard attending the lectures and obtaining the degrees of the still renowned University with its greater and lesser colleges ("Mayores y Menores") that had been instructing students since the middle of the thirteenth century. As in after life Daniel Murray was known to possess considerable and accurate knowledge he must have made good use of his time at Salamanca, where he met Dr. Everard, subsequently Archbishop of Cashel. They became great friends and it would seem that notwithstanding his youth Murray succeeded Everard on his departure from Salamanca as Rector of the Irish College.[1]

In 1790 Daniel Murray was ordained a priest, and, though no date has been given, his departure from Spain must have occurred soon afterwards. Never again would he revisit the quaint old Spanish city, with its university and stately churches; never would he kneel at their holy shrines, or converse in quiet monastic cloisters with devout Spanish monks and friars, who in their religious habits could fearlessly move through the streets of the university town, which some years later was almost destroyed by the French during the Peninsular War. As the great Revolution was then raging in France, Father Murray must have returned home by sea, and arriving in Dublin he presented himself before Archbishop Troy who named him curate at St. Paul's chapel in the city, and later sent him to Arklow to assist the aged parish priest. Being

[1] *Collections of Irish Church History*, vol. i., Note p. 383. Very Rev. L. F. Renehan, D.D.

a humble curate of very small means, and travelling being costly and troublesome, it is likely that it was on his appointment to Arklow that Father Murray had the joy of again seeing his family who lived seven miles away, and it appears that he was often able to celebrate Mass for his parents in the house where he was born. The people of Arklow greatly admired the sanctity of their devoted curate, who as the ill-fated year of '98 came nearer must have often noticed signs of the impending rebellion among the peasantry.

Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century was in a fearful condition of unrest and profound distress. Secret societies were springing up among Catholic and Protestant peasants for the repression of intolerable wrongs. The Peep-o'-Day Boys in the North were just as active attacking their Catholic neighbours, as the Southern "Rightboys," successors of the Whiteboys, were in assaulting the much-hated tithe proctors whom they often murdered, or illtreating Protestant curates, in spite of the energetic opposition of the Catholic clergy.[1] The penal laws, though much relaxed in severity, were still vexatious and oppressive, and the middle-men were pitiless extorting rack-rents for absentee landlords who wasted their share of them in London. The United Irishmen founded by Wolfe Tone in 1791, and largely composed of Protes-

[1] In the curious memoirs written by Sir Jonah Barrington, a Protestant, he remarks "that as a rule landlords and tenants stood together, distraint for rent by the *real* gentry being unheard of, indeed the parties appeared to be knit together. The greatest abhorrence, however, prevailed as to the tithe proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy, who employed them. These latter, certainly, were in principle and practice the real country tyrants of that day, and first caused the assembling of the Whiteboys."—Vol. i.

tants advocating Catholic Emancipation, were increasing to the number of 500,000, insisting on some measure of reform from the Government who in 1793 were forced to pass a substantial relief bill on behalf of the Catholics. There is no doubt had George III not interposed his ill-judged veto at the instigation of John Beresford, an official dismissed on full pension from the Irish Custom House, further very much needed reforms would have been made, and progress towards a more civilized state of affairs, and not coercion, would have been the order of the day in Ireland. Thus injudiciously encouraged in their ascendancy, the Protestants instituted the society of "Orangemen," who very soon were making a pandemonium of Ulster, in their endeavours to chase every Catholic out of the province, until in 1796 General Lake proclaimed martial law and disarmed the people. English militia regiments joined the Irish Protestant yeomanry in perpetrating frightful brutalities upon the people among whom they were quartered. The Irish Parliament was as usual the scene of intrigues, disputes, and stormy debates, until in despair of any reforms being granted, Grattan and the chief men of his party quitted the House of Commons as a protest against its venality and corruption.

Finally the general discontent found its vent in the rebellion of '98, which fortunately for the misrulers of Ireland did not extend over the whole island but was more or less of a partial character: the most disturbed districts being in Kildare, Wicklow, and Wexford, with slighter outbursts in Carlow, Meath, and Dublin. The Irish Catholic Bishops and the majority of the priests were totally opposed to the rebels, and

the few ecclesiastics joining them were men who with their lives paid the penalty of their deeds. Dr. Troy threatened to excommunicate any of his flock who joined the rebellion, and Father Murray, being a man of peace, kept aloof from the fermentation going on around him, quietly pursuing his daily avocations in the parish of Arklow. But he was not exempted from molestation on the part of the military garrisoning the barracks at the upper end of the town. On one occasion as Father Murray was going on a sick-call he overheard an officer ordering his men to shoot down the Papist priest, whereupon with much presence of mind the intended victim promptly entered a shop, and escaped by the back door. Cannon was next stationed in front of the wretched barn that served as a Catholic chapel, and one day on receipt of some calumny respecting Father Murray, the soldiers arrived to fire into the congregation assembled at Mass. The people fled in terror leaving their curate quite alone at the altar. Apparently the order to fire was countermanded, as this time also he escaped uninjured. Then ensued the vigorous attack of the Wexford rebels on the town, where they burnt down "the Fishery," a collection of miserable cabins near the strand, and spent the whole day fighting the garrison who repulsed them at nightfall with terrible losses—thus checking the projected advance upon Dublin. In the turmoil the old parish priest was murdered in his bed, and Father Murray seeing the same fate would be his, if he remained any longer, left Arklow. Going over the river at Shelton Abbey he was fired upon, but again escaped a violent end, and procuring a horse from some of his friends,

and riding across a dangerous part of the country, he succeeded in reaching Dublin without further mishap.

The Archbishop placed him at St. Andrew's and then removed him to his own metropolitan parish of St. Mary in Liffey-street. This chapel, almost hidden among other houses to avoid notice, was a low gloomy edifice, with galleries to accommodate more people, though owing to its small size many of the congregation had to kneel in the yard and the narrow passage leading into the street. With few exceptions the nobility and gentry inhabiting Dublin were Protestants, and the old faith was chiefly professed by the poor, and a good number of merchants and tradesmen. Many of these merchants were younger sons of ancient families, who precluded by the Penal Laws from entering the army, navy, or bar until 1793, had no other opening left them except commerce, which throve considerably in Dublin before the Union. Among these were Mr. John O'Brien and his charming wife, who were fervent Catholics and extremely generous to the poor. St. Mary's being their parish they soon made Father Murray's acquaintance, and became his devoted friends. At this period we are informed that Father Murray was remarkably handsome, having clear dark eyes, a fine benevolent forehead, and hair worn without the powder and queue which were then the fashion of the day. Having spent the most impressionable years of his youth among grave and stately Spaniards he had acquired their exquisite courtesy which greatly enhanced his pleasing personal appearance. Graceful and dignified in his movements Father Murray was not one who could be easily overlooked, and in the life of Mrs. Aikenhead

we read that " at the altar his devout recollection was so impressive that the pious liked to attend his Mass ; while the earnest, well delivered homilies he pronounced struck home to the hearts of his audience, who oftentimes felt that they derived greater benefit from the curate's simple words than from a more ornate oratory."

It may be observed here that by nature Father Murray had none of the gifts essential to success in the pulpit. Although in later years Daniel O'Connell spoke of " the transcendent eloquence " of Dr. Murray, still on beginning his career as a preacher he found it necessary to take the utmost pains to overcome his very serious deficiencies. Having no powerful voice that would be effectively heard, and possessing a memory which retentive as it was, still was apt to halt when most required to exert itself, Father Murray adopted a peculiarly calm and deliberate utterance, and so skilfully did he train his voice, rarely exceeding a moderate pitch and often enough dropping almost to a whisper, that it was perfectly heard by his congregations. Mgr. Meagher tells us that his " presence in the pulpit was so solemn and dignified, his utterance so distinct and impressive, his tones so appropriate, the silence of the rapt multitude so profound, that it became at times a fascination to hear him. Besides in all this there was not a particle of affectation nor acting. It was nature idealised by grace—but it was nature still. It was the tenderest, the sincerest piety. Plain truths in plain language were told in a low voice with slight exertion and almost no gesture. Into a short sentence, into a simple word uttered at the proper moment, the whole power of the effort was concentrated. The scholar was instructed

by his learning, the man of taste captivated by his grace and dignity, and yet the poorest of the poor of Christ understood and felt every sentence he pronounced. He preached because it was his duty, and he prepared his discourse diligently because he feared to degrade the word of God."

This description of Dr. Murray as a preacher, written by one who often heard his sermons, will give our readers some idea of the unique and fascinating simplicity of this great prelate in the pulpit. What labour it must have cost him to reach this pitch of excellence is known only to God, but in his zeal for the salvation of souls Dr. Murray thought no trouble too much in his efforts to amend his natural defects. Like St. Vincent de Paul and St. Charles Borromeo, who also had to contend with difficulties in preaching, Dr. Murray's indomitable industry was certainly blessed by Divine Providence, and thus he became one of our renowned Irish preachers.

We must now revert to Father Murray's life as a curate in Liffey-street, where he had ample opportunities of witnessing the extreme poverty, ignorance, and indeed barbarism, of the lower orders in Dublin. As we read in the memoirs of those times, nothing could be more turbulent, more fickle, more cruel when opportunity offered, than a wild Dublin mob. With glee they would race along, surrounding the carriage of a favourite cheering him to the echo, or on the other hand they would groan and hiss those whom they rightly or wrongly imagined to be traitors to their country in the Irish Parliament, into which, on one occasion, when there was a rumour of a Union with Great Britain, the mob actually burst, and placed an old beggar woman in the

chair giving her a pipe to smoke, while others of the crowd outside, wounded the Attorney-General Flood, and stopped members of Parliament in the street to make them swear they would not vote for a Union. But after all, this conduct can hardly be wondered at, when we consider the other side of the picture. For in 1798, when Father Murray recommenced his apostolic labours in Dublin, Beresford's Riding-house was the scene of shocking atrocities, where Catholics were tied to triangles and flogged almost to death; or else they were fitted with pitch caps that drove many a tortured wretch to seek an end to his agony in deep cool waters of the river Liffey flowing past the end of Marlborough-street. The dirty and dark prisons were full to suffocation. Informers and spies were driving a roaring trade, the hangman was seldom idle, the partial rebellion was to run its two years' course of horrors in Wexford, and in the midst of all this turmoil and wretchedness, high society in Dublin was never more gay, more brilliant, more utterly licentious. Already interested politicians were assisting Mr. Pitt in his scheme of the Union, which was to be the death blow to prosperity and progress in Ireland for many years.

The rebellion was a capital argument in favour of the extinction of the Irish Parliament, and by means of gross bribery Lord Castlereagh, Lord Clare, and their followers, cynically resolved to induce the Irish members of both Houses to vote the sentence of their own political death.

To the Catholic bishops, to the Catholic nobles and gentry, quite another bait was held out—the implied promise of Emancipation, destined to be disregarded for twenty-nine years longer by the English ministers. And while all these

disturbances, these intrigues, these conflicting currents of ideas, of public and personal interests, were seething in a veritable witches' caldron, Father Murray humbly went his way, working for God and souls in the narrow unhealthy lanes and back streets of his parish, longing to remedy the universal distress which he encountered at every step, but feeling with heartfelt sorrow how limited were his means to carry out his ardent wishes. Even then may have arisen the dim idea that it might be yet possible for him to devise some means of arresting the evils around him. Meanwhile he courageously laboured among his parishioners, and he often consulted his now devoted friends the O'Briens as to what could be done to ameliorate the sad condition of the Dublin poor. At their house he frequently met Mary Aikenhead, who was to co-operate later with him in the foundation of the Irish Sisters of Charity. She was then a gay pleasant girl, but in a quiet way she was very anxious to devote herself to the service of God and the poor. Unfortunately with the exception of Poor Clares, Dominican, Ursuline, and Presentation nuns, there were no active congregations in Ireland. Father Murray was no stranger to her, as she had already made his acquaintance at a friend's house in Cork, and as she accompanied Mrs. O'Brien in all her charitable expeditions she could and did take a lively interest in all the discussions between the O'Briens and their holy curate.

Nine years were spent on the hard working Dublin mission by Father Murray, whose great sanctity and abilities did not fail to attract the attention of Dr. Troy and other ecclesiastics who had grown gray in their sacred ministry;

and none as we are told, showed him more sympathy nor gave him more encouragement than his old master Dr. Betagh. Dr. Troy feeling the weight of years, and the necessity of assistance in the post he had so long and faithfully occupied, determined in 1809 to apply to the Holy See for a coadjutor and successor in the person of Father Murray, being certain of his capability to fill such an important position.[1]

Dr. Troy wrote to Rome without letting the matter be known to his clergy, but when he did tell them of the steps he had taken, they expressed themselves well satisfied with the Archbishop's selection. To Father Murray himself nothing was said until the order for his consecration came from Rome. To him the news was like a thunderbolt. He hurried to his old friend Dr. Betagh, and on his knees and shedding tears he implored this venerable priest to use his influence with Dr. Troy to avert what he considered to be a judgment for his sins. Secretly edified by the profound humility of his former pupil Dr. Betagh was all the more convinced of his fitness to be a bishop, and used every persuasion he could think of to induce Father Murray's compliance; but it was only on hearing the warning words, "take care not to resist the grace of the Holy Ghost," that the much troubled priest obeyed the call which, as Dr. Betagh solemnly assured him, was so manifestly the will of God. On the feast of St. Andrew, Nov. 30th, the Archbishop of Dublin consecrated his chosen coadjutor as Archbishop of Hierapolis

[1] In D'Alton's *History of the Archbishops of Dublin* it is stated that Father Murray, in 1805, was nominated prebendary of Wicklow and parish priest of Clontarf, but that he declined the promotion.

in partibus in the presence of a sympathetic crowd of clergy and laity all delighted at their favourite curate's well-deserved promotion to the episcopacy, and among them none experienced more joy than Dr. Betagh who was chosen to preach the consecration sermon at St. Mary's in Liffey-street.

Now having come to the parting of the ways in the career of Dr. Murray, we must describe the personal attributes of this great prelate, for, as is remarked by Cicero, "a man's own manner and character is what best becomes him."

The chief characteristic of Dr. Murray was charity—not merely the benevolence of philanthropic works, but that supreme charity described by our Saviour in the sublime words: "Hear O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like to it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." [1]

During his entire life Dr. Murray, as far as he possibly could, adopted these lessons of our Lord as his model, and nobly did he strive to make them the leading chords of his interior and exterior existence; first as a priest, and then as an Archbishop of the Catholic Church. That he also desired to imitate St. Francis de Sales is evident from an anecdote related by his dear friend Dr. Doyle, the celebrated Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, whose life is recorded in another part of this work. Having once remonstrated with the Archbishop for not checking some curates who were trying, on behalf of

[1] St. Mark xii. 29, 31.

O'Connell, to elude the canon law forbidding political meetings in churches, Dr. Murray replied, "Ah my Lord, I have throughout my episcopate endeavoured to follow at a humble distance the example of St. Francis de Sales, a prelate who has said that as it is most difficult to know the exact point where clemency should cease and severity begin, it is better to have to account with a Being of infinite mercy for too much mildness than too much rigour."

Yet this Archbishop was a keen observer of men and things, and his insight into the motives and dispositions of others was very accurate, though when obliged to reprove he would always, writes Mgr. Meagher, be "anxious to find out the gentlest mode of doing a disagreeable thing." Mrs. Aikenhead in some notes said that "this mildness was not the effect of pusillanimity or want of clear sight," and she gives as an instance of Dr. Murray's very plain speaking, that when some one told him of misrepresentations made at Rome to his Grace's detriment, the Archbishop said firmly, "Misrepresentation is not the term. It is downright lying." Sincerity and unselfishness were conspicuous qualities in his Grace, while his great abilities, his rare and practical common sense in matters of business, his endless patience, his readiness to think well of his neighbour, all combined to form a most attractive and fascinating personality. A perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, Dr. Murray was never heard to say anything that could disedify or give pain to the feelings of others. No matter how false or bitter might be the slanders made against him by opponents, he was ever careful never to utter a harsh remark, nor to show any resentment when insulted or injured,

But with all his humility, meekness and unassuming manners, no one, however friendly he might be, could ever forget that the tranquil and courteous Dr. Murray was the Archbishop of Dublin. Not that he was cold and distant, but there was a natural dignity in his bearing on which no one ever dreamt of presuming. Dr. Murray was an Irishman with his share of the national quick temper and impetuosity, but so completely did he vanquish these tendencies that he became remarkable for his mild conciliatory disposition, and his self-control and caution in word and deed.[1] Never did he speak of himself or of his wonderfully successful undertakings, and he was equally reticent about the weariness which was often his lot during a hard-working life.

Dr. Murray, moreover, was a man who possessed a very real spirit of mortification, which was carefully concealed from observation. Apparently he lived like every ordinary person, "but to those who had the opportunity of scrutinizing his life, was revealed a system of self-crucifixion" (Mgr. Meagher). Loving retirement the continual public appearance as Archbishop of the Irish metropolis must have been the greatest drudgery, but faithful to the demands of duty, no private inclinations were ever allowed to take precedence of what he knew to be necessary in his position. Sought and esteemed by all from the highest to the lowest, Dr. Murray always retreated as quickly as he

[1] Mrs. Aikenhead, commenting on Dr. Murray's diffidence and caution, observed that when Daniel O'Connell was asked why he did not ask the Archbishop's opinion, the Liberator retorted, "And if I did what would be his Grace's answer? Just this, and nothing more, 'Pray, Mr. O'Connell, what is yours?'"

could from the pomp and glitter of a world whose hollowness he knew too well. With very numerous admirers, the Archbishop's chosen and intimate friends were few in number, and he never interfered in their domestic affairs, mindful of the words of à Kempis, "As for the sayings or doings of others judge of nothing rashly: neither busy thyself with things not committed to thy care; and thus may it be brought about that thou shalt be little or seldom disturbed." [1]

However, in affairs brought before him as a Catholic prelate, none could be more intrepid than Dr. Murray, who fearlessly and openly opposed all efforts made to imperil faith and morals. His relations with his clergy were admirable. He watched over them with the vigilance of a bishop, he loved them with the true tenderness of a father. His example was a living lesson to them in his matchless devotion to the duties of ecclesiastical life. The poorest and most obscure curate would be listened to with as much readiness as a Vicar-General, and a sympathetic interest would be shown to any useful project, though Dr. Murray would be neither meddlesome nor arbitrary, preferring always to allow his clergy a free hand in their plans, and leaving them the credit of their good works when successful.

Nothing could exceed the impressive and stately appearance of Dr. Murray at all the great functions of the Church. He was extremely particular about the correct observance of ecclesiastic ceremonial; for, as he remarked at a clerical conference, "the Church is the best judge of what is graceful as well as of what is right, having in this as in all things her own

[1] Book III., chap. 25.

inherent wisdom to guide her, together with the experience of ages and the approval of her countless noble and gifted minds."

Dr. Murray was never a rich man, but it was his invariable rule to devote all he had to the service of God and the poor, and as far as was compatible in his position he kept his personal wants within narrow limits. It was well remarked that money only seemed to come to him for his blessing before immediate distribution. The often considerable legacies he received were always given to some charitable institution, or devoted to the erection of churches, not a farthing being reserved for himself, and it has been calculated that during his episcopacy a sum much exceeding £1,200,000 represented the value of property acquired for religious purposes in the Archdiocese. When the dues were brought by the priest who collected them, the Archbishop would direct most of them to be sent to this or that charity, scarcely retaining enough for his household expenses.

At the same time Dr. Murray was very hospitable and generous as far as his means would permit. Although blamed by many people for his presence at social entertainments given at the Castle and elsewhere, he considered that it was his duty as Archbishop of Dublin to show that the ostracism of Catholics no longer existed, and to check the sectarian animosity that unhappily pervaded society, greatly to the detriment of charity and good manners. Consequently Dr. Murray was in frequent intercourse with people of distinction and rank, and so graceful, courteous and gentle was his demeanour, and so amiable and fascinating was his conversation, that these qualities attracted the notice

of Queen Victoria on her first visit to Ireland. As Chief Justice Bushe remarked "Of all the people he knew, Dr. Murray was the only one who never seemed off his guard, never wanted a ready and appropriate answer, never was found inferior to whatever circumstances he chanced to be in."

About six weeks after his consecration Dr. Murray went to Paris in order to claim restitution of property belonging to Irish religious houses in France which had been confiscated during the Revolution. Having succeeded in his mission, he appointed an administrator of the restored funds, and returning home he resumed his duties as coadjutor of Dr. Troy. Dublin was then an extremely wicked city. Hard drinking, gambling, cursing, and swearing, unlimited extravagance, duelling, and other vices were looked upon with indulgence or indifference. The spirit of the age, as described in the memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington, was that of the gay and sensual paganism of Rome before the fall of its Empire. Protestants and Catholics called themselves Christians, but their morality was no better than that of heathens. Full of the pride of life, wealth and power, the Protestants looking down upon the Catholics were very much in the position of slave owners, with all the worst tendencies of such a class. On the other hand a whole Catholic nation reduced to bondage clung bravely to its faith, it is true—but plunged in utter ignorance and poverty, treated as slaves, with no rights saving those of birth and death, it cannot be wondered at if, brutalized as the Irish were, they should have acquired the defects of an enslaved race. In one of his speeches in favour of Emancipation at Westminster, Henry Grattan

told the Government, "Depend upon it, the original source of a people's vices is the vice of its Government, and in every instance since the creation of the world people have been what their rulers made them. A good government makes a good people."

The capital of Ireland was an epitome of the whole island, the innumerable evils of the times, concentrated within the precincts of a city, becoming more salient and scandalous. With a mere handful of clergy and a few mean chapels it could not be suprising that Catholics were swept away by their bad surroundings, and that there were few who practised the precepts of their religion. Such was the flock entrusted to Dr. Troy's zealous coadjutor, who lost no time in seeking a remedy for the intolerable state of moral depravity, grinding poverty, and neglect of religious duties only too prevalent in Dublin. By degrees, without any ill-considered haste or bustle, Dr. Murray commenced the arduous task of reform which was only to end with his death forty-two years later.

Possessing the full trust and esteem of Dr. Troy, his coadjutor now felt that he could give some definite form to an idea suggested by the charitable works of his friend, Mrs. O'Brien, and other ladies. If women in the world could do so much, what might not be done by a congregation of Sisters of Charity in the Archdiocese? Therefore Dr. Murray resolved at a proper moment to found such an institute, and to place at its head Miss Aikenhead, whom he knew would be well suited for such an important work. He obtained her promise to enter his contemplated foundation, but as family affairs detained her some time at Cork, he carried on a correspondence

with her, and when she again revisited Dublin many were their discussions concerning this project.

Overwhelmed by diocesan and apostolic work, in charge of Maynooth College until the arrival of the new President, Dr. Everard, Archbishop Murray in 1811 was called upon to take a prominent part in the burning question of the Veto, a concise account of which may not be out of place in this sketch of the bishop who on this point rendered such services to the Church.

In Grattan's biography, by his son, it has been observed that having failed to coerce the Catholic Church by persecution, the British Government now desired to obtain influence over it by intrigue. Even as far back as 1782, the ministers sought to insert the thin end of the wedge by claiming a right to veto in the nomination of Irish Catholic bishops in return for a restricted measure of relief they were prepared to grant to the Catholics. Edmund Burke, who was much against the idea of a Veto, wrote that "never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint the pastors of another." To the Catholic Bishop Hussey he wrote, "above all do not listen to any other mode of appointing your bishops than by the present, whatever it is. No other elections than those you have—no Castle choices." These opinions of Burke were then shared by Grattan in whose life we read that, in 1799, four metropolitans and six bishops, through Lord Castlereagh's intrigues, met at Maynooth College, and in the hope of Emancipation they signed resolutions in favour of the royal Veto; "Lord Castlereagh's object being then to cajole the clergy into a sanction of the principle in favour of the Crown, but not in any way to carry the measure in favour of the

Catholics. The question of the Union absorbing attention caused the matter to be passed over, but not without severe animadversion on the Catholic prelates who had acted such an ignoble part in the hour of national danger and distress." [1]

This question of the Veto was revived twice before Dr. Murray's consecration, but in 1808, when, through a debate on the Catholic question at Westminster, the Irish learned that some of their bishops had conceded the Veto in 1799, they were much enraged, and the Bishops in a meeting then declared their decided opposition to the domestic nomination of prelates by Government, for which they received an address of thanks from 40,000 laymen.

Nevertheless the Veto became a regular bone of contention among the members of the Catholic Board; one party, headed by Lord Fingall, advocating the measure, which was bitterly opposed by the other under Daniel O'Connell, now an Irish political leader. The vexed question continued to simmer on, sometimes to boiling pitch, until 1814, and Dr. Murray for several years was obliged to hold himself in readiness for a sudden journey either to France, where Pius VII was imprisoned by Napoleon, or to Rome, where during the enforced absence of Pope and Cardinals, the affairs of Propaganda, with the exception of episcopal nominations, were in charge of its secretary, Mgr. Quarantotti. Before long the name of this prelate excited the wildest uproar in Ireland, for in 1814 he sent a rescript on his own authority to London saying Irish Catholics should agree to the exercise of the Veto by "so wise a govern-

[1] *Life of Henry Grattan*, vol. v., chap. ii., p. 375.

ment as that of Great Britain." This appearing in a Dublin newspaper, along with the intelligence that the Pope had just returned from captivity to Rome on the downfall of Napoleon, created most frightful dismay in Ireland, where people imagined that the Pontiff had really granted the Veto to the English Government as a reward for releasing him from prison.

In those days there were no telegraph wires, newspapers were sold at fivepence a copy, and many-tongued rumour, oftener false than otherwise, flew with lightning speed from mouth to mouth, distorting facts and exaggerating surmises into accomplished deeds. This was just what occurred now, and the illiterate lower classes especially, were driven frantic by the notion that a Protestant lay government was to assist in the nomination of the Catholic Bishops. That the Pope must have turned an Orangeman was the general suspicion of the democracy until it was found out that the rescript of Quarantotti (dubbed Mister Forty-eight by the excited Celts) had been sent when the Pope was still a prisoner at Fontainebleau, and consequently had never been signed by him. O'Connell, indignant that a man not a Cardinal, should assume such authority in the Pope's absence, exclaimed at a meeting of the Catholic Board that he would as soon take his politics from Constantinople as from Rome, and that he would rather have no Emancipation than have it on such terms.

The Holy See being informed of the commotion produced by Quarantotti withdrew his mischievous rescript as being unsanctioned by the Pope, and the question of the Veto was placed before the Cardinals of Propaganda who had resumed their duties in Rome. At this crisis

Dr. Murray departed for the Eternal City, where for some months, in union with Dr. Milner, Vicar-Apostolic of the English Midlands, he left no stone unturned trying to convince the ecclesiastical authorities of the extreme danger and mischief the Veto would cause among British Catholics, especially in Ireland, where the idea was so repugnant to the majority of the people. Although the Holy Father was very gracious and frequently received the two delegates, they saw with much disappointment that they could obtain no satisfactory decision respecting the Veto.

During this visit Dr. Murray and Dr. Milner were the only stranger guests invited to the Church of the Gesu, where the Holy Father came in state to celebrate Mass at St. Ignatius' altar upon the restoration of the Society of Jesus. Dr. Murray, ever a sincere friend of the Society, must have taken deep interest in its restoration, foreseeing that in Father Kenney and his brethren, he would find energetic and able apostolic workers for his diocese, where the clergy were not numerous enough for the extensive mission.

In January, 1815, Dr. Murray attended a crowded Catholic meeting in Clarendon-street Church, where he could only say that "the Sovereign Pontiff will be influenced in his determination solely by a regard for the spiritual welfare of the Catholics of Ireland for whom he feels strong affection." His vague and unsatisfying report of his mission, together with the report that the Government would gain the Veto, so roused O'Connell, that in a fiery speech he declared that although he was sincerely a Catholic he was not a Papist, and that he denied that the Pope had any temporal authority in Ireland.

This speech, daring in its vehemence and plain spoken warnings, produced an effect that deepened into extreme anger on the news of the Cardinals' decision in favour of the Veto. It was indeed a momentous crisis in the annals of our Irish Church, and the Bishops were in the greatest alarm, feeling only too clearly the truth of O'Connell's assertion that "the crown priests will be despised and deserted by the people, who will be amply supplied with enthusiastic anti-Anglican friars from the Continent." A synod was held by the prelates in which they drew up resolutions of their complete disapprobation of the Veto, and they plainly declared that it would seriously injure religion in Ireland. Dr. Murray was then deputed to lay them before the Holy See, and to explain clearly the sentiments and fears of both clergy and laity. Just delaying a few days to receive the vows of Mrs. Aikenhead and her companions who had returned from their novitiate at the Bar Convent, York, Dr. Murray started on his long journey to Italy. As a most determined opponent of the Veto, and undeterred by the Pope's inclination to concede it to England, Dr. Murray placed his views before Pius VII with his usual outspoken clearness, but never permitting his zeal and anxiety to outrun moderation nor the deference due to the Holy See. He met with many difficulties in his mission, for both the Pontiff and the Cardinals believed that the concession of the Veto could not injure the Irish, and in his reply to the Bishops' resolutions Pius VII intimated that he considered their fears unreasonable.

Conscious, however, that at this crisis "vox populi, vox Dei" was a true saying, Dr. Murray, aided by his companions the Bishop of Cork,

and his Vicar-General, Dr. Blake, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, succeeded in gaining a favourable hearing, with the result that the Veto was finally abandoned.

The experience of subsequent years has shown the wisdom of the Irish clergy and laity in tolerating no State interference in ecclesiastical questions. The condition of the Catholic Church in France where a bitter persecution of religion is going on, is certainly an object lesson as to the precarious nature of an alliance in which the Church is made dependent on the State. The Irish nation therefore was wise in its generation when insisting upon the total independence of its clergy in ecclesiastical and pecuniary matters, and time has proved the correctness of its opinion and at the same time the debt of gratitude which was owed to the ,Coadjutor Bishop who, by his combined intrepidity and prudence, was instrumental in winning this great victory for religion and liberty.

During this second visit to Rome Dr. Murray constantly wrote to Mrs. Aikenhead and in the name of Dr. Troy he obtained from the Holy Father the approbation of the new Institute. On his return he introduced into Ireland the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Since his appointment much had been done in several other directions in the Archdiocese. Assisted by Father Kenney as Vice-President, Dr. Murray reformed Maynooth College where discipline had been very much relaxed, and on his departure at the end of a year he left a band of submissive students working hard to render themselves worthy of their vocation. Again, being aware of the ignorance of the poor city children, the Archbishop had invited the Christian Brothers

to Dublin where he paid the rent of a house for them in his own parish of St. Andrew. Accustomed, as we are, to the really fine schools of the Christian Brothers in Westland-row, it may seem strange to think that their first school in Dublin should have been merely a big shed in a timber yard on the City-quay. But Dr. Murray warmly advocated the interests of his new apostolic workers, preaching wonderfully pathetic charity sermons for them, and recommending them to his wealthy and charitable friends. Moreover he gave them his ready sympathy and help in all their privations and difficulties, and a Christian Brother seeking advice was always sure of a kind reception from the Bishop.

On the feast of St. Laurence O'Toole, November, 1815, the foundation stone was laid of the Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough-street, which was erected partly on the site of Lord Annesley's house, and, according to Mrs. Aikenhead, on that of Beresford's notorious Riding-school where, as we have noted, so many horrors were perpetrated upon Catholics during the Irish Rebellion of '98.

Having established the Irish Sisters of Charity for the service of the poor and sick, Dr. Murray, seeing how much was needed to counteract the dissolute manners of the upper class, now decided on founding another institute for the purpose of educating girls of the higher rank of society, as well as for teaching children in the poor schools. His choice of a foundress fell upon Miss Frances Ball whom he had known a long time, and he sent her to make her novitiate at the Bar Convent, York, whose constitutions were eventually adopted by the Loretto nuns, so-called from their mother house at Rathfarnham.

Dr. Murray towards the end of 1819 accom-

panied Archbishop Troy to Carlow, where in an old chapel they consecrated, as Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the celebrated Dr. Doyle, who became one of Dr. Murray's dearest friends. In the life of the brilliant Augustinian prelate we read "that in point of fact no two men loved each other more warmly. From Dr. Doyle's consecration to his death there subsisted between Dr. Doyle and his Grace, Dr. Murray, the most intimate connection, so that it was well known Dr. Murray would not take any important step as to the regulation of the Archdiocese without availing himself of the advice of Dr. Doyle, and whenever in council with his suffragans, or even in a more general council or synod, Dr. Murray wished above all to hear what Dr Doyle had to say on the subject under discussion."[1]

Grattan's death in 1820 now threw the cause of Catholic Emancipation, then at a very low ebb, into the hands of Daniel O'Connell who galvanised the question by his system of "agitation, organisation and moral force within the Constitution."[2] He was ably assisted by Dr. Doyle, whose writings aroused the people from their apathy, and who was the first Irish prelate to join the Catholic Association founded in 1823 by O'Connell, for the purpose of inducing the poor people to join it under their priests. Associates only were to pay a shilling yearly, members a guinea, and the clergy were to be honorary members. It took some time before the priests consented to join the Association, but when they saw Archbishop Murray and other prelates following Dr. Doyle's example, they became zealous promoters of the cause,

[1] *Life of Dr. Doyle*, Fitzpatrick, vol. i., p. 493.
[2] *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, MacDonagh, p. 112.

and collectors of the Catholic rent which paid the expenses of the Association in subsidising newspapers, publishing the *Morning Register*, and paying costs of tithe prosecutions, and similar acts of injustice legalised at that period. In spite of its suppression two years later by Government, this Association certainly did much to clear the way for the so long deferred Emancipation.

Dr. Troy dying in 1823, his See now devolved upon Dr. Murray, who was able to have the funeral and month's mind of his predecessor in the Pro-Cathedral which was just roofed in, although far from being finished, owing to the heavy debt upon the building that hampered its progress. Prominent as Dr. Murray was in opposing the Veto, according to the records of his period he does not appear to have been so much in the foreground concerning the question of Catholic Emancipation. Not that he was indifferent, far from it—but knowing the value of Dr. Doyle's co-operation with Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Murray humbly preferred to remain more in the background, while giving as much assistance as possible to those who were enduring the brunt of conflict for Catholic liberty. As far back as 1815, Dr. Murray had already foreseen what O'Connell's services would be to his country,[1] and Mrs. Aikenhead observes, that "it was unquestionable that to the last moment of his life O'Connell entertained a very high esteem and

[1] After O'Connell's duel with D'Esterre, in 1815, on being informed of the event, the Archbishop exclaimed, "Heaven be praised! Ireland is safe." Not that he approved of a barbarous custom entailing excommunication by the Church, but in this case O'Connell had not been the challenger, the duel having been forced upon him, and D'Esterre's death was a life-long sorrow to the Liberator.

respect for the Archbishop, whose counsels had frequently been of the utmost advantage to him." No doubt they must have been of great use when in 1825, Dr. Murray, Dr. Doyle and O'Connell were examined on the state of Ireland before a Parliamentary Committee.

On the 14th November, 1825, Archbishop Murray was at length able to dedicate the Pro-Cathedral, and Dr. Doyle preached a most eloquent sermon to an audience of 3,000 people, including Protestants, who were much edified by the stately ceremonial, to which Irish Catholics were unaccustomed, owing to their small chapels in out of the way lanes and streets. The Universal Jubilee of 1825 was opened in the Pro-Cathedral in the ensuing year, where aided by his clergy and Father Kenney as preacher, the Archbishop gave a great mission, during which crowds approached the Sacraments. So much was " the Holy Year " appreciated by the people that it was prolonged, and his Grace also attended the mission given in each church of the Archdiocese. By these means he broke down the indifference long displayed by Dublin Catholics to their religious duties.

While taking his part in the great Catholic and political questions of his day the new Archbishop considered that his chief and most essential business was the care of his See, and the advancement of religion throughout the province of which he was now the metropolitan. Already he had the joy of seeing the progress made in his vineyard by his own clergy, the Society of Jesus and other Orders, the Christian Brothers, and his much cherished daughters of his two great foundations. Now that the stress of penal days were over, Dr. Murray, who by his own

beautiful sermons "brought back numerous sectarians and sinners to the Church, purified Catholic morals, fortified Catholic principles, and increased Catholic piety."[1] insisted on the word of God being regularly preached in all his churches. So great was his aptitude for business, that it soon attracted the notice of Propaganda, and Cardinal Mai said that it was a happiness to administer Irish ecclesiastical affairs aided by the counsel of that wise and saintly man the Archbishop of Dublin. The Holy See even utilised the advice of "the great Bishop," as he was called in Rome, in ecclesiastical matters concerning remote provinces of the British Empire as well as in Ireland and always with the same success. By the three Pontiffs who during Dr. Murray's episcopacy occupied the Fisherman's throne this distinguished prelate was held in the greatest esteem especially by His Holiness Gregory XVI, who even desired him to write personally to himself, instead of through Propaganda whenever he had any particular communication to make.

A band of pious women under Mrs. MacAuley settled (1828) in Baggot-street, and very soon from a mere association they developed into a regular Institute under the well known name of "the Sisters of Mercy." Dr. Murray did not, in this foundation, take the same share as in those of Mrs. Aikenhead and Mrs. Ball; but if he was rather harassed by officious friends insisting that Mrs. MacAuley's work would interfere with that of the Sisters of Charity, still he expressly sanctioned the new Sisterhood, desired Mrs. MacAuley to select whatever rule would best suit her

[1] *Oration*, Mgr. Meagher.

purposes, received her vows for life, and finally obtained the Papal approbation of her Institute. "The walking nuns," as the poor people called them, did not clash with the Sisters of Charity, as there was plenty of room in Ireland for both these congregations who to this day are engaged in their apostolic labours among the poor and the sick.

To Dr. Murray must be ascribed the revival of provincial synods, which, owing to persecution, had been discontinued in the Irish Catholic Church for 142 years. Emancipation having passed in spite of much opposition, especially on the part of the worthless and vindictive George IV,[1] there was now nothing to prevent the holding of synods, and for some time before the first provincial synod at Maynooth, the Archbishop and his able suffragans met regularly in consultation upon various points of ecclesiastical discipline and legislature which they proposed to adopt in the province of Leinster. The result of their conferences was embodied in a set of diocesan statutes written in classical Latin and "believed to be the production of his Grace Dr. Murray" (Mgr. Meagher). Fitzpatrick, however, asserts that they were the work of Dr. Doyle, unsurpassed in real learning and wisdom, and strongly resembling the Synodical Statutes of Milan under St. Charles Borromeo.[2] But we can

[1] This monarch never forgave an injudicious set of resolutions passed by the Catholic Board while he was Prince Regent, and which were known as "the witchery resolutions;" owing to the rather plain allusions in them, referring to the dissolute life of the Prince of Wales, who, of course, resented them all the more as he felt his conduct richly merited public disapprobation. Hence the futile rage he displayed when forced to give his royal assent to the Emancipation Bill.

[2] *Life of Dr. Doyle*, vol. ii., p. 113.

safely conclude that the volume was the joint work of both prelates who shared the same opinions on most subjects.

As regards the National School Bill for Ireland, though Dr. Murray was often accused of favouring mixed education, it is quite certain that he did not approve of it, as in a letter to Dr. Doyle he quoted Mr. Brougham's opinion "that the only practical way of educating Catholics and Protestants would be to educate them separately. This I learned in a communication which I had lately with Mr. Lamb on the subject. I told him that though we did not object to joint education *we would certainly prefer Mr. Brougham's plan*. I fear, however, we shall not obtain nearly so much as that. He, however, admitted the principle that the whole of the religious instruction of the children should be placed under the control of their respective pastors." This letter is a convincing proof that Dr. Murray was alive to the dangers of mixed education, but his means were limited, and though many schools had been opened by the Christian Brothers and his congregations of nuns, still he knew that swarms of children were still left without any education ready to be pounced upon by sectarians. He therefore considered that if the National School Bill were amended, the Catholic clergy, by their vigilance, could neutralize the evil tendencies of mixed education, which in many localities would not even exist—all the pupils being Catholics, while in other places they were in the majority over their Protestant schoolfellows. Consequently the National Schools were opened in a short time all over Leinster and they worked favourably enough. In order to check abuses and to examine closely the

National School books, the Archbishop wisely accepted the post of Commissioner upon the National Board of Education, and by his gentle yet firm inspection he secured the withdrawal of some books compiled by the Protestant Archbishop Whately, who in disgust retired from the Board. As it was written in the *Freeman's Journal* after his death, Dr. Murray was a man who "viewed education not only in its abstract principles, but also with reference to the prejudices he had to contend with, and the evils of which he had to make choice." From this period, as is stated elsewhere in this volume, there ensued a grave misunderstanding between Dr. Murray and Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, who was a bitter opponent of the National School system, and who did his best, though unsuccessfully, to have it condemned root and branch by the Holy See. The two eminent prelates also disagreed in their views of the Charitable Bequests Bill which excited a good deal of clamorous discontent; but Dr. Murray, from the same prudent motive that induced him to sit on the Educational Board, accepted a commissionership on that of the Charitable Bequests where he could do some good in favour of Catholic charities and bequests.[1]

[1] O'Connell, in a letter written about the Charitable Bequests Act, said he knew the Government would remodel the Bequests Act for Dr. Murray. "I have reason to believe that they will allow the Regulars to be emancipated. Certainly they would yield it to Dr. Murray." While sending Dr. Murray a formal professional opinion against the Bequests Bill, O'Connell, apparently rather unfairly, did not let the Archbishop know of the Government's readiness to oblige him. But he wrote it to Dr. MacHale who, abominated and feared by the Ministers, never had the influence Dr. Murray acquired over them to such an extent that Lord John Russell acknowledged in the House of Commons after

Dr. Doyle having fallen seriously ill, Dr. Murray presided over a meeting of the Carlow clergy to select a coadjutor, and he expressed the opinion that the activity of his dear friend's mind had worn out his body. The death of this renowned bishop was deeply felt by Dr. Murray who was present at the Requiem. The French writer Montalembert, who on a visit to Ireland had been introduced to Dr. Murray and Dr. Doyle, wrote that they had inspired him with the greatest veneration, not only for their piety and other apostolic virtues, but also for their eloquence and their elegance of manners.[1]

Archbishop Murray had ever been anxious to have in his diocese the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul. At the end of twenty years he was able to realise his cherished desire and in order to induce attendance at their excellent preparatory schools, Dr. Murray reserved at Maynooth College burses which the Lazarist Fathers could present to the best of their pupils who possessed vocations to the priesthood. It might have been thought that the Archbishop had more than enough to do, promoting the welfare of his own diocese, but the fire of charity that ever animated him impelled him to assist Father Hand in founding the College of All Hallows for the benefit of foreign missions as related above.

Now that Ireland had regained her religious freedom the dormant missionary spirit of the ancient monks revived stronger than ever, and once more Irish priests were ready to devote

his death, that a Privy Councillorship had been offered to Dr. Murray; adding his regret "that it had not been accepted by a prelate whose character I esteem, whose memory I revere."—Notes to *Oration*, Mgr. Meagher.

[1] *Life of Dr. Doyle*, vol. ii., Fitzpatrick.

their lives to the foreign missions, voluntarily exiling themselves from the land they loved so well "to preach to the nations that sit in darkness." No one could better comprehend this unselfish devotion than the saintly Archbishop, and it is no wonder that under his patronage the College prospered and succeeded. When Dr. Blake the last student of the Irish College in Rome before its suppression at the close of the eighteenth century, again re-opened the establishment in the Eternal City, from none did he receive more assistance and encouragement than from Dr. Murray whom he called his best and most ready friend. Step by step the Archbishop still followed the progress made by his Sisters of Charity, helping them to found convents, schools, and St. Vincent's Hospital, while in the case of the convent and school in Gardiner's Street he made over to Mrs. Aikenhead, with the interest, a legacy of £4,000 left to him some years previously by his friend Dr. Everard, Archbishop of Cashel, who had been the possessor of a private fortune.

Besides the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, Dr. Murray introduced the Devotions for the Month of May which were first carried out at Loretto Abbey. He also established the Sodalities of the Living Rosary, the Ladies of Charity, the Conference of Men of St. Vincent de Paul,[1] and a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. And by degrees his Grace built good and spacious churches that replaced the mean chapels of penal days.

[1] To be quite accurate, I should say that the Archbishop sanctioned this work, without which it could not have been established. It is essentially an institute of laymen.

Sir Robert Peel's Bill for the Queen's Colleges excited even more dissension in Ireland than did the National Schools, and at the meeting of the Hierarchy under Dr. Murray, after the first reading of the Bill, it was condemned as "dangerous to the faith and morals of the Catholic pupils." But in a short time the Bishops were divided into two parties, one led by Dr. MacHale desiring to reject the Queen's Colleges completely; while the other headed by Dr. Murray considered that if the Government would introduce the necessary amendments, as was done in the case of the National Schools, these Colleges, if provided with safeguards, might answer sufficiently well until better methods of education could be devised. The Lord Lieutenant asked Dr. Murray to forward the Statutes of the Colleges to Rome as modified by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the British Government also pledged itself that in the Council, professorships, and other posts, Catholics should be nominated in each college, and meanwhile Dr. Murray was named one of the Visitors. A delegate having been sent to Rome with the amended Statutes, Dr. MacHale went in person to lay his very strong opinions against the Queen's Colleges before the Holy See. The death of Gregory XVI naturally caused a delay, but Dr. MacHale's uncompromising and vehement denunciation had already made a deep impression very unfavourable to the new scheme.

That Dr. Murray's gentle nature must have suffered through the ever increasing misunderstanding between him and the celebrated "John of Tuam," whom he had consecrated bishop, cannot be doubted, but never a word of resentment nor bitterness was heard from him. He

was too noble-minded and generous not to acknowledge the genius of Dr. MacHale who was ever in his own fashion unflinchingly opposing all that he considered injurious to the interests of the Church and his beloved country. Dr. Murray certainly did not yield to him in the same devotion to the Church and Ireland, but it was expressed in quite a different style. Like St. Francis de Sales, the Archbishop of Dublin evidently acted on the principle that more flies could be caught with a spoonful of honey than with a bowl of vinegar ; moreover, better acquainted with the ideas and customs of men of the world, he strove to promote the welfare of religion, and of the Irish people, in a mild conciliatory manner worthy of a Catholic bishop.

Much engaged with his own multifarious duties Dr. Murray took no part with the Liberator in his agitation for the repeal of the Union, and he very probably foresaw that O'Connell's methods were not likely to be eventually successful. He also shrank from the style of noisy politics which had no substance behind a torrent of fiery language peculiar to O'Connell's followers, although the Tribune and Dr. MacHale were very much in earnest about the repeal of the Union that brought neither prosperity nor happiness to Ireland. Dr. Murray's passiveness nettled O'Connell, who in a letter alluding to the Archbishop, commented upon " the numbing effect of any kind of connexion with the Government, which operates upon the best minds without their perceiving it." Mrs. Aikenhead in one of her remarks so often quoted in this sketch, wrote " that the Archbishop, especially in the last years of his life, felt considerable reluctance in giving his opinion on matters in which he did not feel himself obliged

to give it to such persons as his Grace knew to be under the influence of those disposed to criticise, not to say misrepresent, his opinions and expressions, rather than to adopt his advice."

O'Connell, however, never had any quarrel with Dr. Murray, and it grieved him that such disagreements should arise between the Archbishops of Tuam and Dublin. When the Liberator was imprisoned, Dr. Murray at once gave permission that the Rev. Dr. Miley should say Mass every morning in the prison for O'Connell, and he must have been present at a meeting of the Bishops who drew up a prayer to be said daily after each Mass in Ireland that the Liberator might bear his trials with resignation, and be soon released from captivity. The Sunday after O'Connell regained his liberty Dr. Murray presided at the High Mass and *Te Deum* in the Pro-Cathedral, which was attended by the Liberator and his prison companions. Again did the Archbishop show his gratitude to O'Connell for his services to Church and country by sending the Rev. Dr. Miley to accompany the dying Liberator on the journey which was to terminate in death at Genoa. Thus notwithstanding their different opinions in political matters, these two great Irishmen sincerely esteemed and respected each other, and there are still extant some lines in which O'Connell wrote that "if any man were particularly formed to conquer prejudice and abash calumny that man was Dr. Murray."

During the famine of 1846-47, though Dr. Murray was not as prominent in the work of relief as Dr. MacHale, whose diocese was the very centre of the awful visitation, still the Archbishop of Dublin, in a pastoral, ordered special

prayers to be said after Mass, and he strongly inculcated the necessity of almsgiving at such a period of distress. With his usual practical common sense Dr. Murray also took care to impress upon his people the absolute need of tilling their fields, and practising the utmost industry, as they could not expect God to relieve them unless they chose to exert themselves in diminishing the effects of the calamity which had befallen the country.

When there was a question of an address from the Hierarchy on the Queen's visit in 1849, though Dr. Murray had received imperious letters on the Educational and Bequests Bill, which were published in the newspapers by the Archbishop of Tuam, nothing could be more courteous than his letter to Dr. MacHale in which with his remarkable tact and prudence he wrote, " I read with the greatest pleasure, an admirable portion of the form (of address) drawn up by your Grace. But there are other portions of it which can do no good, and would be extremely likely to do harm. There will be occasions enough for political dissensions, and all kinds of complaints. This is not one of them. The address which I enclose will be presented, and cannot now be altered. It at least can do no mischief, and it would gratify me beyond measure were it to receive your Grace's signature. Let us no longer be a divided people."

By these words we can see that in his quiet way Dr. Murray could be firm when necessary, and there is something very pathetic in the appeal of the aged prelate to his younger brother in the Episcopacy for peace and union.

The unjust Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and the wave of bigotry that swamped John Bull's

common sense on the re-establishment of the English Catholic Hierarchy, did not find Dr. Murray indifferent. He summoned a meeting of his clergy, November, 1850, in which were passed resolutions of sympathy with the English Catholics, and of congratulation to Dr. Wiseman on his recent elevation to the cardinalate; and they were forwarded with a friendly letter from the Archbishop of Dublin to the new Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who deeply appreciated the kindness shown to him at that trying moment. The address made to his clergy by Dr. Murray upon the injustice of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, caused nearly as much surprise as Dr. MacHale's sturdy letter to the English Minister boldly signed "John, Archbishop of Tuam." In temperate but firm language Dr. Murray pointed out that Catholic bishops were not at liberty to reject at the bidding of a secular power the titles of their Sees, which "registered in heaven" had never been bestowed by secular authority. He also protested against "the insulting mockery of pretending that it (the Bill) leaves untouched our religious liberty." The sensation produced by the Archbishop's address, says Mgr. Meagher, showed the Whigs that they had nothing but unmitigated reprobation to expect from Dr. Murray, whom they considered more or less their partisan. It forced Lord John Russell to omit many of the most offensive clauses from his Bill, which indeed, even from the commencement, remained a dead letter upon the Statute book of the United Kingdom.

Dr. Murray in his eighty-first year attended the great Synod of Thurles, where he took part in the debates with a clear intellect still unimpaired by advancing age. The decision ad-

verse to the Queen's Colleges, delayed by the death of one Pope and the election of another, was formally announced in Ireland after the Synod of Thurles. In this Dr. MacHale won a signal victory over Dr. Murray, who without a moment's hesitation gave up the strong opinions he supported while the question of the Queen's Colleges was still open; he sent in his resignation as Visitor and he expressed his full concurrence with the decision of Propaganda. Yet there were not wanting busybodies to misrepresent the motives of the aged prelate at Rome, and for a short time Pius IX, thus deceived, spoke in rather severe terms of Dr. Murray, until he received a humble yet dignified letter in which the Archbishop of Dublin expressed his perfect submission and loyalty to the Holy See, and explained to the Holy Father the real motives that had actuated him in the matter of the Queen's Colleges. On receipt of this letter confuting all the accusations made against Dr. Murray, Pius IX, with his own hand, wrote a most affectionate letter, praising the "singular piety and episcopal vigour with which you came forward among the very foremost to enter your protest against the injuries with which a storm of persecution menaced our divine religion this year in your country."

This epistle from the Holy Father gave intense joy to Dr. Murray, who knew too well how much he had been unjustly traduced. His life was drawing to its close; he had been remarkably fortunate in all his efforts for religion; his beautiful character gained the love of his clergy, of most of his fellow bishops, and of his people, as well as the profound esteem and admiration of those who did not share his faith. Yet Dr.

Murray had to endure many trials, the hardest —to his charitable and gentle disposition— being those misunderstandings and disagreements that in his old age darkened many an hour, although borne with the unflinching and silent patience and humility, characteristic of really saintly and mortified souls. In the last year of his existence a most extraordinary uproar occurred in the Archdiocese, and Dr. Murray suddenly found himself accused of allowing proselytism to work unchecked in the city, particularly in the parish of St. Mary, where 2,000 children were supposed to have entered the Protestant schools. There were crowded meetings of the clergy and laity to see what could be done; the pulpits, says Mgr. Meagher, rang with appeals for rescue; and the Catholic newspapers at home and abroad were not behindhand in the general clamour lasting several weeks. All this must have caused bitter pain to poor old Dr. Murray, who began to think, with the utmost grief, that perhaps there might be some reason for such a denunciation. Finally it was discovered to the great relief of his Grace that the whole turmoil had been excited by some people whose misguided zeal had far outstripped discretion, truth, and common sense; and that out of 50,000 Catholics in Dublin only 150 children could be found in poor Protestant schools, in most of which no attempts were made at proselytism. Moreover the whole city, and the parish of St. Mary in particular, was found to be amply provided by the maligned Archbishop with schools "crowded by pupils." The storm subsided and the life-long efforts of the aged prelate to preserve the faith of his people were decisively proved to the confusion of those who attacked him so unfairly

on the strength of silly rumours totally devoid of foundation.

The state of the Archdiocese at the end of Dr. Murray's episcopacy indeed bore witness to his zealous labours as its chief pastor. In 1809, the date of his consecration, St. Teresa's in Clarendon Street was the only decent church in the city. The Presentation Nuns at Summerhill had one school for girls, while Dr. Betagh had two for boys. The poor were in the greatest want and distress, which the few priests on the mission had no means of relieving, and owing to laxity of morals and lack of instruction, the Catholics showed little fervour in practising their religious duties.

How vast was the difference in 1852, may be judged by the fact that in forty-two years Dr. Murray could point out in his diocese as many as ninety-seven excellent churches, the erection of which amounted to £700,000. Not a parish was without its poor school, while those of the Christian Brothers flourished exceedingly. Three Institutes of women had been added to the religious congregations of the Church, by the active co-operation of the Archbishop: thirty Communities were engaged in the care of the poor and the infirm, and the education of youth, while the Vincentian missionaries, the Jesuits, and other religious Orders, aided and encouraged by Dr. Murray, were doing excellent work for the salvation of souls. In the two seminaries of Maynooth and All Hallows young men were being carefully prepared for the priesthood. Besides all these, orphanages, hospitals, sodalities, confraternities, charitable associations had been directly or indirectly founded by the Archbishop, who, in Mgr. Meagher's words, "had reformed

the people of Dublin, quadrupled his clergy, increased the frequentation of the Sacraments, and withal forbade his right hand know what his left hand did."

Notwithstanding his great age the Archbishop was as attentive as ever to his duties; and the still handsome benevolent countenance, and the silvery hair under the broad hat, and the upright figure walking with alert and vigorous step from his residence in Mountjoy-square, to the Pro-Cathedral of a morning, was a familiar sight in the Dublin streets, while a few days before his death Dr. Murray was at the Jesuits' church in Gardiner-street attending the Requiem of the Irish orator Richard Lalor Shiel.

From the time of his ordination, unless prevented by sickness, the Archbishop regularly celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. Neither fatigue, anxiety nor the pressure of business ever induced him to omit his Mass, rising at a very early hour for his private devotions and preparation. Once when a friend told him he required more rest occasionally, Dr. Murray replied, "Ah, at every Mass that is offered some poor soul in Purgatory is relieved; what a cruelty then would it be to neglect it." Devotion to the Holy Souls made him ever disregard his own weariness or suffering in order to give them relief; and on the last All Souls' Day of his life he observed how he had long wished to petition the Holy See to extend to Irish priests the privilege of those in Spain, who were allowed on the 2nd November to say three Masses as on Christmas Day, for the poor Souls in Purgatory.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1852, the Archbishop as usual rose early, and just before the hour for Mass he spoke on some charitable business to

his old friend Mrs. O'Brien who often was present at his Mass. Noticing that he looked ill, she pushed forward a chair into which he sank unconscious in a stroke of apoplexy quickly followed by another of paralysis. The case being hopeless, Extreme Unction was administered to the dying man, who lingered in a stupor for two days longer. Every quarter of an hour the vicars in turn gave absolution and recited the prayers for the dying, while the provincials of the religious Orders came to impart to their generous benefactor the indulgences of their respective congregations. Mrs. O'Brien and two Sisters of Charity, sent by their invalid foundress, scarcely left the room. Very early on Thursday morning as a priest read aloud the Passion from the Gospel of St. John, the Archbishop was seen moving his hitherto paralysed hand giving his blessing and then resting it on his heart ; and at the words " Into thy hands O Lord I commend my spirit," the beautiful soul of Daniel Murray had left this world for ever ; fulfilling the words of Scripture " With him that feareth the Lord it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed."[1]

The man who six months previously had been denounced as a dotard, a feeble careless bishop, neglectful of his duties, was now universally mourned. The people fully recognising that a saint had dwelt among them came in thousands, Catholics and Protestants, to look once more upon the majestic and beautiful face of the holy Archbishop who, in his pontifical vestments, lay in state for several days.

Unceasingly priest after priest stood at a

[1] Eccles. i. 13.

reading desk reciting the office prescribed by the Church on such occasions, and every night the Fathers of the Religious Orders came in turn to chant the Office of the Dead. The funeral was attended by crowds of all ranks in life, and among the clergy were the Archbishops of Armagh and Cashel, and fourteen bishops. Dr. Murray's old friend Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore, was in the number of chief mourners, and surrounded by the clergy whose grief silenced their chanting, the coffin was removed after the Requiem into the vaults of the Pro-Cathedral to be placed beside the remains of Dr. Troy.

When the affairs of the late Archbishop were examined it was found, says Mgr. Meagher, that he died poor as every Christian bishop should die, and that the only mention of his family name was in the signature to his will, leaving all he possessed for the benefit of the poor and sick. In a small box directed to Mrs. Aikenhead were £100 which he had put aside for the charities of the spiritual daughter who with him had founded the Irish Sisters of Charity.

The good works of this noble and saintly Archbishop have lived after him, and increasing in value year by year, they have become the truest and most substantial memorial of one whose angelic disposition so closely resembled the description of St. Paul, who tells us that "charity is patient, is kind,—is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil."[1]

[1] 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5.

Father Theobald Mathew

OF THE FRANCISCAN-CAPUCHIN ORDER.

1791—1856.

WHAT an earnest, heaven-inspired man, absolutely devoid of selfish aims, and devoted with entire singleness of purpose to a beneficent mission for the welfare of his fellows can do for them, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the life of Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance, whose labours in the cause he so faithfully advocated for twenty years were crowned with such splendid success. Warriors who have driven out a relentless foe, heroes of charity whose ministrations have stayed the ravages of a plague, patriots who have set an enslaved nation free, merit the gratitude and homage of the people whom they have served; and the work wrought in Ireland half a century ago by Theobald Mathew was a combination of all these services. For though even he, valiant and victorious as he was, could not completely destroy intemperance, the devastating enemy of his era and race, he drove it from the land for a time, permanently maimed and crippled it, and liberated from its fatal clutches thousands upon thousands of unhappy captives, who without his aid must have miserably perished.

Father Mathew was forty-seven years of age when he took up the work which was to be

blessed with such fruitful results. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and from various portraits, as well as from the recollections of those who knew and loved him, and from written descriptions of his appearance by such outside and unprejudiced witnesses as Mrs. S. C. Hall, who notes his mild and gracious countenance; Thackeray, who speaks of him as "a handsome, honest-looking man;" Carlyle, who declares "the very face of him attracts you;" and the Duke of Devonshire, who calls his countenance "divine," and his manner "marvellously winning," it is to be gathered that nature had generously done her part in furnishing due equipment for a man destined to exercise such magnetic power over all sorts and conditions of men. For though his work lay mainly among his own people, and naturally among the poorest and most ignorant of them, he had followers of various nationalities, and of every rank, his singularly winning charm of manner and affectionate persuasiveness being as irresistible when put forth against cultured men and women of alien race as it was when he employed it, as he commonly did, to half coax, half coerce, his more emotional fellow-countrymen into better ways.

Theobald was the fourth boy in a band of nine brothers—all handsome, promising lads. He was from an early age the dearest and the best, and the one their mother hoped would become a priest—for in a pious family such as the Mathews, that one son, out of such a goodly number, should be given specially to the service of God was almost a foregone conclusion in Catholic Ireland. Something in the boy's character added to this predestination of the priesthood, and the fact that among all her children this one was his mother's

darling, gave him a position among his brothers and sisters to which his place in the family scarcely entitled him.

In his boyhood, and indeed to the end of his days, there was nothing he liked better than to preside at a feast, and Hospitality was scarcely less dear to him as a virtue than her less convivial sister—Temperance. It was said of him later that when his bounties to the poor, whose claims he so generously admitted, left him any money to spend on himself, what he preferred to do with it was to give a dinner to his friends. But as he held and habitually practised the charitable doctrine that "It is better to be deceived by nineteen impostors than to allow one deserving man to depart unrelieved," it may well be believed that his dinner parties were neither frequent nor luxurious. This deep-seated love for and comprehension of the poor dated back to his earliest childhood, when he used to listen with wide-eyed wonder to the stories of the beggars who flocked to the hospitable kitchen of Thomastown, sure of having their wants attended to. Mr. Denny Lane, speaking of Father Mathew's love of giving, said that "it was a generosity which would be profligate if we did not remember it was the poor who were its object. His fellow-countrymen and others were not ungenerous to him, but he was doubly generous to God's poor. What he received with one hand he gave away with two, and I verily believe that beyond the clothes he wore, and the very humble house in which he resided, he lived in a state of truly apostolic poverty. That very house itself was hardly a home; it was more a bureau from which he administered a large undertaking and dispensed a more than princely bounty."

Theobald Mathew's school career was unmarked by any evidence of unusual ability. He was studious rather than brilliant, but his influence over his companions was considerable, and always used for good, and he was a popular boy among teachers and fellow-students. From school he passed on to Maynooth, where it was intended he should complete his studies for the priesthood, but we see him attracted by the loving spirit and devotion to the poor which are the distinguishing characteristics of the sons of St. Francis joining himself to the lowly order of Franciscan Capuchins in Dublin. Here on Easter Saturday, 1814, he was ordained priest, being then in his twenty-fourth year.

The young priest's first mission was in Kilkenny, where he soon became known and loved, especially among the poor, who considered this holy young friar so winning of speech, so good and noble-looking, so unaffected and affectionate, their own especial property, because of his unwearied devotion to their service.

We next find Father Mathew established at the "Little Friary" at Cork. The name of this smallest of Capuchin convents was certainly *apropos*, not only to its extremely limited proportions (the chapel was barely forty-three feet in length, and the dormitories, refectory, offices, etc., were represented by two small rooms and a loft), but to the number of the community, which consisted simply of the Superior, Father Donovan, and his assistant, Father Mathew. But the world's greatest workers have not always been magnificently lodged. And even before Father Mathew had thrown himself heart and soul into the cause which was to go so far towards regenerating his country and make his name known

and revered wherever the race he served so faithfully had penetrated, he had been a man useful in his generation beyond the ordinary and limited usefulness of every man who faithfully fulfils the duties of his calling. For close at hand, almost within the shadow of the Little Friary, he had established a flourishing school for girls, where, in addition to the literary instructions suitable to their condition, the pupils were taught various branches of remunerative needlework, which secured to them an independent future. Nor, though this girls' school was his work of predilection, were boys neglected by Father Mathew, who loved the younger members of his flock with peculiar tenderness, and could never see a child without wishing to improve it or give it pleasure. He organised the boys and young men who attended the Friary chapel into societies, furnished the library for their use, encouraged the rich to help and have a brotherly interest in the poor, the instructed to teach the ignorant, and rewarded his young helpers from time to time with delightful trips into the country and other treats to encourage them in their well-doing.

The twenty-four years during which Father Mathew laboured so untiring among the people of Cork, teaching them, preaching to them, helping them in so many ways, and above all, loving them, and understanding them *au fond*—their virtues and their failings—as a father comprehends his children, was a fitting novitiate for the great work he was destined later on to achieve. And during his ministrations, when with his own hands he tended them in the terrible cholera outbreak of 1832, superintending night after night the efforts of the hospital nurses, whose intelligent care saved many of the stricken;

consoling with the aids of religion those to whom recovery was impossible, and providing with inexhaustible charity for the widows and orphans bereft of all means of support—these people, of a race surely the most warm-hearted and grateful of any on God's earth, grew so to love and venerate this "Soggarth aroon" that when he came later to demand a sacrifice from them they could deny him nothing.

Father Mathew's daily and intimate intercourse with the people among whom he worked, gave him ample opportunity for noting the untold misery of which intemperance was the direct cause. In the Cork Workhouse, of which he was one of the governors, many of the wretched, broken-down inmates had once been respectable tradesmen, living in humble comfort with their families growing up happily around them. Now they dragged out the last days of their lives in degradation and misery, their unfortunate children eating the bitter bread of some barrack State institution, or gaining their livelihood by means shameful in the descendants of honest men. Hospitals, gaols, and lunatic asylums all told the same dismal story—for sixty years ago the Irish peasants and working classes generally, ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, and slowly suffering a recovery from the paralysing effects of penal laws, were fatally subject to the thraldom of a vice which lulled them into temporary forgetfulness of their troubles. In spite of the inherent light-heartedness and happy faculty of looking at the brighter side of things (if either side presented any gleam of brightness) with which heaven had dowered them, life held little joy for these luckless mortals; the dampness of their "soft" climate chilled their

poorly nourished vitality, and they were surely not altogether without excuse if when temptation presented itself to them under the seductive disguise of an elixir, which for the moment brought exhilaration, sustenance, heat, and oblivion, they were so often unable to resist it.

During Father Mathew's long career in Cork, he had, in sermons and private admonitions, warned his flock of the terrible risk to body and soul which they ran when they gave themselves up to intemperance. Full of the tenderness and compassion for erring human nature, which early gained for him the sobriquet of the "Sinner's Friend," there were none outside the pale of his boundless charity; but his fatherly heart, so especially tender to children, and so rejoicing in their happiness and innocence, was torn with grief in witnessing the sufferings these little ones endured in a home desecrated by drunkenness, where happiness had no foothold, and whence innocence soon fled. If he could have been hard and unforgiving to any human being, it would have been to the besotted parents who, maddened with whiskey, ill-treated the hapless children whose dreadful cry of hunger they had left themselves without the means to still.

The great crusade against intemperance, of which Father Mathew became the Apostle, was not in the first case initiated by him, any more than America was first discovered by Christopher Columbus; though the earlier exploits were in each case so completely overshadowed by the achievements of the greater men who succeeded the pioneers, that scarcely any record remains of the pre-Mathew and the pre-Columbus worthies. But in such records as do remain, it is duly attested that the "grandfather of the great temperance

cause" was William Martin, a benevolent Quaker, who, with a little band of philanthropic friends, worked with much energy and little success to diminish the evil of intemperance in Cork eight or ten years before the man who was to be afterwards known as the Apostle, took the matter in hand. And, moreover, it was the oft-iterated appeal of William Martin—"O, Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst only give thy aid, much good could be done in this city," which at length, and almost against his will, drew Father Mathew into a movement which, if it succeeded, would bring ruin on many of his much loved kinsfolk and friends, whose daily bread depended on the distilleries and breweries, which were the most flourishing enterprises in the country at that time. But, though family affection was all his life one of the distinguishing traits of Father Mathew's essentially loving nature, no consideration of this kind could hold him back when he had once realised that the cause was one which he was bound to take up, and that the work urged on him by William Martin was for the glory of God and the good of his neighbour, and could not conscientiously be shirked.

Father Mathew did not come to a decision on the point without much thought and anxious prayer; but, once decided, there was no wavering or looking back, no misgiving as to the results of following what he felt clearly to be the Divine will, no temporising as to the sufficiency of "moderation" in the use of stimulants, rather than the humiliating pledge of total abstention. The scourge of intemperance, which was devastating the country, was not one to be met with half measures nor were a people tempted so much as they were competent to judge where moderation

ended and excess began. The only real security for habitual drunkards was to keep clear of temptation, or, as William Martin put it, "not to touch, taste, or handle the poison;" and to those who had not to fight against the vice, Father Mathew counted it a small sacrifice to give up, for example's sake, an indulgence, which was such a manifest danger to the weaker brethren.

The inaugural meeting of Father Mathew's Temperance Society took place on the 10th April, 1838. As is often the case in undertakings destined to produce great fruit, the seed sown, though vital, was apparently insignificant; and none present —least of all, perhaps, he who set the seed— foresaw the harvest which, under God's blessing, was to spring from it, This meeting was appropriately held in the schoolroom established by Father Mathew himself, where for nearly twenty years the children of the poor had been taught, trained, and fitted for the business of life, under the direct supervision of the devoted priest, who spent himself so willingly in their service. The attendance was not large, and consisted mainly of William Martin and colleagues of the older Temperance Society, overjoyed at having at last enlisted Father Mathew in the cause they had so much at heart, and of some personal followers of the new adherent of temperance. Father Mathew took the chair, described the object for which the meeting was convened, and told of the persistency with which he had been urged to join in the good work by gentlemen who differed from him in religion. Here are the modest, unexaggerated words with which he inaugurated the movement which was destined to work a moral revolution in the country.

"These gentlemen," he said, speaking of William Martin and his friends, "are good enough to say that I could be useful in promoting the great virtue of temperance, and arresting the spread of drunkenness. I am quite alive to the evils which this vice brings with it, especially to the humbler classes, who are naturally more exposed to its temptation, and liable to yield to its seductive influences. I have always endeavoured, as a minister of religion, to discourage drunkenness; not with the success I desired, it is true; but I yielded to no one in my wish to see our working classes sober and self-respecting. I could not refuse to listen to the many appeals made to me. Your respected friend, Mr. Martin, has often asked me to do what I am about to do this night, and Mr. Olden, whom you well know, has told me that 'the mission was from God, and that I should not reject it.' My dear friends, I much fear that your kind partiality has made you overlook my many defects, and attribute to me merits which I am very far from possessing; but if, through any humble instrumentality of mine, I can do good to my fellow-creatures and give glory to God, I feel I am bound, as a minister of the Gospel, to throw all personal considerations aside and try and give a helping hand to gentlemen who have afforded me so excellent an example. Indeed, if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worthy of all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you don't require them, nor do I require them. Many of you here have proved that they can be done without, for you are strong in health, and in possession of all your faculties.

After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for them for anyone in good health, and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full."

He then advanced to the table, and exclaiming, "Here goes in the name of God," signed his name to what came to be known as Father Mathew's Total Abstinence Pledge, the form of which was, "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally, and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practise of intemperance." His example was followed on the spot by sixty recruits, and during his lifetime (as credibly affirmed) by the amazing number of seven million persons.

The words of the opening address seem inadequate to produce so satisfactory a result as sixty converts, for they have neither the fire nor the enthusiasm by which he learned later on not only to sway the masses of his own sympathetic and easily-moved race to his will, but scarcely less completely, critical and cynical aliens, not in the least disposed to be moved by the words of an Irish monk. But it must be remembered that these words, which do not look very impressive set down in lifeless type, were very different when they issued glowing with affection, from the lips of a man who had been the truest friend and helper of the audience upon whose eager ears they fell. Father Mathew's life among his people while a generation of them had grown from infancy to manhood had prepared them to confidently follow his lead, however repugnant to their nature might be the road of self-sacrifice he invited them to travel. Since he had been

among them, none had appealed to him in vain ; whatever their need, they could always count on his sympathy and help. Their sorrows were his sorrows, their joys his joys ; and the alms which flowed from his hands were an extravagance of charity. Many friends made him the channel of their bounties, and, to quote the clerk of his chapel, who was best acquainted with his method of dealing with those who applied to him for aid, " If the streets of Cork were paved with gold, and if Father Mathew had entire control over them, there would not be a paving-stone in all Cork at the end of the year."

Once set in motion, this ever-increasing body advanced with such prodigious strides that even Father Mathew, man of untiring energy and masterly organising power as he was, could scarce keep pace with the constant demands on his time which it involved. In the business of haranguing the multitudes who attended his meetings, he had effective aid from several friends, including Friend William Martin, whose interest in the cause was so genuine and generous, that it increased rather than diminished when he had handed the leadership over to abler hands. These zealous lieutenants of the commander-in-chief added greatly to the attraction of the meetings by the brilliancy and versatility of their addresses, in which they by turns harrowed the feelings of their audience by depicting in forcible and realistic terms the degradation and utter misery which drunkenness entails on its victims, or cheered them by bringing before their minds pictures of the blessed contentment, prosperity, and joy which dwelt in happy homes where temperance reigned. Some of the habitual speakers at these meetings were able to enliven the pro-

ceedings by droll stories, sprightly mimicry, and true touches of pathos ; but none brought to the cause more honest enthusiasm than William Martin, and his set speech or rather the peroration to it, " What does the racehorse drink ? Water. What does the elephant drink ? Water. What does the lion drink ? Water. It is good for man, beast, and bird.

> ' Drink from a bubbling fountain free,
> 'Twas Samson's drink and good for thee.' "

was always sure to bring down the house, and be rewarded by storms of applause. But, if others could urge, persuade, cajole, or compel repentant drunkards to the point of taking the pledge, it was Father Mathew who must administer it, as, indeed, it was generally some word of his which clinched the work of persuasion begun by the temperance orators. The fidelity with which the first of Father Mathew's disciples held to their pledge filled the people with a kind of half-belief that his touch and blessing killed the horrible craving for stimulants which they found it so difficult to battle with. At any rate, they had living examples before their eyes of men who, under God's blessing, had, through Father Mathew's help, found it possible to free themselves from the slavery of intemperance. The restored health and improved prospects of cases a short time ago as helpless as their own, was a strong incentive to make the sacrifice of giving up a dangerous indulgence (for good example is almost as potent as bad) ; and so, as the days went on, hundreds and hundreds of men and women knelt before Father Mathew, and repeated the words of the pledge, till it seemed as if his most sanguine

dreams were to be fulfilled, and not only Cork, but the entire island, and much of the world beyond, were to be regenerated. Of course, among such vast multitudes there were some backsliders ; but before the evil days of the famine their number was inconsiderable, not only men and women, who promised for themselves, keeping their promise faithfully through all temptations to the day of their death, but infants, whose mothers or nurses had promised for them, feeling themselves bound, when they came to the use of reason, to keep the pledge made in their name. One of these infant disciples of Father Mathew's when he grew to be a man developed a hot-headed, excitable temper, which was a constant cause of trouble to him in the not too considerate community of an Australian Gold Field, where he had established himself. The intemperance of his language was the cause of many breaches of the peace, and when poor K. recovered his temper after some specially mad prank, he would ejaculate, "Lord, what a fool I am. God be with my poor old nurse, who got Father Mathew to put this temperance medal on me before I was two years old. When I can make such an ass of myself sober, and flare up fit to kill a man for nothing, what would I be doing at all if I were drunk ?"

Sometimes Father Mathew's recruits signalised their last day of liberty (before signing the pledge, which was to put an end for ever to such unlawful indulgence) by a last carouse ; and, strange to say, men who took the pledge when they were barely capable of repeating the necessary words, often kept it faithfully, and became new men from the moment they had made the promise. J. F. Maguire describes very graphically Father

Mathew's little parlour, where the roll-book was kept and the pledge administered, which was as odorous of whiskey and porter, especially on the evenings of Saturday and Monday, as any tap-room in Cork. At all hours of the day and evening—even to ten or eleven o'clock at night —batches of ten, twenty, or even thirty, might be seen waiting to be enrolled. Some were sober and penitent; others smelling strongly of their recent potations, and ashamed to commit themselves by uttering a word; more boisterous and rude, their poor wives and mothers endeavouring to soothe and keep them under control.

One of this class—a big, brawny fellow, with rough voice, bloodshot eyes, and tattered clothes—would roar out—"I won't take the pledge I'l be —— if I do. Is it me? What oc-oc-occasion have I for it? I won't demane meself by taking it. I always stood a trate, and I'll stand it again. Me take it! Let me go, woman! I tell you, leave me go!" "Oh, Patsy, darlin', don't expose yourself; you know I'm for your good. And what would his riverence say if he heard you? Do, alana, be quiet, and wait for the Priest." Then Father Mathew would enter, saying in a cheerful voice to Patsy (as if that gentleman had come of his own free will to implore the pledge at his hands): "Welcome! welcome! my dear. Delighted to see you. Glad you are come to me. You are doing a good day's work for yourself and your family. You will have God's blessing on your head. Poverty is no crime, my dear child; it is sin alone that lowers us in the eyes of God. Kneel down, my dear (a strong pressure on Patsy's shoulder, under which he reluctantly sinks on his knees), and repeat the words of the pledge after me; and then I will mark

you with the sign of the Cross, and pray God to keep you from temptation." What could poor Patsy do but yield as that magnetic hand rested on his tangled locks ? And so, rescued from his foe almost against his will, Patsy, who was really a decent fellow at bottom, would not "demane" himself by breaking the solemn promise he had made, and, soon catching the *esprit de corps* of the organisation, which put him on his metal to do as well as his neighbours, he marched in the processions, and took part in all the ceremonials, a sober, respectable man. "The woman that owned him" rejoiced in new-found happiness, and his little children ceased to wail for bread.

In the month of January, 1839, nine months from the day when Father Mathew had signed his name in the new roll-book of his Temperance organisation, he had already 200,000 associates, a success so unexampled that his name began to be known far beyond the limits where it had been so long revered and loved. Heretofore, pilgrims from the neighbouring counties, drawn by the fame of his doings, flocked to his little dwelling in Cove-street, certain of a kindly reception, and of having the pledge administered to them by the Apostle of Temperance himself. Most of these visitors needed to be fed, and to be sympathised with and advised, some of them to be helped with a trifle towards the cost of their return journey. The expenses entailed on Father Mathew by his multitudinous visitors were very considerable, and as his resources were not increased, he soon became involved in debt. This was lamentable, but inevitable, for Father Mathew who did not know how to say "no" to the most casual beggar, could still less refrain from succouring footsore and weary travellers who had

come thirty, fifty, eighty, or a hundred miles in order to take the pledge. And from this time forward he had the added expense of missionary work, for soon applications came pouring in from every side begging him to come to distant parts of the country to administer the pledge. Limerick was the first scene of his temperance labours outside his own county. Here, in addition to the joy he always felt in promoting the cause, he had the pleasure of spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Dunbar. Father Mathew who was so loving to everyone with whom he had dealings, had an inexhaustible fund of tenderness for his own people, and revelled in family gatherings. Throughout his busy life he always allowed himself an annual holiday, which he spent in his native Tipperary, usually in the house of his elder brother, John, and surrounded by the whole Clan Mathew, whom he caused to be summoned to the festival. Here he absolutely banished from his mind for a few days all the cares and burthens of his life, giving himself up to the joy of social intercourse, to family talks with his brothers and sisters, and delightful romps with his nephews and nieces, with whom their "Reverend Uncle" was a prime favourite. For these privileged little people he revived his old habit of feast-giving, evincing a genius for divining the particular dainties which most pleased them. And his beaming cordiality, and boyish gaiety, made up to the elders of the party for the absence of the customary wine and spirits from the dinner table, over which he so hospitably presided. Mrs. Dunbar was many years younger than her brother, and it was therefore with something of filial affection that she welcomed him to her home when he came on his first mission to Limerick. The

news of his coming was borne from village to village, everywhere producing the utmost enthusiasm. Long before his arrival in the city it was densely packed with visitors from the surrounding towns. The hospitable citizens did all they could to accommodate their horde of guests, but it was a difficult matter to withstand this new siege of Limerick, and provisions threatened to run out, so that there seemed to be some risk that the weary pilgrims would be compelled to fast from food as well as to abstain from drinking of the strong drinks which Father Mathew had come to pledge them against.

During four days Father Mathew worked from early dawn to night in Limerick, preaching, exhorting, encouraging; and the fruits of that first Mission were 150,000 new adherents, to whom he administered the pledge. Was it any wonder that a man who could achieve such a stupendous result in less than a week's time should believe that the curse of intemperance would in a short time be effectually banished from the country which it was ruining; and that, while he squandered his health and strength in furthering the cause, until they were entirely spent, he should have shown some of the same reckless prodigality about money matters.

One of the charges brought against him by those who could not comprehend a man working so persistently as he did without being actuated by some selfish motive, was that he made money of his advocacy of temperance by the sale of the medals, which most of his disciples wore to remind them of their pledge. It is not probable that any human being could have done Father Mathew's saving work among an impoverished people, and at the same time conducted a thriving business;

but if so variously gifted a person ever existed as this combination would have needed, he would have been altogether different from our hero, who, though endowed with great practical sagacity and genius for organising, had no faculty for amassing money, and never knew how to keep a coin in his possession while the poor around him were hungry, bare of clothing, ill-sheltered, or in want of any necessary which he could obtain for them. And, as this Franciscan friar, good and holy as he was, had what the French call *les défauts de ses qualités*, it must be admitted that out of the spontaneous generosity of his nature he sometimes gave for the mere pleasure of giving. Had he listened to the dictates of prudence when he felt an impulse to bestow silver medals on people who could quite well have afforded to buy them, he would have saved himself endless worry and trouble, and the cause some adverse judgment. But we must accept our social reformers as they are, with their inevitable human imperfections and fallibilities; and be thankful when, as in Father Mathew's case, the blemish we are called upon to overlook in a man who has done much for his kind is nothing that need weaken our admiration or love, but only a most endearing virtue allowed to run into excess.

Here are two pictures of the Apostle of Temperance in his own home, which give an idea of the holy poverty befitting his calling, in which he lived at a time when his name and fame had spread far beyond the limits of his native land :—

"If Father Mathew lived in a cloister, he could not have lived more modestly and quietly than he did. His principal room—his only room save that in which he slept—was at once breakfast

and dining-room, study and reception-room. It certainly did not exceed 16 ft. from wall to wall. Not a morsel of carpet concealed the well-washed boards; while the furniture consisted of the barest necessaries—a centre table, a sideboard, a side-table, some chairs, and a writing-desk. On the side-table was a large-sized bust of Lord Morpeth, the popular Secretary of Ireland, and friend of Father Mathew. Two enormous volumes of the Sacred Scriptures, one containing the Old and the other the New Testament, flanked the bust; and a glass filled with flowers, when flowers were in season, completed the adornment of this side-table. On the wall opposite the fireplace hung a good oil painting —a portrait of Cardinal Micara, the head of the Capuchins, who had constantly exhibited the deepest interest in the career of the illustrious friar. Opposite the windows, a good engraving of a celebrated picture of the Holy Family was suspended. But, framed with richness and glazed with reverent care, was a marvellous production in worsted, intended to represent, and fondly believed by the donor and artist, as well as by its grateful recipient, to represent the religious profession of St. Clare. The desk was bespattered with ink, and otherwise exhibiting signs of being an article of furniture more useful than ornamental. But everything save the said desk, was neat and in perfect order. If it were poverty, it was willingly and honestly assumed; but the neatness and order bespoke the presence and influence of a gentleman. In this modest apartment the Apostle of Temperance was visited by many of the great and distinguished of the earth, and here he exercised a hospitality which made those who partook of it experience that most agreeable of

all feelings in the mind of a guest—namely, the consciousness of being welcome and at home."[1]

"We had long known Father Mathew, but to see the great moral reformer, who was changing the character of a nation, living contentedly in a shabby little house, placarded outside and in with teetotal songs and broadsheets, with no attendant but one feeble old man, helping himself to whatever was wanted at table with unaffected and cheerful simplicity, leaving his guests or his meals on the call of a peasant or a labourer who snatched a moment's leisure to take the pledge, was to comprehend the lives of the saints as we had never done before."[2]

In the meantime, the great work went on triumphantly; and already in Cork and its surrounding counties a marked change for the better had come over the population. Industry and restored health, the result of better habits, brought prosperity back to many an humble home, from which it had appeared permanently banished; and the prospect of happier days seemed at last to be dawning in Ireland. Wherever Father Mathew went, he was hailed as a deliverer, and in his walks about his heart was gladdened by the sight of men whom he had reclaimed from vice and misery. Invitations from various parts of the country poured in on him faster than he could accept them, and everywhere he went his labours were rewarded with results such as those which crowned his first visit to Limerick. By this time the organisation was so increased that every town in Ireland had its local society. Temperance

[1] *Father Mathew's Biography*, by John Francis Maguire, M.P.

[2] Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*.

bands enlivened the streets with their joyous strains. Temperance banners floated proudly in imposing processions, temperance reading-rooms (where men could meet and discuss the news in the papers) became formidable rivals to the public-houses, which had heretofore been the only haunts of men, who sometimes craved for more warmth, light, and fellowship than could be found in their own wretched lodgings. Of course, these bands, banners, and reading-rooms, and the continual travelling which his work necessitated, entailed a constant outlay; and though the friends of Father Mathew and of the cause, were most generous to him, it was not long before he was involved in money troubles which grievously hampered him and distressed him. It was a wonderful tribute, not only to Father Mathew's loving and lovable nature, but to the disinterestedness of men when they have no misgivings as to the motives which actuate those who thwart them, that, so far from detesting him, as it might have been expected they would, Father Mathew had many good friends and efficient helpers among brewers and distillers, whose business he had made it his mission to destroy. Once, when he was in Dublin collecting money to build his new church, he applied, as he himself relates, in fear and trembling for help to Mr. George Roe, a noted distiller. This generous and magnanimous man, instead of refusing an application which, coming from such a source, savoured somewhat of audacity, handed him a handsome subscription, saying, "No man has done me more injury than you have, Father Mathew; but, I forget all in the great good you have done my country."

And prejudice, which is even stronger and more

difficult to subdue than self-interest, melted before Father Mathew's genuine love of his kind, which was universal and all-embracing, knowing neither class, distinction, nor bigotry. Mr. Frank Mathew, in his recent graphic sketch of the "Life and Times" of his illustrious kinsman, says, "There was an open lovingness about him that would have seemed strange to English eyes. He usually addressed his friends as 'my dear,' and liked walking arm-in-arm or with his hand on a friend's shoulder. The first time he was seen in the slums walking arm-in-arm with a Protestant clergyman, the people rushed to their doors in headlong excitement. It seemed incredible. Parsons and priests were expected to be mortal enemies." Mr. Mathew also relates how, at one of his uncle's southern meetings, a new recruit said to him, tragically, "Ah, Father, if you only knew what I am, 'tisn't after blessing me you would be." "And what are you then?" "Father, I am an Orangeman." "God bless you, my dear, I don't care if you are a lemonman." And hardly in his own city of Cork was he more feted and followed than he was in the most Presbyterian counties of Ulster when he went to administer the pledge. The progress of temperance was one continual triumph, most cheering to the heart of Father Mathew. Enthusiastic Orangemen swelled the great procession which went out to welcome him; and at Clones the unwonted spectacle was presented to the public of Orange flags waving proudly to do honour to a Catholic priest. Smith O'Brien wrote of Father Mathew:—"For myself, whether Father Mathew be or be not canonised as a saint by the Church of Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an apostle who was specially deputed on a divine

mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation." But nothing which any of his sympathetic well-wishers could say to him, or of him, was more generous than the tribute which was daily paid to him by men alien in race and religion, but keenly appreciative of his devoted services to humanity. Here are a few flowers of rhetoric culled at random from letters and speeches about Father Mathew and his cause; and, to begin with, a few phrases from an address delivered at Boston by the American writer, Dr. Channing:

"In the moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is banished—a new Ireland has started into life; five millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence; and instances of breaking the pledge are very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole labouring population used to be dissolved in excesses, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly a million sterling. History records no revolution like this: it is the great event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above heroes and statesmen. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonised, and whose name should be placed in the Calendar not far below the Apostles."

Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary, thus referred to his labours:—"He needs not, and looks not for our praise—higher motives impel him, and

higher agencies befriend him. I will not go into the details of this transformation, but I will ask, considering this pure and lofty renovation of a nation's virtue, is there anything which seems too large to hope for, or too bright to realise ?"

In the meantime, while those and countless other pleasant and encouraging things were being said, the wearing, never-ending work of the missionary went on, till, except while he was on the altar saying Mass, or asleep in the very depths of the night—for late evening and early morning found him ready to give the pledge—Father Mathew had few minutes which he could call his own. Usually serene and equable of temperament, there were seasons of depression which overcame him at times, when the difficulties and responsibilities of his position weighed too heavily on him. But he was by nature bright and hopeful, and the extraordinary success of his mission upheld him, and urged him on to further exertions; and, though he was absolutely deficient in musical ear—or rather, perhaps, because of that deficiency —the blaring of his temperance bands could generally banish all gloom from his mind, and lead its disturbed thoughts back again to dwell with gratitude and delight on the great work which God had enabled him to do. From an early day in the movement these bands were a great feature in the organisation. Father Mathew established them at great personal trouble and expense, because he loved his people to be happy, and constantly strove by every means at his disposal to provide innocent and rational amusement to make up for the dangerous and degrading form of excitement from which he sought to wean them. No backsliders who had broken the pledge were ever permitted to march

in the processions, which were headed by the temperance bands, so that soon their strains came to be identified with industry, prosperity, and continuance in well-doing; and, no matter how inharmonious and untrained the performers, the music they produced could not but sound inspiriting in the ears of all who realised the good news which it announced. Mr. Maguire, who apperars to have been gifted with the musical taste which Father Mathew lacked, gives an amusing account of the performance of a village band which had been established to cheer and delight the members with strains of melody. "I had been requested," he says, "by Father Mathew to accompany him to the Festival; and as the carriage approached the door of the house in which the party was to be held we were saluted by a startling outburst of complicated sounds, that on the whole bore some resemblance to the air generally known as the 'Conquering Hero.' Had not the spirit of the horses been rather tamed down by a long pull, it would have been difficult to say what might have happened, for the big drum was beaten by the village blacksmith, who was, to do him the barest justice, a powerful performer. Of course, there was a dense crowd assembled in a moment in front of the 'hall,' as it was proudly designated, and cheer after cheer welcomed the arrival of the world-renowned Apostle of Temperance. In a moment, and as if by impulse, a 'batch' was formed in a small semi-circle, down on their knees in the street, and for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes Father Mathew was hard at work administering the pledge in the centre of the little village.

"At length we were enabled to enter the hall.

. . . On a raised and railed-off platform at the end of the room the band had taken their position, and as Father Mathew entered the 'Conquering Hero' was again given in a style which would have impelled the 'Enraged Musician' to instantaneous suicide, had he been present at that merciless piece of instrumentation. But the audience, whose ears were in their hearts, could hear no discord whatever. And Father Mathew, looking as noble as a king, beamed with delight, his eyes and lips smiling in concert. . . . When the last bar was concluded, up rose Father Mathew, who, bowing with grace towards the orchestra, said—'Thank you, gentlemen, thank you very much, for your beautiful music!' The band was in a flutter of ecstasy at this public tribute from 'one of the greatest men in the world,' and not a member present but felt the compliment. 'I knew, sir,' said a village dame to me, 'that his reverence would be plazed. Faith, sir, I think the boys play as well as the army, if not better.'"

It is unnecessary to follow in detail Father Mathew's mission from town to town over Ireland. East and west, and south and north (as Lars Porsena's messengers carried his summons to march on Rome), he carried this crusade to all parts of the island; and, when it is remembered that all the journeying which this necessitated was done in the earliest days of railways, such records as the following, culled from a Cork newspaper of November, 1847, helps us to understand the immense quantity of work which he got through:—

"FATHER MATHEW

Leaves town this evening on a temperance tour. He is to preach and administer the pledge in Derry, on Sunday, the 7th; in Sligo, on Wednesday, the

10th ; and in Strabane, on Sunday, the 14th. He will return to Cork on Thursday, the 18th instant."

Perhaps, of all his successes, the one which most gratified him was the result of his visit to Maynooth, where he had been invited by the President. He believed so much in the effect of good example that he was almost as glad to pledge a little child or absolutely sober man to total abstinence as a confirmed drunkard ; so it may well be imagined how delighted he was to draw into his temperance net in one haul 250 ecclesiastical students, whose position towards the people would later on make their example so doubly powerful ; for, as Father Mathew himself said, their example would have a powerful influence on many others, who would be induced to emulate their virtuous and noble resolution either from motives of religion and moral purification, or from necessity and a distrust of their own weakness in withstanding temptation.

In his zeal for making " converts," neither age nor condition was a protection against his seductive arts. Many a young fellow was bound hand and foot before he knew where he was. " My dear child, I know you wish to oblige me," would be murmured in the softest and most winning accents. " Indeed I would, Father Mathew, you *know* that, sir," the victim would incautiously reply. " Well, my dear, I assure you, you would greatly oblige me if you would join our society, and give me the benefit of your influence." " But, Father Mathew, I assure you I have no occasion for it. I was never drunk in my life." " Of course you were not, my dear, and therefore it will be no sacrifice to you—you have nothing to give up, as others have, and you will enjoy the consciousness of having afforded a good example to others. My dear child, don't refuse me the

favour." And, before the victim knew where he was, he found himself on his knees repeating the words of the pledge, and on rising up he was a Mathewite, enrolled in the ranks of temperance, with a silver medal hanging round his neck—the same medal which his captor had worn a moment before. Meet him in a coach or train, meet him in the street, visit him, or be visited by him, it was all the same—there was no escape. In flight alone was their protection from the wiles of one who was as well versed in the arts of the recruiting-sergeant as in the duties and responsibilities of a chief and leader.

Oftentimes the recruits who cost him most trouble, and seemed almost impossible to reclaim, were those who, when once pledged, became the most steadfast and strong against temptation. Such a one was "Red Denis," a Belfast porter, who, though an honest, intelligent fellow, was seldom quite sober. Denis knew his own weakness, and was quite willing to meet Father Mathew half-way, but total abstinence was a sacrifice he would not hear of. He talked the matter over with the Apostle, and said he was aware he was destroying himself, and was thinking of taking the pledge, or at least a partial pledge; but Father Mathew must allow him to have one dandy a day. "I'll take the pledge if your reverence will only give me one dandy a day." "No, no; you must give it up entirely, or I can't let you take the pledge." "Why, thin, Father Mathew, your reverence, I tell you 'tisn't in the power of God Almighty to make me do without whiskey entirely." "Shame, sir, shame! to use such language. You should not dare say what you have said. The power of God is omnipotent, and He can do much more than change the heart

of a miserable drunkard," said Father Mathew, with unusual severity, "Well, your reverence, I beg God's pardon and yours, but I never can do without the dandy." "Go, now, my dear, and come back to me in a week, when you may be in a better frame of mind." At the end of a week back came Denis. "'Tis no good, your reverence, without you allow me the dandy of whiskey; I'm afeard of myself entirely." "Denis," said Father Mathew in his most impressive manner, "kneel down this moment and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and I tell you that God will give you strength to resist temptation for the future. I promise you that He will give you strength and grace to do so—I promise it to you in His name." Denis was overpowered by the solemnity of the priest's voice and manner, and he knelt and took the pledge with great earnestness. He rose from his knees a determined teetotaller, and from that moment to the last hour of his life he never afterwards tasted whiskey or strong drink of any kind. To use his own words, "a dandy would choke him."

Father Mathew, who had set himself the prodigious task of regenerating Ireland morally, and of making the people sober, self-respecting, and industrious, found this work sufficiently engrossing, and held himself and his movement resolutely apart from politics, though O'Connell, and afterwards the Young Irelanders, would have gladly welcomed as recognised adherents his vast society of well-conducted, self-disciplined men. The neutrality which he observed was far, indeed, from meaning indifference to the welfare of his country, it only meant that he could not risk the success of his cause by allowing any other interest to become involved with that of Tem-

perance. His cares and responsibilities were already almost more than one man could bear, and if they became complicated with Repeal or with any other political movement, they would have completely overwhelmed him. Thus later in the year 1849, in his mission to America, he endeavoured to steer clear of the fierce hostility raging between the North and South. Slavery was abhorrent to every instinct of his nature, but his mission in life was to spread temperance among slave-owners as well as among the rest of mankind, and he could not risk his cause in the South by taking side as an Abolitionist. The neutral stand which he endeavoured to take (though he did not disguise on which side his sympathies lay) exposed him to much misrepresentation in the States. The Anti-Slavery Society who had urged him "to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both in public and private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race," accused him of "servility" because he replied—"I have as much as I can do to save men from the slavery of intemperance without attempting to overthrow any other kind of slavery;" while, on the other hand, Governor Lampkin, of Georgia, who had invited him to that State, called on him to recant all sympathy with the North on pain of the invitation being withdrawn. "We will welcome no one among us," wrote the gentleman, "who fraternises himself or encourages others to do so, with a faction which would recklessly shiver the Union into fragments; which would reek its unhallowed hands red as crimson in human blood; which in a word, seems to combine in one mass all the elements of thought, action, and feeling peculiar to our troublous times."

But long before crossing the Atlantic, Father Mathew extended his mission beyond Ireland. Very early in his movement the fame of his doings at home induced bishops, priests, and philanthropists to urge him to visit England and Scotland, where, indeed, he would find multitudes of his own people in sore need of his ministrations. Accordingly, in 1842, his work being well under weigh in Ireland, he was free to set out for Glasgow. His reception there was as cordial and enthusiastic as could have been accorded to him in his own city of Cork, and he was soon hard at work in administering the pledge to thousands of applicants. Many sick people were brought to him that he might bless them, for he had worked such wonders in reforming incorrigible drunkards, that in spite of his vehement denial of having any gift of healing it was believed he could still pain by the touch of his hand. After his death a well-known physician of that day, Dr. Barter, writing on this subject, said :—"Father Mathew possessed in a large degree the power of animal magnetism, and I believe that the paralytic affection from which he suffered, and which brought his valuable life to an untimely end, was produced by an undue expenditure of this power. His nervous power was lowered by imparting his health and vigour to thousands."

On his return from his campaign in Glasgow he was received in Cork with the honours due to a conqueror fresh from the theatre of his triumphs. His people who loved and reverenced him, were overjoyed that their own Father Mathew, who had laboured among them so long and faithfully, was recognised from beyond the seas for the Apostolic man they knew him to be. And as

in days of old, Erin had sent forth missionaries to carry the light of the Gospel to the futhermost ends of the earth, so now they beheld in imagination their Apostle bringing distant nations and peoples who had fallen into the bondage of vice and misery back to the freedom of self-possession and self-respect. The work at home received an impetus from his work in Scotland, and went on with ever-increasing results. In the summer of 1843, when, to quote himself, he had "with the Divine assistance hoisted the banner of Temperance in almost every parish in Ireland," he made arrangements to visit England, from whence the most urgent and appealing invitations had long been pouring in. Friends of the cause he advocated of every creed and every section of society rivalled his own countrymen in their anxiety to secure his co-operation, and everywhere he went in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Huddersfield, Wakefield, and Leeds, a fervour of enthusiasm awaited him, and thousands of new adherents took the pledge from his hands.

In London Father Mathew had an opportunity of contrasting the extremes of misery and magnificence, which are, perhaps, nowhere in this wide world more marked than in that vast city peopled east and west by men so differently lodged, fed, taught, and surrounded so as to produce types of human beings almost as dissimilar as if there were no community of race, religion, or fatherland between them. Father Mathew's missionary work was naturally to be found in the abodes of misery and want, where drunkenness ran riot. Here, as at home, his days were spent in affectionate pleading; here he spent himself entreating, exhorting, constraining men to save themselves body and soul from

the vice which was destroying them (during this English mission it is calculated that he administered the pledge to almost 600,000 persons); and here, even more than in Ireland, his heart was wrung by the misery of the poor. Never before had he dealt with people whose misery, however overwhelming, could not occasionally be lifted from their minds by the hopes of an eternity of happiness, to which in Ireland both Protestants and Catholics looked forward. But here in the slums of London Father Mathew had to deal with multitudes of men and women, entirely without faith, to whom this life, with its manifold troubles, was the beginning and the end.

If, Dr. Barter conjectures, Father Mathew's paralysis was occasioned by the vigour and vitality which went out of him, and into those for whom he laboured, this particular mission must have drained him heavily, for nowhere did he more ungrudgingly give his time, strength, voice and heart to the cause than in London. And when his day's work was done, Father Mathew had to submit to a great deal of lionising, for his fame as a moral reformer had penetrated into London drawing-rooms, and fashionable ladies contended for the possession of this Franciscan friar at their re-unions. His winning manners and complete self-possession in scenes for which he had no affinity, secured his popularity wherever he presented himself; and, though he was pre-occupied with the memories of the painful scenes of his daily labours, and badly in need of rest, he went through his social duties bravely, for he would not miss the opportunity of serving the cause by winning influential friends.

Mr. Maguire tells how at one dinner party he

created a great deal of amusement by his attempts to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humouredly. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers tell me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested him with the medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the new Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord —— the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." The announcement of this intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was notorious for intemperance. Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer who was so celebrated for his potations, he said: "Lord ——, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," said his lordship, who kept his vow, to the great amazement of his friends. The Marquis of Clanricarde, who was host on this occasion of Father Mathew's meeting with Lord Brougham, was a good deal surprised when taking leave of his guests, he saw the Apostle of Temperance dart forward in the entrance hall, and eagerly shake one of the footmen by the hand. Father Mathew who never forgot faces, recognised in this servant a follower to whom he had three years before

given the pledge in Ireland, and was delighted to congratulate him on the fidelity to his vow, which was guaranteed by the position in which he found him.

The welcome accorded to him by the English Press was as gracious as that which he met in the houses of the great. *The Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *Globe* recorded his doings as if he were a travelling royalty. This is how the latter spoke of the success of his English mission :—

"The secret of his success consists chiefly in the fact that he had wholly abstained from doing what his opponents had accused him of. He has avoided making his labours subservient either to religious or political objects, and it is by this singleness of purpose—this determination to make temperance his chief and only object—that he has been able to achieve so much in the cause he has undertaken."

But Father Mathew's London experience included some mischances intermixed with great success. Sometimes the local publicans and their clients interrupted his meetings, and on one occasion, at Bermondsey, a band of roughs crowned with hop wreaths and brandishing quart pots in their hands, rushed to the platform, and had to be driven away by the police and the temperance men. Such unseemly interruptions were, however, more than compensated for by various triumphs over and above the success of his ordinary day's work, which gladdened his heart. One day, for instance, when administering the pledge to a large crowd, chiefly made up of Irish labourers, he perceived kneeling among them Lord Arundel, the future Duke of Norfolk, whose value in attracting others to the cause was im-

measurable. Another time he had the pleasure of being welcomed to Norwich by the bishop. Dr. Stanley, in a most cordial address, beginning in this strain—"And now, reverend sir, my friend and brother from another island, I meet you here not as a Roman Catholic priest; I differ from your creed—I will candidly tell you I am even hostile to it; but I meet you as a Christian brother on neutral ground," and after many compliments on the noble work he had achieved the Bishop concluded by appealing to his townsmen—"Men of Norwich, citizens of this ancient city! I appeal to you, and I trust that my appeal shall not be in vain—receive this wanderer on a sacred mission from a distant country—receive him, and give him a Christian welcome, for he has come on a Christian mission."

But as an evidence of the extraordinary influence he exercised over all kinds of people with whom he came into contact, the following extract of a letter from the somewhat scoffing Mrs. Carlyle to her philosopher husband is even more valuable than the fact of an English Catholic Earl being moved to kneel for the pledge in a group of Irish labourers, or an Anglican Bishop welcoming an Irish friar to work among his flock.

"He made me sit down on the only chair for a moment, then he took me by the hand, as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the scaffold to see him administer the pledge. From a hundred to two hundred took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one, could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live, faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have

said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. . . . And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. 'I dare not be absent for an hour,' he said. 'I think always if some dreadful drunkard were to come in my absence he might never muster determination to come again in all his life, and there would be a man lost.' I was turning sick, and needed to get out of the thing, but in the act of leaving him—never to see him again through all time, most probably, feeling him to be the very best man of modern times (you excepted), I had another moment of youthful enthusiasm which you will hold up your hands and eyes at. Did I take the pledge then? No; but I would have, though, if I had not feared it would be put in the newspapers. No, not that; but I drew him aside, having considered if I had any ring on, any handkerchief, anything I could leave with him in remembrance of me; and having bethought myself of a pretty memorandum book in my reticule, put it into his hand, and bade him keep it for my sake, and I asked him to give me one of his medals to keep for his! And all this in tears and in the utmost agitation. Had you any idea that your wife was such a fool? I am sure I had not. The Father got through the thing admirably. He seemed to understand what it all meant quite well, inarticulate though I was. He would not give me a common medal, but took a little silver one from the neck of a young man who had just taken the pledge for example's sake, telling him he would get another presently, and laid the medal in my hand with a solemn blessing. I could not speak from excitement all the way home. When I went to

bed I could not sleep, the pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile."

All this time Father Mathew was working so unceasingly at home and abroad his mind was harassed with many cares, and at a festive meeting in Cork held sometime after his return from England, he who was usually so sanguine, and serene, saddened his sympathetic audience by saying: "Although your excellent chairman has wished me the enjoyment of many happy days, I must say I enjoy very few moments of happiness. My heart is eaten up by care and solicitude of every kind." The huge organisation, for the successful working of which he alone was responsible, could not be carried on without immense expenditure, and although he met with generous sympathy and pecuniary aid, the burden of rapidly increasing debt bore down his spirits, rendering his nights sleepless and imparing his health. To add to this ever present trouble, he had to many times contradict the calumny that he was enriching himself and his family by the sale of temperance medals. This charge, so especially galling to a man who, in spite of the great affection he bore his own people, had been the cause of destroying the breweries and distilleries from which several of them made their incomes, wounded Father Mathew to the quick, and must count for at least as much in diminishing his vitality and force, as the exhaustion which Dr. Barter affirmed he suffered from the mesmeric healing which went out from him towards the sick and suffering.

The medals which he distributed to those who took the pledge, who were almost always too poor to pay for them, were a considerable item of expense, and one day while he was administering the

pledge in Dublin he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer. The immediate effect of this arrest was to raise to its highest pitch public enthusiasm for the Apostle of Temperance, and to set his friends thinking how he could be relieved from his embarrassments. Lord John Russell addressing a meeting at Exeter Hall, said :—"To make a great impression upon the whole nation, to bring them at once from a habit in which they were too apt to indulge, to the practice of these virtues by which their domestic happiness may be increased and their moral and religious conduct improved, must have called for no ordinary diligence. . . . But we all know the extraordinary eloquence, the untiring energy, the disinterested forgetfulness of all selfish objects which did enable Mr. Mathew to accomplish his moral miracle, and by his exertions to effect a change in Ireland which was surprising to the whole civilised world. Though Mr. Mathew was endowed with this zeal and energy, and though he felt it a great reward to be able to effect such a change in the conduct of his countrymen, unhappily he did not accompany his course with that prudence which a person whose heart and soul were less engaged in the cause might have been able to follow, hence his difficulties. . . . Let us embrace this opportunity of being sharers in the glory of Father Mathew, by contributing in this country and in the sister country, to promote the cause of temperance ; and let us have the satisfaction of thinking that we have done something that will be grateful in the eyes both of God and man."

Punch, who, amidst all the fun of its pages, had from time to time serious criticism on men and events, thus commented on the arrest :

"Now, Mathew, the martyr, brought his fortune into the market to buy up vice; to bribe wretchedness into comfort; to purchase with ready money crime and passion, that he might destroy them. He has laid out all his means that he might make temperance alluring to an impulsive whiskey-loving people; he counts his tens of thousands of proselytes, and then, taking his purse, he counts nothing. He has triumphed, but he is a beggar. Taught by his temperance lessons, the peasant and the artificer—aye, thousands of them—have made their homes more worthy of human creatures, and the teacher himself is shown the way to a jail. Mathew is arrested for the price of the medals with which he decorated his army of converts—we know few orders, home or foreign, more honourable if sincerely worn—and unless Ireland arise as one man, the reward of the great preacher is the county prison."

Some of the letters which Father Mathew received at this juncture must have consoled him in his trouble, they were so full of good-feeling and sympathy. Here are extracts from two, by way of example, the first from a fellow-priest and fellow-worker in the city of Cork, the second from a poor soldier, hot and outraged at the idea of his benefactor being thrown into prison:—

"I always considered it cruel and unjust that you, dear sir, should have been burdened with the enormous expense necessarily attendant on an undertaking of such vast extent and magnitude, for its machinery should have been worked out from the beginning by benevolent funds, not by your individual resources. I long anticipated that you could not continue to sustain such an immense unequal pressure, and I therefore regard our present interference in your affairs

as an honest repayment of a debt you incurred on the part of the public, obviously for the beneficial interest of all, and also, I may say, as the recognised agent of every man that loves his country, and feels a concern for the moral and social improvement of the people."

"Wee, sir, would be liken unto the wicked people of Pharo, who was all swallowed up in the Red Sea. Wee should be all drowned in the gulph of intemperance, only you was chosen to be a Moses in our behalf, and worthily did you do your duty boath for God and man, and it would be ill my part not to come forward at the present time, when you are in dangers and in the hands of the enemy; but you shall not be suffered to be cast into prison like a common felon; no, you shall not be in the same den with thieves and robbers—Dear sir,—I am most happy to be one to put my mite into the box, and I beg you will axcept this small token of my reguard towards one who has done me good—to harm they self, no dear Father, I will never suffer such a stain on my name. . . . I shall ever remember you as longe as theirs life in my body. May I beg of your reverence to enclose me your blessing, before I go out to India."

Father Mathew's embarrassments were set at rest for a time by the results of a public subscription, but from this time the amazing success which had attended the cause from its inauguration, began to flag. Father Mathew, unwilling to run the risk of renewed debt, felt constrained to curtail grants to bands, temperance halls, and other means of attracting the people to ways of sobriety, and before very long the terrible famine of '46 laid Ireland waste, and his energies were drawn away from his immediate

mission, and absorbed in helping the people in the awful struggle with starvation and fever, in which thousands, nay, even millions, were worsted.

These dark and terrible days when "the hunger" was rampant over the land and famished human creatures perished for food all over Ireland, are heart-rending even to read about, and shall not be touched upon here except in relation to how they affected Father Mathew's mission. With his unbounded love and sympathy for the people, it can readily be imagined how with even more than his wonted energy he gave himself up to the task of alleviating the awful misery around him. He was foremost in every organisation for helping his stricken fellow-countrymen, and by his foresight, public-mindedness, and power of working harmoniously for the common good with men of different politics and creeds, was able, not, alas! to arrest the famine, but to save thousands from the terrible fate which menaced them. And now began the high tide of emigration which has ever since flowed from Ireland to America. Queenstown was the usual point of departure, and to see these heart-broken emigrants off, administer to them the pledge, comfort them with such cheerful words as his heart prompted even in those cheerless days, became a recognised duty of Father Mathew, whom trouble and toil had now turned into a broken old man, grey-haired and feeble, though, counting by years, he was still in the prime of life.

Father Mathew's name being so well known at home and abroad caused him to be chosen as agent for dispensing the charity of many Americans and others who sent food to alleviate the horrors of the famine, and it is said that he more than any man in Ireland overcame the prejudice

of the starving people against the "yellow male," which appeared so unpalatable to them. Even in the midst of the desolation of the famine Father Mathew's loving heart found consolation in contemplating the wonderful generosity of those starving poor, ever ready as long as anything lasted to share their scantiest allowance of food with each other.

In 1847, Father Mathew, in consideration of his great public services, was granted a pension of £300 a year out of the Queen's Civil List, which money went the same road as all other which found its way into his hands, for he was but the almoner of the Government, as he had been all his life of whatever funds he had in his keeping. And now, in 1848, he paid the inevitable penalty of the overwork and anxiety of the long years he had given to the temperance cause, for he was struck down with paralysis. Although he made a rally from this serious attack, and lived for eight years afterwards, he was never again the vigorous, sanguine man of the early days of the cause. The blight of the famine was on that great work, and on all that had been hopeful and happy in Ireland, and the Apostle of Temperance had the heavy grief of seeing his ranks thinned by death and desertion.

In 1849, while still suffering from the stroke of paralysis of the year before, he determined (very much against the advice of his friends) to pay his long promised visit to America. His reception here was most cordial and enthusiastic; but though he strove manfully to repay the cordiality of his new friends with his wonted geniality, the effort of seeing and talking to countless numbers of people was no longer easy to him, and the contrast of the joy and prosperity of the New

World, with the gloom and misery of the dear old land, where he had recently witnessed such heart-rending scenes of misery, saddened him. His greatest pleasure was in seeing among the well-to-do citizens of the cities he visited, men and women to whom he had administered the pledge, in Ireland, years before, and whose faithful observance of it had secured them good positions in the New World. To many of them he was able to bring tidings of their kindred, for he never forgot a face he had known. In spite of his shattered health he toiled in America, as he had toiled at home, and with the like happy results. The United States Senate gave him a place within the Bar, a privilege which had before only been conferred on Lafayette, and the President entertained him at a banquet to meet a number of the foremost men, all eager to know the Apostle. His stay in America lasted two years and a-half, for he visited twenty-five States of the Union, and administered the pledge to half a million people. For a short time of repose he dwelt in the solitude of the forests of Arkansas, where he said Mass in the open air under the canopy of Heaven, with a congregation of only four persons.

On his return to Ireland Father Mathew, now grown too invalided to be allowed to continue his mission, was induced to take up his residence with his brother Charles at Lehenagh House, near Cork. There, surrounded by the loving care and ministrations of his family, who did all that was possible to comfort his last sad years, he awaited the coming of death like a man whose life's work was done, and who pined for rest. But though he could no longer seek out the drunkard, the sick, and the suffering, they

still knew where to find him, and to the very end those who sought him were not sent away unsatisfied. Nay, even after the final stroke of paralysis had stilled the voice which had pleaded so lovingly and so long, his dying hand was guided to bless and sign with the cross the very last of the millions to whom he had given the pledge.

He died on the 8th of December, 1856, in the 66th year of his age, and the 42nd of his ministry, and it is surely not too much to say of him that he was mourned by an entire people. Clad in his Franciscan habit, and with the beauty and peace of earlier days come back to his dead face, this lowly friar and great Apostle lay in state in his own church in Cork, where those among whom he had laboured so long could take a last farewell of their beloved father and friend. Many and fervent were the prayers that went up in those days of desolation, that God would be good to him who had been good to them, for whatever else their shortcomings, ingratitude to those who love and serve them is not characteristic of the race for whom Father Mathew spent himself. The name and fame of the apostolic Theobald Mathew, so justly dear to his own generation, still sends a thrill to Irish hearts, and is revered and cherished by thousands of his countrymen and women who never heard his persuasive voice, nor felt the clasp of his helpful and beneficent hand.

Rev. Charles W. Russell

PRESIDENT OF MAYNOOTH.

1812—1880.

DR. ABRAHAM BROWNRIGG, Bishop of Ossory, wrote on the 4th of March, 1892, "It has long been a subject of surprise to me that no one, during the past twelve years since his lamented death, has put a hand to the work of writing a memoir of Dr. Russell. On all sides it seems to be admitted that he was one of the most erudite, refined, gentlemanly, and highly cultivated ecclesiastics this country has ever produced." Twelve more years have passed since the Bishop wrote thus, and nothing has been done, except a series of biographical papers which ran through the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second volumes of the *Irish Monthly*. When this account of Dr. Russell's life, and of his correspondence, chiefly with Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Wiseman, seemed to have reached its conclusion, Aubrey de Vere wrote on the 31st of May, 1894:—"It is with real sorrow that I have, within the last half-hour, come to the end of your deeply interesting series of papers respecting your uncle. They are very valuable from that special and beautiful type which they present of the Catholic character and the *mitis sapientia* fully illustrated by that character alone. I hope you will lose no time in

republishing them in a volume, to which possibly some more recollections and illustrations may be added."

This testimony of the poet and the prelate is placed in front as my excuse for attempting a brief sketch of a career which they considered worthy of an ampler record.

Charles William Russell was born May 14th, 1812, at Killough, a small seaport and fishing station in County Down, five miles south-east of Downpatrick. He was the fifth son of Charles Russell and Anne, daughter of Peter M'Evoy, of Drogheda, whose other daughters married Gartlan, of Monalty, near Carrickmacross, Brodigan, of Piltown, near Drogheda, and Kelly, of Rathmullen, still nearer Drogheda. These families had managed to emerge from the Penal Days with a fair stock of money or land, and with their heritage of Catholic faith intact. Dr. Russell was the first of eight priests that two of them gave to the Church in the nineteenth century.

He seems to have been one of those boys who are marked out for the sanctuary from the cradle, showing a certain priestliness of character from the very dawn of reason. This inclination was sure to be fostered in a home which breathed a spirit of faith and piety, full of affectionate reverence for the priesthood and for everything connected with religion and the Church. Two special circumstances may be mentioned as tending to prove that the Killough household was such.

In the summer of 1815 a young Irishman, Philip Reilly, who had joined the lately restored Society of Jesus as a lay brother, was despatched to Sicily to bring home to Ireland a large collec-

tion of books, chiefly theological, which had been purchased or otherwise procured by Father Peter Kenney, S.J., as the nucleus of a library in Clongowes College, opened the preceding year. The lay brother with his precious tomes sailed from Palermo, as his letter, still extant, tells us, on the 20th July, 1815, in the schooner *Mary*, of Belfast, and it took fifty-four days to reach Ireland. Even then his troubles were not over, for in stress of weather they had to put in at Youghal. After some delay they started afresh, bound this time for Carlingford Bay; but a storm came on, and the captain (who was not a total abstainer) contrived to run aground, and almost to be wrecked, in Dundrum Bay, much further north. Some of the books in Clongowes Library bear till this day the marks of that misadventure. But it was still several weeks before they were safely housed there at last. Meanwhile good Brother Reilly was hospitably entertained by Mr. Russell at Killough. He writes to Father Kenney on the 27th of October:—"The chief revenue officer here has been very kind; but this is owing to the interest of our best friend, Mr. Russell. Mrs. Russell invited all the officers yesterday to dinner, that they might be more agreeable." Yet in spite of the good dinner, and in spite of three memorials presented by Father Kenney to the Irish Secretary (afterwards to be so famous as Sir Robert Peel), duty was charged on the books at the rate of £6 9*s.* 10*d.* per cwt. for the bound books, and £4 17*s.* 4½*d.* per cwt. for the unbound, amounting to £161 4*s.* 8*d.* for the whole of the literary cargo of the *Mary* of Belfast. The cost of bringing them from Sicily came to some £240.

When the Jesuit lay brother was his father's

guest, Charles Russell was only three years old; but he had reached a more impressionable age when another member of the Society used to make the young people happy (as the last survivor told me) by staying with them while waiting—sometimes several days—for an opportunity of sailing to the Isle of Man, for which Killough was the nearest Irish port. Father Matthew Gahan has been called the Apostle of the Isle of Man. He built churches at Douglas and Castletown, and laboured amid great privations till his death in 1837. Some of his letters are still preserved at Killough.

Though his elder brothers were sent to Clongowes, the future priest strangely enough received most of his early education from Protestants. His first teacher indeed was a good Catholic Schoolmistress at Killough, Lucy Fitzsimons, but in his ninth year he was placed with his aunt at Piltown in order to attend the Erasmus Smith school at Drogheda, where his masters were Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Needham. He is said to have learned the Latin Grammar in six weeks. He was about twelve years old when he was removed to a school at Downpatrick conducted by Dr. Samuel Neilson, one of a family distinguished as teachers through several generations. They had taught the Primate, Dr. Crolly, before him, and they taught Dr. Charles Macauley of Maynooth after him. To this school, five miles distant from his home, his pony carried him every morning in all weathers—accustoming him early to this species of exercise which he kept up ever after till it cost him his life.

In the summer of 1826 he was considered fit to compete for a place in Maynooth College. His bishop, Dr. William Crolly—afterwards Primate before Cardinal Cullen—was fond of telling that,

when Charles Russell's turn came for being examined, he was found playing ball. He succeeded brilliantly, and was at once sent to Maynooth, young as he was. He had only completed his fourteenth year three months before. He was never to spend another birthday at the beloved fireside, except in the terrible cholera year, 1832, when he suddenly appeared among his sisters with the joyful announcement that he was to be with them for three full months to come.

While he thus leaves for ever the home of his childhood, a few of his boyish characteristics may here be added. Though we have said that his disposition and his ways betokened from childhood an ecclesiastical vocation, this does not mean that he was preternaturally grave and steady. He was particularly gay and light-hearted, able to join in sports of all kinds, long after the date at which we have arrived, with keen zest and with plenty of that hearty laughter and noise that healthy young people consider essential to enjoyment. One of his accomplishments was a fine faculty for story-telling. Scott's novels were read aloud on their first appearance and discussed with an interest that speaks well for the refinement of the boy's surroundings. He remained till the end able to unbend his mind over a good story, a taste which qualified him to be the first translator of the German Canon Schmid's *Tales for the Young*.

Another juvenile trait which he retained through life was a tender compassion for the poor. One of his sisters told me that a mendicant excited his pity so much one morning that he not only handed over to him his own breakfast, but appealed to his younger brother to

supplement it. To this, however, the sturdy young worlding demurred. "Do what you like with your own breakfast, but let mine alone."

But there was nothing in Charles Russell's character more strikingly prominent from first to last than his unselfish and self-sacrificing love for his kindred and friends. There never was a more tenderly affectionate disposition, a heart more devoted to father and mother, sisters and brothers and friends. Thirteen years after his death Lord Emly wrote of Dr. Russell:—"One of the things that always struck me in him was the evident pain that even an innocent joke about any of his friends seemed to give him. He was sensitive for them to a degree that few people are even for themselves." But this testimony is half a century in advance of the point that we have reached.

When our very youthful freshman entered college, the President was Dr. Bartholomew Crotty, who in a few years became Bishop of Cloyne; and the Deans were the Rev. Philip Dowley and the Rev. Laurence Renehan. The latter will be mentioned again; the former was afterwards Vice-President for two days, being appointed to the post on the 25th of June, 1834, and resigning it on the 27th, to take the place of Superior among the fervent young priests who were then introducing the Congregation of the Mission into Ireland.

In the Maynooth Calendar of late years the old nomenclature is resumed, calling Rhetoric and Humanity the first and second class of ancient classics. In Charles Russell's first letter from Maynooth, dated August 28, 1826, he says:—"I stood for first class, but I do not know whether I passed or not." I should have

taken for granted that so young a lad would be placed in the Humanity Class; but the late Very Rev. James Stephens, of Killybegs, Co. Donegal, wrote to me in May, 1880, that he and Dr. Russell entered together for the Rhetoric Class. Their professor was the Rev. Jeremiah Donovan, D.D., who published a translation of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and also a large work on *Rome: Ancient and Modern*. A quarter of a century later another freshman found traditions current of Charles Russell's classical prowess displayed in Greek versions of the *Dies Irae*, etc. His letters home speak more frequently of the Rev. Christopher Boylan, Professor of English Rhetoric (or Belles Lettres, as we used to call it), and show that he laboured vigorously at composition, and began from the very outset to qualify himself in various ways for the solid literary work that lay before him. A great many of these letters, carefully preserved by his devoted mother and sisters without his knowledge, have survived the writer. From the first they are very mature in their style, with nothing crude or boyish. In one of the earliest he sends his eldest sister, Anne, "a small but beautifully written book, 'The Pleasures of Memory.' 'The Pleasures of Hope' would be a nice accompaniment to it. I strove to get it but could not." We suspect that few, if any, of his classmates knew or cared about Rogers or Campbell. As early as February, 1827, he tells the same sister, "I have read an immensity of English since I came here, and might have read much more if I had applied myself to it. I will make up for lost time and read at every spare hour I have." Nor was this reading gone through in a careless, desultory way, as we may guess from

one of his habits about this time which he described to me long afterwards. Not content with listening attentively to the books read aloud in the refectory during dinner—the refectory in those days was far less spacious than the one that Pugin designed, and far better suited for public reading—he used to look over the matter beforehand, so as to follow it intelligently and impress it on his memory. Among the solid books that he thus mastered, he mentioned Milner's *Letters to a Prebendary*. No wonder that with such tastes and such habits, he is able to write home towards the end of his first year: "I think time passes quicker nowhere than in college. Every hour is so well disposed and managed that each has its proper employment assigned to it, so that we have no time left to us for reflection." He expressed his liking for Maynooth very much more strongly than in his first letter already referred to, where he did not go beyond this cautious statement, "I like the place very well for so far"—little dreaming that in that place he was to spend more than half a century, and to be buried there after having been President for twenty-three years, the longest term yet reached in more than a hundred years, Dr. Crotty coming next with his nineteen years, and then Dr. Russell's immediate predecessors, Dr. Montague and Dr. Renehan, with eleven and twelve years respectively.

It is touchingly significant that the very oldest bit of Irish literature now extant is a homily in the *Leabhar Breac* on the text, "If thou wilt come after Me, take up thy cross and follow Me." Ireland has borne her cross and followed Jesus. In the same way it seems to me pathetic in its appropriateness that the earliest piece of set

composition that we have of Dr. Russell's should be a little sermon written as an exercise on the text, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The meekness inculcated in his first formal piece of writing was so far his own characteristic that at Judge O'Hagan's suggestion the words *Beati mites* head the inscription on the Celtic cross over his grave; and in the first paragraph of this sketch Aubrey de Vere attributed to him the *mitis sapientia* that forms the true and high Catholic character.

The short half hour between the rising of a Maynooth student and his morning prayer has several duties assigned to it; but Charles Russell got through them so expeditiously that he had some minutes at his disposal which he devoted to the learning of Italian. "Not the best time for it," he added with a smile in telling me this; but about that same time there was an English youth four years older doing the very same thing. Cardinal Manning told the Rev. Dr. Kolbe of Cape Town that he had learned Italian during his dressing operations while at Oxford, having pinned up a table of irregular verbs opposite his wash-stand and alternating splashes with Italian participles. The Irish youth soon added a knowledge of Spanish to his acquirements, and in November, 1829 (remember he was born in 1812), while bewailing the difficulty he found in learning Hebrew, he says that, "if years have been spent in the study of Spanish for the pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original, surely I should not grudge a small portion of my time to the study which will enable me to read the Sacred Scriptures in that beautiful and sublime language." Evidently he was qualifying himself already to be the one

authoritative biographer of the great polyglot Cardinal Mezzofanti.

At the date last mentioned, the end of the year of Catholic Emancipation, he had reached the first year of Theology, having studied Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics under the Rev. Charles M'Nally (afterwards Bishop of Clogher), and Mathematics and Natural Philosophy under the holy and gifted Dr. Nicholas Callan. His class was the first to study Theology under the Rev. John O'Hanlon, who became so distinguished for his knowledge of Divinity and Canon Law. His teacher in Scripture and Hebrew was the Rev. Laurence Renehan, whom he was to succeed as President of the College.

Though he applied himself conscientiously to his theological and scriptural studies, he does not seem to have done so with that entire exclusiveness which is generally necessary to win the first place in the examinations. The College archives at this date do not furnish full details of the distribution of prizes, etc. Unfortunately, the *Maynooth College Calendar* was not thought of in those days, being one of the first happy innovations of Dr. Russell's presidency. It is recorded that he won the first prize in Hebrew and in Scripture, and high places in his other departments of study. But all the while, outside the hours of class, he was accumulating stores of accurate knowledge on a vast number of subjects which he was afterwards to utilise in the long series of his contributions to the *Dublin Review*, his numerous important articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and many other anonymous writings.

Early in his course he lost his father, who died October 29th, 1828. The Maynooth student, aged sixteen years and six months, sent, on the

7th of November, to his mother a long and beautiful letter of consolation, worthy of a much more mature age. His subsequent letters are full of allusions to Requiem Offices recited by him and his fellow-students and Masses offered by newly ordained priests for the repose of his father's soul. The anniversary is never forgotten. October 29th, 1837, he writes: "This day, with all its recollections, brings my thoughts to home and all the loved members of my family, the living and the departed. Nine years have passed since we lost that parent, whom we knew only to love, and whose only thought was for our happiness and our peace."

When the end of the ordinary course of theology was reached, in the summer of 1832, Charles Russell had only completed his twentieth year. Fortunately the Dunboyne Establishment was ready to receive him, and he escaped a danger which threatened about this time. His letters are full of apprehensions of his being summoned to Belfast to be a Professor in St. Malachy's College, opened at Vicinage in 1833; but we suspect that his superiors had already marked him out for a place on the staff of a much more important establishment, which, however, had not yet become what Dr. Healy truly describes it as being at present, "when its lofty walls enclose a fair academic city as spacious and as beautiful as anything of its kind to be seen throughout the whole world."

In November 1833, at the beginning of his second year on the Dunboyne, he tells his home correspondent confidentially that one of his Superiors has advised him to prepare to compete for the Rhetoric chair left vacant by the resignation of Dr. Jeremiah Donovan. Some months

later he asked the permission of his Bishop, Dr. Crolly (to be called to the Primacy in the year following) who answered by return of post: "Your conduct in every respect entitles you to my esteem and affection, and I shall feel happy in promoting your interest, even at any sacrifice that can be reasonably expected." The young sub-deacon ends the letter which gives this news to the Killough household: "This will give a new spur to my exertions. But I see my mother putting on a long face. Let her not be alarmed. I am, thank God, strong and hearty, and, with His blessing, will continue so."

He did not, however, in the end, contest the chair of Rhetoric. His change of programme may be explained by documentary evidence less dignified than the College archives or Dr. Healy's *Centenary Record*. One of his sisters writing to another, on the 24th September, 1834, scolds her for having been silent for nearly a fortnight, and then proceeds: "And now that I have got the scolding off my mind, my anger is somewhat appeased, and I will tell you all about our dear Charles. Mr. Furlong has been appointed to the Rhetoric Class. Charles says the Professors and Superiors all seem gratified at his withdrawing for the present. The notice for the Humanity Class has been posted. The concursus is fixed for the 19th of November, but he thinks the Professor will not be appointed till the next meeting of the Board, which will be held in February. He is ploughing away still [he would rather have said 'pounding'] but he has relaxed a good deal latterly in his studies." His surmise was right: his appointment to the Chair of Humanity dates from the 13th of February, 1835, when he still wanted three months of the twenty-

three years, which, even with the dispensation granted to Ireland, were required to make him eligible for priesthood. He was ordained priest on the 13th of the following June, which was the Saturday after Pentecost. His last surviving sister told me that the alb worn by him at his first Mass in Killough on June 16th (Feast of St. John Francis Regis), was round him in the coffin forty-five years after. His good mother had thus the consolation of seeing him a priest. She died four years later. The young Professor left this letter of consolation behind for his sisters when the funeral set out from the house of mourning, on the long journey from Dundalk to Killough:—

"My dearest and best Sisters,

"When you read this, we shall be upon our last sad journey with all that remains for this world of the mother who loved us and whom we loved. We leave you for the first time in your complete orphanhood. We leave you alone—and yet not alone, for God is with you; the Father of the fatherless, the Protector of the unprotected, whose graces are ever most abundant when our necessities are greatest. To that God I commit you, to that Father's care I commend you.

"I do not ask you not to weep. I know that it would be idle to refuse to nature the tribute which she claims as her own. Do not seek to restrain your sorrow, but let it be the sorrow of the Christian. Let it be the sorrow of Augustine over the tomb of Monica, the sorrow of the believing disciple of a God who gave His blood for Israel, not the despairing sadness of them 'who have no hope.'

"We have lost our father and our mother, lost them as far as earth is concerned; but, if virtue and religion are a ground of hope, we have been but parted for a time. We still have 'a Father who is in heaven.' We still, though in a different sense, have a mother in the Mother of our Lord; for in St. John's person He gave her as a mother to us all. May she comfort, may she protect you! Your own piety and your own conformity to His holy will are my confidence and my hope. I have seen you in the hour of trial, and I know that God will reward affection so devoted, so disinterested.

"God bless you, dearest Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Kate. He whose grace alone is the balm of the bruised heart will not desert you.

"Your ever attached and now more devotedly than ever,

"CHARLES."

The second paragraph of the foregoing letter begins with the very words that a young Englishman, Alfred Tennyson, used about the same time in a poetical letter of consolation to his friend, James Spedding, on the death of his brother:

> I have not looked upon you nigh
> Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.
> Great Nature is more wise than I:
> *I will not tell you not to weep.*

When Charles Russell was finishing his twenty-fourth year and his first as a Maynooth professor, a periodical that was destined to occupy a great deal of his time and energy was founded by a man who is completely forgotten and by two men who will never be forgotten. The project began

with the first of the three. Cardinal Wiseman says in the preface to *Essays on Various Subjects*: "It was in 1836 that the idea of commencing a Catholic Quarterly was first conceived by the late learned and excellent Mr. Quin, who applied to the illustrious O'Connell and myself to join in the undertaking." Michael Joseph Quin was an Irishman[1] belonging to the English bar, but much more a journalist than a lawyer. He had been correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle* in Spain, and published two books, *A Visit to Spain* and *A Steam Voyage down the Danube*. Evidently he wanted a Catholic counterpart to the *Edinburgh Review*, and *Dublin Review* was the name that naturally suggested itself. Wiseman at the time was merely a brilliant bird of passage in England: Rome was his home, and he could only assist the enterprise from a distance. O'Connell entered into the project earnestly, subscribed to a guarantee fund, and as late as the end of 1838 sent a personal lithographed circular to the Irish bishops in favour of the *Review*. From the first, however, the guiding spirit was Nicholas Wiseman, who sustained it through all vicissitudes almost till his death. Yet Dr. Casartelli, now Bishop of Salford, in the admirable account of the *Dublin Review*, which he contributed to its own pages in April, 1896, when it had completed its sixtieth year, calls this first series of fifty-two half-yearly volumes, not the Wiseman Series, but the Russell-Wiseman Series; and he gives this description of Dr. Russell's share of the work:—

"Vast as was the share of Cardinal Wiseman in the life and success of the *Review*, it may be

[1] Born in 1796 at Thurles, where his ather owned a brewery.

doubted whether the periodical would ever have survived its early trials but for the co-operation of that other eminent and brilliant scholar, who, all through those long years, was Wiseman's chief lieutenant and comrade in arms, Dr. Charles William Russell, of Maynooth. From the literary point of view, Dr. Russell had certainly the lion's share of the actual work. His first article ("Versions of the Scriptures"[1]) appeared in the second number (July, 1836); his last, "The Critical History of the Sonnet," is to be found in the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth numbers of the Second Series (October, 1876, and January, 1877). During this space of forty years Dr. Russell was the most constant and most indefatigable of contributors; and the wide range of the subjects treated, well characterised by the titles of his first and last papers above cited, rivalled that of Wiseman's, and gave evidence of the vast erudition, the high literary skill, and the versatile culture of one who may perhaps claim to have been the most gifted Catholic scholar of our times. For twenty years he contributed absolutely to every number of the *Review*; and before 1860 a very large number of issues contain not one but several papers from his prolific and graceful pen; in at least one instance he is credited with no less than five articles. His articles were no mere 'pot-boilers.' Very many of them were of the highest merit."

Dr. Russell's connection with the *Dublin Review* was indeed so close and so constant that he is called by the biographer of the first Arch-

[1] Not to be confounded with the first of Cardinal Wiseman's "Essays on Various Subjects," which appeared in the *Review* a year later, with the title "Catholic Versions of Scripture."

bishop of Westminster "joint editor" and "co-editor," namely with the Cardinal himself; for Mr. H. R. Bagshawe was rather a very efficient sub-editor and manager. Nay, even Cardinal Wiseman begins a letter in 1846, by expressing his distress at hearing a rumour of Dr. Russell's intention to "retire from the editorship of the *Dublin*."

These common interests soon established a very firm friendship between these two excellent men, who were very different in character and disposition, though they had many tastes in common. The Cardinal in his *Four Last Popes* calls Dr. Russell his "good and gifted friend"; and their friendship continued without the slightest break until the end. A strong bond of union was the intense sympathy they both felt in those earnest souls, especially at Oxford, that were at that time groping their way into the Catholic Church. One of these, Frederic Oakley, published after his conversion a volume of sacred verse, *Lyra Liturgica*, which Dr. Russell reviewed in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1866, with a width of erudition which hardly any other could have brought to bear on such a book. One of his quotations is from the lines inspired by Holy Thursday:—

Draw near, ye Christian priests!
This is your feast of feasts,
Whence date the glories of your saintly line;
When first the Incarnate God
Himself on men bestowed,
And laid on you to guard and give the Boon Divine.

One at the altar stands,
And lifts with holy hands
The Victim pure, so loving yet so dread.

One only. The reader will remember that on that day, which commemorates the first celebration of the Blessed Eucharist, one Mass only is celebrated in each church, and the priests who do not celebrate communicate at it. I am reminded of these lines by a momentous Holy Thursday when the poet's reviewer, though the youngest Professor in the College, had the privilege of being the celebrant. His fervour seems to have been rewarded by a special inspiration, which he mentions in writing to Dr. Wiseman (now a bishop, and living at Oscott) on the 20th of April, 1841 :—

"My dear Lord, the enclosed letter, if it surprise, will, I am sure, gratify your Lordship. I can hardly account to myself for the impulse by which I was induced to write to Mr. Newman. It was on Holy Thursday. I had just celebrated the public service of the day ; the thought came upon me that perhaps I might do some good by writing in a friendly spirit on that portion of his Tract which regarded the mystery of the day—Transubstantiation. I yielded to the impulse, and showed him how far on this point he had misconceived us ; how Bishop Taylor, whom he quotes, mis-stated Bellarmine ; and, above all, how literally the very strongest phrases employed in the retractation of Berengarius, whom he also brings forward, are copied from the Fathers, especially St. John Chrysostom. I referred him to Véron and to Bossuet, to see how far, provided the 'really, truly, substantially' be secured, we may go in speaking of 'sacramental' and 'spiritual' presence as opposed to 'carnal' and 'natural' ; and I further took the liberty of requesting permission, if he had not Véron, to send him a copy."

He goes on to speak of the "frankness and cordiality of Newman's answer," and discusses the obstacles to the reconciliation of "these weak and struggling, but, I am confident, single-hearted brethren . . . We are all praying for its accomplishment, and during the coming month of May it will be a subject of public devotion in our community."

The Maynooth letter, written after the one Mass of Holy Thursday, was Newman's first communication with a Catholic mind. His reply, which Dr. Wiseman returned "with many thanks and congratulations," was dated Easter Tuesday, and began with the words, "Nothing can be kinder or more considerate than the tone of your letter, for which I sincerely thank you." Many letters followed, and the correspondence, as Mr. Wilfrid Ward says, "issued in a close and life-long friendship." The most famous testimony to this friendship is the passage of the *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ* where the Oratorian Cardinal speaks of his "dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth. He had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else." And then the often quoted words: "He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial; he let me alone."

Looking back to this same time, he wrote to me on St. Patrick's Day, 1875: "Dr. Russell is certainly a pattern man, and struck me before I was a Catholic as no other Catholic did. He made a great impression on me: so much so that in my *Apologia* I said I had seen him more than once, whereas he assures me this was not the case. He wrote to me often."

Dr. Russell's connection with this illustrious

man has drawn us on far beyond the point we had reached in his own simple story. In the summer following the Holy Thursday on which he was inspired first to write to John Henry Newman, the young professor of the Humanity Class was able to gratify one of his most ardent desires, cherished for many years; he paid his first visit to Rome, in company with Dr. O'Reilly, his colleague (afterwards known as Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.). One of his objects was to collect original materials for a full biography of Pope Pius VII, which he had planned, and for which he made many careful researches. For causes that I am ignorant of, the work never was finished, but the laborious preparation for it was the source of many solid and original articles in the *Dublin Review*.

When the Primatial See of Armagh was vacant, after the death of Dr. Kieran, the priests of the archdiocese asked for Dr. M'Gettigan, Bishop of Raphoe. The priests and people of Raphoe strenuously demurred; but when, during the interregnum, their beloved Bishop was obliged by some duty to visit Rome, Raphoe gave up all hope. "As soon as the Pope sees him, he is sure to make him Primate." Whatever personal impression Dr. Russell may have made on the Pope and cardinals, his first visit to Rome had probably some connection with his second visit, when, in January, 1843, he obtained leave of absence, in order to plead his cause in person at Rome, that he might be allowed to decline the bishopric of Ceylon, to which he had been appointed. His letters home record minutely the progress of his anxious negotiations, in which he was aided by the kind offices of Dr. Paul Cullen, then Rector of the Irish College.

"Cardinal Pacca will try and have me spared, at least till I finish the Life of Pius VII." Cardinal Mezzofanti, Cardinal Mai, and others befriended him. On the 23rd of January, he had an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI. "He declared that the more anxious I was to be released, the more he was convinced of my fitness, that he had to hold the balance of good fairly in his hands, to select without fear or favour, and exhorted me to throw myself upon God's protection, and not fear for myself or others." In the end the Pope consented to refer the decision to the Propaganda. But another month had dragged on before he was able to begin his home letter with the exclamation: "Thanks be to God, I am free at last."

This was the first of several similar perils that threatened at various times to take Dr. Russell (it was just at this moment that the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him) away from the academic and literary career that he had chosen as his life-work. He ran no risk, indeed, when, ten years later, he received some of the suffrages at the election which followed the death of Archbishop Murray, when the Apostolic Delegate, Dr. Cullen, was transferred from Armagh to Dublin; but he was in very great danger when Dr. Cornelius Denvir, the bishop of his native diocese of Down and Connor, petitioned for a coadjutor to help him, and then to succeed him. The choice would have fallen upon Dr. Russell but for his own earnest opposition. It is to this that Cardinal Wiseman refers, writing from Rome on January 7th, 1860: "I have not failed to comply with your wishes, though against the grain. I have urged whatever pleas conscience would allow me against your

appointment, but I see what has been said on the other side has made a great impression. The two Archbishops have been written to for a further opinion. You must now leave the case in God's hands and those of the Holy See." He succeeded in escaping a dignity and responsibility for which he was considered eminently fitted, but from which he shrank, chiefly (I think) for reasons of a private and personal nature. I am surprised to see in the *Irish Catholic Directory* for the year 1867 (page 362) that when the priests of the Armagh Diocese were selecting a successor to Dr. Joseph Dixon, Dr. Russell received twenty-six votes, and Dr. Kieran, of Dundalk, twenty-eight. It was well known by that time that the *Nolo Episcopari* of the President of Maynooth was immovably fixed, and that, therefore, votes recorded for him would be thrown away. But for that, he would probably have been the practically unanimous choice of the clergy, especially as the eloquent Dean Kieran was almost in a dying state.

I have just called Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, though the last event that I referred to in his collegiate career was his joyful return to his Humanity class-room after his release from an episcopal appointment. Another change took place for him before the presidentship fell to his lot. When Sir Robert Peel, in 1845, succeeded in carrying through Parliament a bill for increasing the annual grant to Maynooth, the College Trustees established a Chair of Ecclesiastical History, and Dr. Russell was, without a concursus, chosen unanimously to fill it. He occupied this difficult position for twelve years with a very high and constantly increasing reputation for wide and accurate knowledge of all the

many and various branches of sacred and profane learning needed for the full illustration of the history of the Church. His earnest and constant studies and researches found a permanent record in many of his contributions to the *Dublin Review* during a long series of years.

That great periodical has been named so often in this sketch that it seems well to state that it was by no means the only vehicle for the publication of Dr. Russell's literary work. He contributed largely also to the *Edinburgh Review*. The brilliant quarterly that had made the fame of Sydney Smith and Macaulay opened its pages to the Maynooth Professor in January, 1855. The second article of that number is a most minute and interesting examination of the marvellous linguistic attainments of Cardinal Mezzofanti. This very remarkable article attracted great attention; it was at once translated into Italian, French, and German, and its writer was urged by scholars of many nationalities to expand it into a volume. We have here before us one of the first means he employed to carry out this idea—an interleaved copy of the *Edinburgh Review* article, with every page copiously annotated by himself or by Cardinal Wiseman, to whom he had evidently sent it for that purpose. During the years 1855, 1856, and 1857 he prosecuted laborious researches, which involved a tedious and very extensive, and, no doubt, costly, correspondence over all parts of the world, often with missionaries and others outside the range of ordinary postal communication. An immense amount of out-of-the way reading was exacted also by the "introductory memoir of eminent linguists, ancient and modern," which was quite a necessary part of the work. The book was published by the publishers

of the *Review*, out of which it had grown, and was received with the admiration which it certainly deserved.[1] Here we can only add that Germany, France, and even Italy herself have accepted the work of an Irish priest as the final and authoritative biography of the great polyglot Cardinal, and have contented themselves with translating it into their respective languages. When Bologna, in 1899, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the death of her illustrious son, the official record of the proceedings names "il Russell" in almost every page, sometimes "il chiarissimo Russell."

After Sir George Cornwall Lewis had (as he said) "much satisfaction in accepting so interesting a contribution" as the Mezzofanti article, Dr. Russell was a welcome contributor and thenceforward is generally represented in one or other of the two yearly volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Henry Reeve, the well-known editor of "the Greville Memoirs," succeeded Sir George C. Lewis, who soon after became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is from his letters, found among Dr. Russell's papers, that the articles of the latter have been identified. Of one of them he says, "I have seldom read a more agreeable or scholarlike article"—of another, "It is a most curious and amusing paper"—and of a third, "The article is one of extraordinary learning and interest, and I am extremely indebted to you for it." One does not expect such warm appreciation from the Editor

[1] Many of the criticisms, public and private, passed upon the *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti* are collected in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May, 1899, pp. 385-404, including unpublished letters from Newman, Wiseman, Manning, Faber, Milman, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and Lord Brougham.

of the most famous of Reviews. Among Dr. Russell's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* may be named "Hawker's Literature in France," January, 1858; "The Graffiti of Pompeii," October, 1859; "The Herculaneum Papyri," October, 1862; "De Rossi's Jewish and Christian Inscriptions," July, 1864; "The Church and Mosque of St. Sophia," April, 1865; "Libraries, Ancient and Modern," January, 1874; "Pattison's Life of Casaubon," January, 1876; "Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," October, 1876; "The Pseudo-Sibylline Poems," July, 1877. Those who are able to examine any of these articles will find them to be full of the most minute and accurate information of a very curious kind, often derived from very recondite sources, and always conveyed with a grace and liveliness which for some readers may have the additional zest of surprise.

He also contributed, but much less frequently, to the *North British Review*, the *Month*, *Chambers' Journal*, the *Irish Monthly*, and some other journals, including the *Academy* in its first fervour when it aspired to be more learned and more dignified than the *Athenæum*. The ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* contained a few articles from his pen; but to *Chambers' Encyclopædia* his contributions are so numerous that a list of them fills two pages of small type in the twenty-second volume of the *Irish Monthly*. Mr. William Chambers invited him to treat all the Catholic subjects from the letter E, but his list includes also a great many miscellaneous matters having no connection with religion.

This is by no means a complete enumeration of the fruits of Dr. Russell's incessant labour and his literary versatility, even if we add his trans-

lations from the German of such dissimilar works as Canon Schmid's *Tales for the Young* and Leibnitz' *System of Theology*. Nay, after mentioning so many grave and solid writings, I shall venture to reveal that in the brilliant little quarto, *Dublin Acrostics*, of which a second edition was published by Hodges and Figgis in 1869—to which Judge O'Hagan, Baron Fitzgerald, and many clever barristers[1] contributed—three or four of the very best, signed "C. W.," were by the President of Maynooth; for such he was in the sixties when that literary fad was rife.

At the end of July, 1857,[2] Dr. Laurence Renehan, President of Maynooth College, died; and on the 20th of October Dr. Russell was appointed to succeed him. My remaining pages can only furnish a meagre account of his long and useful Presidency, even if I pass over unnoticed all his external work as a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, as editor of the Calendar of State Papers in the series of the Master of the Rolls, and as trustee or governor of some of the public institutions of Dublin, such as the National Library. His private papers show that he declined to be named one of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.

There are few offices in the Catholic Church that justify in the holder a more anxious sense of responsibility than that of President of the College which Cardinal Newman truly called

[1] I think the only survivor is Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. The late Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., revealed to me the secrets of the distinguished little clique, including the key to all the mysteries of those very ingenious little poems.

[2] By a misprint the date "1856" is given twice in the Most Rev. Dr. Healy's splendid *Centenary History of Maynooth College*, pp. 574, 575.

"the most important ecclesiastical seminary in Christendom." There are larger and richer Catholic countries than Ireland; but none of them, neither France nor Spain nor Austria nor Italy, possesses, as Ireland does, one central college on which the whole country depends for the training of almost all of its sons who are set apart for the sacred ministry. Whatever else may follow from this circumstance, this at least follows that Dr. Russell occupied for quarter of a century a post of great difficulty and great dignity, and discharged all its duties in such a manner as to secure the affection and respect of his colleagues in the management of the College, as well as the loving veneration of the many generations of students that passed under his firm and gentle rule. He left his impress also on the exterior of the College in many additions and permanent improvements. The present fine infirmary quickly took the place of the primitive old building that had served as such. The cemetery, which had been too much neglected, as Sir Francis Head noticed in his *Fortnight in Ireland*, received much of the beauty and order that befit so holy a spot. "Plant trees, my son; they will grow while you are sleeping." The old man's counsel applies in a peculiar sense to Dr. Russell, who planted two noble rows of trees that flourish in the College Park, near where he is sleeping. He, too, it was who adorned the arches of the corridors with appropriate texts, arranged artistically, that meet the eyes of the bands of students who pace them so constantly, especially on rainy days; while the walls of the cloisters, formerly blank and bare, are now covered with portraits of the Irish bishops of the past and

present and of the many sons of St. Patrick's who are bishops in Australia, Africa, and America. It was Dr. Russell who adorned the Senior Refectory with portraits of all the Presidents and old Professors who will always be held in grateful remembrance.

But the great want that the President must, from the first, have desired to supply was a collegiate church worthy of so noble an institution. The financial complications caused by the withdrawal of the Government grant, which was one of the consequences of the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, delayed the work for a time; but "at length (says Dr. Lennon in the *Centenary History*, page 637), owing chiefly to the energy, perseverance, and high personal character of Dr. Russell, the work was begun. The foundation-stone was laid in October, 1875."

He had great taste in all matters of art. Ten years earlier he had been President of the Irish Ecclesiological Society, of which James J. M'Carthy, the architect of the new church, had been the most active member. This Society had a share in that architectural revival in Ireland with which some well-intentioned men and some evil-minded men have recently found fault. And now the President of the Ecclesiological Society had at last, as President of Maynooth, a grand opportunity of showing his zeal for ecclesiastical architecture. His friend, M'Carthy, was one of the ablest pupils of Welby Pugin, the great architect of the new College buildings in which he had left unfilled the northern side of the new square as the fitting site for the church. To this, his last work, the Irish architect devoted himself with earnest enthusiasm, while Dr. Russell undertook the hard and

uncongenial task of providing the ample funds which building even on a much less splendid scale requires now-a-days. But the bishops, priests, and people of Ireland, as well as many sons of Ireland and students of Maynooth across the oceans, were most prompt and most generous in their contributions to this national undertaking. From a file of the *Freeman's Journal*, especially for the years 1874, 1875, and 1876, a remarkable anthology might be culled out of the letters accompanying munificent subscriptions, generally bearing witness also to the personal esteem of the writers for Dr. Russell himself.

On Sunday, October 10th, 1875, Feast of the Dedication of all the churches of Ireland, the foundation stone of the College church was laid by the Primate, Dr. M'Gettigan. But many a year passed before it was completed and before Monsignor Molloy was able to describe it to some visitors from the British Association, when that body met in Dublin, as "a magnificent structure, which in the massive character of its walls and the stately outline of its form, can almost rival the college chapels of those most splendid institutions in Cambridge and Oxford."

Meanwhile its founder had gone to his reward. On the 16th of May, 1877, Dr. Russell, returning from his usual ride, was thrown from his horse and was found unconscious on the road almost opposite the parochial house into which he was carried. He was in so critical a state for more than a month that Surgeon Tyrrell and Sir Dominic Corrigan did not allow him to be removed to his own rooms in the College, though so near, till the last day of June. In another month he seemed to have recovered so

far that he was allowed to move to the seaside, near Howth, where his devoted friends Mr. John O'Hagan (afterwards Judge) and Mrs. O'Hagan, the daughter of his friend of forty years, Lord O'Hagan, obtained the eagerly sought privilege of nursing him through his first stage of convalescence before he ventured on the longer journey to Dundalk and Killough. His excellent constitution had been well preserved by constant exercise and rigid temperance—he had kept the pledge of total abstinence administered by Father Mathew himself when he visited Maynooth College on Tuesday, June 16th, 1840—and this now enabled him to struggle on towards the recovery of his health for nearly three years ; but early in the year 1880 he sank somewhat abruptly, and asked for the Last Sacraments before others thought that the end was near. Through all the weakness and inaction and suffering of his three years' strife with death there was never the slightest murmur or impatience, but always perfect peace, unselfishness, and gratitude for every little service. When some one wrote for him to a friend at a time when he was not fit to hold a pen, he insisted on adding with his own hand, "I like to write a line or two myself to repeat my grateful thanks for your unceasing thoughtfulness. You lose no opportunity of gratifying me, or rather you are constantly making and inventing opportunities of all kinds."

He died a most happy and holy death on Thursday, the 26th of February, 1880, in the home of the two friends whom I have gratefully named. On Saturday his remains were conveyed with great honour to the College. The professors and students in their academic

costume met the funeral procession two miles from the College, and with the solemn tolling of the great bell the coffin was borne to the Senior Chapel and laid in front of the altar, where, forty-five years before, the hands now folded in death had been consecrated to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. On Monday the solemn obsequies were performed in the presence of three archbishops and six bishops, and of an immense concourse of priests and laymen. After the Requiem Mass had been sung, six students of Down and Connor carried the body of their fellow-diocesan to its resting-place in the cemetery which it had been one of the first concerns of his Presidency to adorn with pious care. A Celtic cross of granite was soon after erected over his grave by his nephew and namesake, Lord Russell of Killowen, with a Latin inscription which runs thus in English: "*Blessed are the meek.* Pray for the soul of Charles William Russell, D.D., President of this College for twenty-three years. Born at Killough, Co. Down, May 14th, 1812; died February 26th, 1880. *May he rest in peace.*"

This sketch has incidentally shown in what high regard its subject was held by eminent men. whose regard was never lightly bestowed. It would be easy to compile a mass of similar testimonies from several published biographies, Thus, in one of his "Recollections" Aubrey de Vere writes: "In Ireland Newman found many friends who honoured him aright and were greatly valued by him. Among these were Dr. Moriarty, long the head of All Hallows College and later Bishop of Kerry; Dr. Russell, Principal of Maynooth, the learned, the accomplished, the kind; Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.; the

late Judge O'Hagan, and others." The poet here leaves three admirable men "unqualified by any epithet," while he cannot mention Dr. Russell without calling him "the learned, the accomplished, the kind."

Even the newspapers, the day after Dr. Russell's death, gave appreciations of his character more careful and more feeling than might fairly be expected from the *calamus scribae velociter scribentis*. The writer, indeed, of the obituary in the *Freeman's Journal* was, we are sure, one who knew the President well—Canon James Daniel, whom many remember with affection. I am glad to preserve a short passage from his filial tribute :—

"We have never known a more perfect example of a true Christian gentleman. The great qualities which formed his character, taken singly, we have seen in an equal, or perhaps, even higher degree in other men. But we have never known them all combined so happily, and in so large a measure, in the same person. To those who knew him best no feature of his character appeared more striking than his perfect evenness of mind. Nothing could ruffle the serenity of his soul. We believe no one ever saw a frown on his placid face, or heard from his lips an angry or even a hasty word. Great as were his intellectual gifts, the goodness of his heart was greater. His benevolence and generosity were unlimited ; he did not know how to refuse to any one any favour he could render, and nothing seemed to give him so much happiness as to have it in his power to promote the happiness of others."

To this may be added three short sentences from the *Irish Times* :—

"In personal appearance Dr. Russell was tall, spare, and dignified. His manner was courtly and reserved, but full of gentleness and kindliness, especially with the young. He was generous, charitable, and humane, and had a marvellous gift of making friends of all with whom he came into intimate contact."

All who knew him will recognise the justice of these kindly estimates. Dr. Russell's exquisite tact and courtesy, and his watchful concern for other people's feelings, were based on real kindness of nature, on true Christian charity. A much better king than "the First Gentleman in Europe" is said to have spoken of the President of Maynooth as one of the most perfect gentlemen he had ever met; and many readers will, from their own recollections, agree with me in thinking that there have been very few closer realisations of Cardinal Newman's celebrated description of a gentleman in his *Idea of a University*—very few men (to borrow a phrase from Sir George Trevelyan) "so truly considerate towards others, so delicately courteous with a courtesy which is of the essence and not only in the manner."

I once asked Aubrey de Vere if my memory were correct in reporting him as having said that Dr. Russell had always seemed to him the very type of a literary character, able to take an enlightened interest in every branch of knowledge and every form of literature. He wrote to me in reply: "I should think that your recollection of my expressions respecting Dr. Russell that day at Howth must be correct, at least it corresponds exactly with my opinion of him. But how much more might be said of him with equal truth! How just was his judgment; how

wide and tolerant his appreciations, even when he did not agree with the work criticised ; how refined was his taste, how truly liberal his temper, and yet how far from latitudinarianism his intellect ; how full of sympathy with excellence in all its forms, and how ready to make allowances for the difficulties and disadvantages under which so many labour ! No one appreciated him better than Cardinal Newman, as I know both from his conversation and his letters to Lord Emly, which I read quite lately. He was a great loss to Ireland, as were Dr. Moriarty and Father O'Reilly, whom Cardinal Newman held also in warm regard and very high respect."

With these honoured names, which have been mentioned more than once in our brief story of a full life, I leave with confidence the name and memory of the eleventh President of Maynooth College, Charles William Russell.

Most Rev. John MacHale

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

1791—1881.

THE last decade of the eighteenth century was full of remarkable events in Ireland, which occupied the thoughts of men whose names even then were conspicuous in Irish history, which they were fashioning, each in his own way, thereby producing consequences that have ever since been working for good and evil in our native land.

Although Catholic Emancipation was yet in the distant future, still public opinion, supported by Grattan, Flood, Lord Charlemont, and the Volunteers at the Convention of Dungannon, had forced the corrupt and prejudiced Parliament in College-Green to grant several important concessions, not the least of which was a certain measure of relief from the Penal Laws disgracing the Statute Book of the realm. By this measure Catholics were enabled to hold lands, to buy or sell them, to practise openly their religion, and to have Catholic schoolmasters, all of which liberties had been strictly denied them. True it was that many most unjust disabilities remained in full vigour, but it was something that the chains of persecution were at last being slackened, and that our people, notwithstanding much disappointment, ill-treatment, and discontent,

could rise a little from the depths of degradation to which they had been reduced by savage and iniquitous laws. It was certainly not the dawn, but it was the mysterious gleam sometimes seen, ere the darkness thickens for a space before the appearance of the real dayspring.

While great people were making history and intriguing in Dublin, humbler folk were busily enrolling themselves in various secret societies, which undermined the best qualities of our people; and Protestants and Catholics alike chafed under the odious restrictions placed upon Irish trade, and waxed indignant at the much needed parliamentary reform being checked by interested politicians at home and in London. As all these and many other events were absorbing attention, almost to the point of overlooking the red hydra of the French Revolution, then in full career, an apparently insignificant but very ordinary thing occurred on March 6th, 1791, in a remote mountain glen of the West of Ireland—the birth of a fifth son to a Mayo peasant family. In voluble, poetic Gaelic, relations and gossips pitied the parents for having an infant so frail and weak that the priest had to come at once to christen it at home. But there was some comfort in the thought that the child had been born on Quinquagesima Sunday, and did not everyone know that a boy who came into the world about or in the holy season of Lent was generally certain to become, in after life, a saintly priest of God? So Patrick MacHale, usually called Phadrig Mor from his great height, and his wife, Mary, could well hope that their feeble infant might grow up to be a credit to them and their family.

Little John struggled through the ailments of

a delicate infancy, being judiciously left out in the bracing mountain air, under the care of some juvenile member of the family — a practice common among the Irish peasantry, where elder brothers and sisters, scarcely beyond infancy, make kindly if somewhat rough nurses to the last baby, carried, as a rule, on the sturdy little shoulders of the willing attendant. It was remarked that as soon as the child could take notice, John was always attracted by the singing of the larks, the wild flowers, and the often glittering Lough Conn, lying amid the hills near his birthplace, Tubbernavine.

The MacHales were a most respectable peasant family in Co. Mayo; and John's father, Phadrig Mor, was decidedly what the Irish call "a warm man," possessing a good farm in the glen, and a comfortable farm house, with the usual intimation of "Entertainment for man and beast" on a small sign board which can still be found on roadside inns in many parts of the country. Besides these sources of income, Phadrig Mor, who by his sense of humour and his keen intelligence was an excellent specimen of the Irish peasant farmer of that period, also made a good profit by his purchase of linen still spun in every cottage, which he sold in the Linen Hall at Castlebar or in Dublin. This, indeed, was a long journey in days when railways were undreamt of, but Phadrig being of a bold and practical disposition, by means of his waggons and teams, readily transported to the distant Irish capital the bales of linen and yarn, the produce of spinning wheel and spindle, ever kept at work by active and industrious women in the beautiful if primitive districts of Mayo. Speaking English well, Phadrig MacHale would travel across the

island to Dublin, sell his bales, make his purchases of dye stuffs and other articles needed in the country, and being like most men of his class a keen politician, he would in such journeys gather much information respecting the agitated condition of Ireland and the Parliamentary struggles by which the great Irish orators of the day were striving to arrest the lamentable misgovernment of their country. Although there be no mention of it, perhaps Phadrig may have heard an occasional speech, and it is more than probable that in the animated streets of Dublin, then one of the most brilliant cities in Europe, MacHale may have seen Grattan, Curran, Flood, Fitzgibbon (afterwards Lord Clare), and other prominent members of the Irish House of Commons, walking or driving to the scene of their stormy debates in College Green. No doubt Phadrig Mor also beheld the Volunteers in picturesque uniform, whose delegates under Lord Charlemont were dreaming of effecting a reform of Parliamentary representation and other crying abuses; and he must often have been surrounded by the enthusiastic, laughter-loving unruly Dublin mobs loudly cheering their popular idols or groaning at those politicians whom they considered to be the enemies of Ireland. Newspapers were rare at that time, but Phadrig Mor had a good memory, and on his return home he would retail all he had heard and seen to his Irish-speaking neighbours, most of whom could neither read nor speak English. In the winter by the fireside of the large kitchen or in the summer in front of the half door of the inn, Phadrig MacHale would relate to his assembled friends and family what interested them quite as much if not more, than the old legendary and historical lore, which

was as familiar to our peasants as their fluent and beautiful Irish prayers. Meanwhile little John, thanks to his hardy upbringing, soon became a strong child of remarkably bright intelligence, who gradually commenced to understand something of the lively conversations of his elders, as well as to enjoy the national airs that were frequently sung of an evening. The next great delight was the learning of the English alphabet, which language Phadrig MacHale was determined his children should learn in spite of the disapproval of their grandmother, who in her old-fashioned way thought Irish alone would serve them in life quite as well as it had done herself. However, though the children learned English readily enough, yet it was an understood thing that Irish was ever to remain the home language, the language of the simple and affectionate daily life among the large circle of warm-hearted relations and friends. As soon as John knew his letters, he joined his brothers in their run across the fields to a regular hedge school in the neighbourhood, where in fine weather the children sat conning their lessons in a dry ditch under a hedge, or on wet days which were more numerous, they took shelter in a rough barn.

About this period there appeared in the Glen of Tubbernavine a brother of Phadrig Mor, Father Richard MacHale, who had with much difficulty succeeded in leaving France after beholding the horrors committed in Paris, culminating in the execution of the unfortunate King and Queen. John would listen in amazement to his uncle as he related his terrible experiences of the French Revolution to his friends, and as these passed from mouth to mouth throughout the country side, empha-

sising the continual denunciation which their parish priest (Father Conroy) was ever bestowing upon the wicked principles and evil spirit of this awful upheaval; the peasants in this remote western glen conceived a true idea of what was going on in France, and were not at all inclined to share the more extreme opinions of patriots like Napper Tandy, Wolfe Tone, and others who were desirous of assistance from that unholy quarter.

Meanwhile, the rebellion of 1798 had burst forth in Ireland, and even in the West thousands of the people were secretly enrolled in the ranks of United Irishmen,—although the country remained more or less apparently tranquil. Yet it is more than probable that the prevalent disaffection increased by wild and extravagant rumours of impending massacres, were all well known to the MacHale family, whose roadside inn was the rendezvous of the whole district. Everyone speaking Irish, and little English being known, it was easy for the people to say what they thought among themselves; moreover, the news of the atrocities being committed in other parts of Ireland must have soon penetrated into Mayo and Sligo, losing nothing in the recital, as they were spread among the emotional and excitable people, whose own lot in life was embittered by much injustice. But, on the landing of the French at Killala, while crowds of people with little or nothing to lose, flocked to welcome the invaders, the Catholic clergy with three exceptions, and the respectable farmers, Catholic and Protestant, refused to take any part in helping the foreign soldiers. On the contrary, the inhabitants of Tubbernavine and Crossmolina were thrown into the greatest state of alarm on

hearing that Killala and Ballina were already seized by General Humbert, who was preparing to march inland. Familiar with the old people's tales of the calamities inflicted by the Cromwellians, the people thought only of concealing themselves; the old and infirm seeking shelter in caves used by their forefathers in the bad Penal days, while the young people fled up Mount Nephin and other hills, to take refuge in recesses inaccessible to all but barefoot gossoons and colleens, active and sure of step as their own goats, sheep, and cattle precipitately driven into these natural strongholds.

Before the exodus began Patrick MacHale, in his own practical manner, caused every thing he had of any value to be buried in the earth, and while allowing his family to betake themselves to flight, he and his wife calmly remained to look after their homestead, keeping the little John, who, full of intense excitement, spent hours in a flax field on the look out for the French. Hidden inside a stacked sheaf of flax the little boy of six, intelligent beyond his years, sat motionless, as his keen, blue eyes detected the approach of the men who to him were the symbol of a godless and wicked land. Eagerly he gazed on the seven hundred low-sized, sallow men, who, in their blue uniforms, well worn already on the banks of the German Rhine, or in the plains of sunny Italy, marched along the road at no very great distance, surrounded by a mob of ignorant country people who were to pull the ammunition carts and two light four-pounders over the bad and steep roads. Almost breathless and absorbed in the strange spectacle, John MacHale watched the French climbing the mountain side and disappearing through the Pass of Windygap on the way to

Castlebar, whence soon came the unwonted sound of the guns, as the invaders drove back the British, most of whom speedily took part in "the race of Castlebar," first to Tuam, and then to Athlone—covering a distance of sixty-three miles in twenty-seven hours.

The people of Crossmolina and Tubbernavine returned home overjoyed at being spared the horrors of war, and John, who already was a great reader of all the few story books to be had at that period, having asked his father to tell him about the Cromwellian invasion, which everyone had been recalling, was so deeply impressed by what he heard and by what he had just witnessed himself, that he could no longer be satisfied with childish fairy tales, and according to his sister, he began to read the history of his own land.

John, even at that early age, in order to have the much-prized privilege of serving Mass, had carefully learnt all the Latin responses, and Father Conroy, who had baptised the child, seeing how great was his intelligence, readily accepted him as one of his acolytes. Just emerging from the utter darkness of persecution, the Catholic chapels were very different from the fine churches which are now seen everywhere in Ireland. The chapels, few and far between, were little better than mere barns, with earth-beaten floors and thatched roofs letting in the rain. The writer's father, who was born in Paris, and whose early years had been passed on the Continent, used to say how, on the return of his family to Ireland, accustomed as they were to stately foreign churches, they found it a strange experience to hear Mass on Sunday in a small and wretched edifice near a ruined abbey, on the low-

lying bank of a river, which, often overflowing, would penetrate into the poor chapel. On wet days umbrellas had to be opened for protection from the leaking roof, while the greater part of the congregation habitually heard Mass kneeling outside the open door. This state of things existed all over Ireland, and Father Conroy's chapel was no better than the rest. Here the worthy priest celebrated Mass, and preached eloquent Irish sermons, which were always remembered by his little acolyte, John MacHale, who possessed a wonderfully retentive memory.

During the winter after the surrender of the French in Longford, the mountain districts were well searched for concealed rebels by the British troops under General Trench, who burnt all the miserable cottages, leaving women and children exposed to the severity of the bad winter climate. Executions and other punishments were the order of the day, during which many a person who was well-known at Patrick MacHale's inn met with a violent end. This severe treatment of the greatly deluded people was rendered all the harder by the knowledge, that in the West had never occurred the disgraceful scenes that were only too common in the southern rebellion. As the Protestant Bishop Stock of Killala wrote, not a drop of blood had been spilt, except in the field of war, by the Connaught rebels, who left even the Protestant parsons unmolested. But yet worse was to happen. Father Conroy had not joined his parishioners in their flight from the French, and to prevent any injury being done to the village, he made the best of what could not be avoided, and politely received the French officers who entered his humble abode. It was well known that Father Conroy had no sympathy

whatever with the French revolution, whose evil deeds he ever denounced from the altar, warning his people against its spirit of infidelity and revolt. Like the generality of the clergy, he deplored the appearance of the Revolutionary troops on Irish soil, and beyond the enforced reception of the foreign officers much against his will, Father Conroy had carefully abstained from any encouragement of General Humbert. Some months had elapsed, and the country was now quiet, when suddenly the chief magistrate, Denis Browne, brother of Lord Sligo, had Father Conroy arrested on a charge of high treason, based on the unlucky visit paid him by the French officers. The priest was hurried before a court martial, sitting in the Castlebar Hotel, and after a summary trial, the innocent man was at once hanged on a tree, which is still shown to this day. His people who had flocked into the town ready to give their testimony of the well-known abstention of their priest from any connivance with the French, were not even noticed by the bitter and prejudiced Protestants on the court martial, and in the utmost grief they stood to see their beloved pastor mercilessly deprived of his life. Penal laws, though relaxed, had not been repealed, and it was still so called lawful to hang any Catholic priest in Ireland. The trumped up charge of treason was only a mere pretext to conceal the real animus that cost Father Conroy his life, namely the fact of his being an ecclesiastic of the much hated Catholic Church.

Unable to save Father Conroy from his violent death, the peasants however, carried away his body for burial in his own chapel, and as the sad procession came through the Pass of Windygap, it

was joined by an immense and sorrowing crowd from all parts of the country. When little John MacHale, then aged six years, came crying bitterly to kiss the hand that had baptised him, and to look in grief and terror at the silent form of his kind friend lying in the rough coffin, while the people sobbed and wailed aloud on all sides; the small insignificant boy, whom no one minded, received an impression so profound and indelible, that it influenced the whole of the long and eventful life that was to be his destiny.

Experiences so stern as these of his early boyhood, could not but produce a lasting effect upon the character and intellect so far above the average of the youthful John MacHale; and those who in after years spoke of the Archbishop of Tuam as a "firebrand," little imagined how or where was enkindled the fire of well-founded wrath and indignation at the many wrongs inflicted upon his dearly-loved native land.

Dr. MacHale's sister, who has given many details respecting her remarkable brother to his biographer, Mgr. O'Reilly, says that in order to learn as much as possible about Ireland, John, after spending his day at the hedge school, would frequently visit an old Irish scholar named Martin Callaghan. Naturally taking an interest in a lad of such intelligence and promise, the old man gladly instructed him in all his varied historical and legendary lore, as well as in the ancient Irish songs and ballads, of which he also possessed a profound knowledge.

Having at length learned all that was known by the hedge schoolmaster and the aged Irish scholar, John being destined for the priesthood, was sent by his father to a school in Castlebar,

where he was taught Latin, Greek, and English literature. Meanwhile he lodged with cousins near the town, and walked seven miles every Saturday to spend Sunday with his family who were beginning to be proud of his really remarkable and increasing abilities. The death of his mother when John was fourteen, was a profound sorrow, but he steadily continued his studies until his sixteenth year, when the Bishop of Killala, Dr. Dominic Bellew, gave him a bursarship in the College of Maynooth in 1807. The journey with a brother was made on horseback, and the youthful levite on his way to Dublin, we are informed, lost no opportunity of visiting any remarkable ruin or monument or scene connected with Irish history.

At Maynooth John MacHale applied himself to his severe course of study under the very learned professors who were teaching at the college. They were all more or less distinguished men, and among them were emigrant French priests who taught their pupils their own language very thoroughly. John having great talent for languages, soon acquired a perfect accent, and could express himself with much facility and elegance in the French tongue. He also learned German, Italian and Hebrew, and took much pains in the study of English classical writers. Though it has been said that he never attained a really good style, his writings in English being too ponderous; it must yet be observed that Dr. MacHale, like most men of genius, at least knew how to express his meaning with much force and clearness.

Seven years were spent in assiduous study, with the result that his knowledge of theology was so thorough, that while he was still a sub-

deacon he was appointed, in 1814, lecturer in that faculty, in order to assist the professor Dr. de la Hogue, under whom he had studied. At the age of twenty-four John MacHale received Holy Orders from Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, in his private chapel in Mountjoy-square, after which he returned to lecture in theology, obtaining much assistance and encouragement from his worthy French predecessor, to whose chair he succeeded in 1820. As a professor Dr. MacHale was greatly esteemed at Maynooth by the students who could appreciate his lectures, which, as one of them wrote later, were full of "bold and ennobling manliness of thought, an exquisite appropriateness of expression, with a memory well stored with interesting minutiæ of historical allusion; and with an imagination of the highest order, he possessed a true knowledge of the human heart, mild, Christian-like authority, steady inflexibility and belief in the character of the Irish."[1]

Earnest, zealous and sincere, Dr. MacHale strove to cultivate the same qualities in his pupils, to whom he always gave very practical advice about their duties and studies. We are told that at this period the youthful professor was above medium height, and of an athletic build. With very simple unassuming manners he combined a quiet dignity and reserved demeanour that inspired respect, while his attractive conversational powers obtained many admirers, among others the Duke of Leinster, who frequently invited him to Carton, where Dr. MacHale had many opportunities of meeting men capable of

[1] *Life of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam*, by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, vol. i., chap. vi.

appreciating his great intellect and fine character.[1] Yet, as a rule, Dr. MacHale avoided society as much as was compatible without giving offence. His mind and heart were devoted to far higher aims. The service of God and of his Church, the forming and instruction of his ecclesiastical students, the ardent desire of knowledge, amounting almost to a passion, the strong love of Ireland, with an equally firm determination to work for the welfare of his people, all required his whole time and attention, leaving very little leisure for social demands at Carton or any where else. Loving his family and friends in the far distant district of Tirawley, yet he would deny himself the pleasure of visiting them during the vacations so as to have more time to prepare his lectures and to acquire an accurate knowledge of many other subjects which would be useful in his career as an Apostolic worker. Nothing was too great nor too small for one in whom the Apostolic spirit was so deep, and while pursuing his professional duties at Maynooth he found time for the "Apostleship of the pen," which he

[1] Although he always preserved a stately and almost aristocratic bearing, Dr. MacHale became more portly in his later years. He had keen, rather deep-set, blue eyes, that could assume a benignant expression, especially with children of whom he never failed to take notice. His features were noble and massive, and they were stamped with great determination of character, though they could brighten wonderfully whenever he was pleased or amused in the course of conversation. His smile was decidedly very pleasant; like most Irishmen, he could appreciate a joke or witticism, having, moreover, the faculty of drawing out people, and of being a good listener, which is a rarer quality than is imagined. In his episcopal robes and mitre, Dr. MacHale's commanding form, so full of innate dignity, inspired all who beheld him with reverence and admiration. One could not but feel he was what he seemed to be, a distinguished prelate of the most venerable and, indeed, the only true hierarchy on earth, that of the Catholic Church under the Vicar of Christ.

was to carry on for the rest of his long and eventful life.

Dr. MacHale commenced his literary labours by a series of very remarkable letters signed "Hierophilus," attacking with much force and sarcasm the established Church which was foisted upon a Catholic country by its Protestant rulers. We are told that Daniel O'Connell was so impressed by the undoubted talent and argumentative powers displayed in these letters that he soon found out their author, and became his fast friend and ally in after life. It is said however, that Dr. MacHale, though he knew his personality, had been discovered, never expressly acknowledged himself as "Hierophilus," being far "above vanity and self-seeking in doing service to God and his country with his pen."[1]

In 1825 there came a great change in the career of Dr. MacHale, who, from a professorship at Maynooth, was raised to the episcopacy by Leo XII, as Bishop of Maronia *in partibus*, and was appointed coadjutor to Dr. Waldron, Bishop of Killala, the diocese in which Dr. MacHale had been born and spent his childhood and early youth. He was consecrated in the College Chapel in June by Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Oliver Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam, and Dr. Nicholas, Bishop of Achonry. The Maynooth students expressed their gratification at the honour thus paid to their Professor in Theology by the gift of a silver cup, while in the crowd present at the solemn and stately ceremonial of a Bishop's consecration, were two of Dr. MacHale's old French Professors, overjoyed at the promotion of their former pupil. The new Bishop soon arrived in Tirawley,

[1] *Life* by Mgr. O'Reilly, vol. i., chap. vii.

where he was warmly received by Dr. Waldron, his priests and the people. There, in the midst of the well-known mountains, lakes and valleys of his native district, Dr. MacHale commenced an episcopate that was to last for fifty-six years. At that time the prelates of Ireland and their clergy were exceedingly poor, and Dr. Waldron being no exception to the general rule, it was settled that his coadjutor should live with him at Ballina, and receive the modest stipend attached to the parish of Crossmolina, which should be provided with an administrator.

What rendered Dr. MacHale's new position more interesting was the fact that since the era of Queen Elizabeth, he was the first Irish prelate who had not been obliged to seek education in the seminaries of Spain, France, or Rome. He had never even left his native land; he understood thoroughly the nature of the Irish people, he could sympathise completely with them in their poor and laborious lives, their fewer joys but many sorrows; and he could well appreciate the matchless fidelity and the simple piety that made of their holy religion the very breath of their existence, to be maintained in the face of oppression and persecution. Dr. MacHale at Maynooth had not forgotten the Irish language of his home, and owing to his mastery of the ancient Gaelic tongue, he was enabled to carry on with much facility his Apostolic labours among the western peasantry.

As Leo XII had proclaimed a Jubilee for 1825, Dr. MacHale lost no time in setting to work, and the summer and autumn months were spent in the visitation of the diocese, the administration of Confirmation, in preaching fine sermons both in Irish and English, and in

taking a full share of the work performed by his clergy. During the ten days' mission given in each parish for the Jubilee, Dr. MacHale, aided by fifteen priests, spent long days hearing the confessions of crowds who came great distances across the mountains, without any food. Thus nine months passed in this active life on the mission, during which the zealous Bishop gained the affection of his flock, who, including the children, always spoke to and of him as "Father John." To others he might be the Bishop; to them he was a much-loved father. So crowded were the poor and small chapels that frequently Dr. MacHale preached in the open air, in order that all might hear the sermons. In 1826 Dr. MacHale took the second step against the Protestants by openly joining Dr. Doyle, who as J. K. L., attacked the Proselytising Society at Kildare-street, Dublin, to which the English Government was most unjustly giving its countenance. In the Killala diocese Dr. MacHale knew that the Bible readers were busily employed propagating their false statements concerning the Catholic religion, and they were still further supported by the Protestant prelate of Tuam, Dr. Trench, in a charge to his own people at Killala. Dr. MacHale instantly made his protest at "the wanton and intemperate aggression" on the part of a man who during the famine of 1821 had joined the Catholic Archbishop, Oliver Kelly, in showing such charity to the starving peasants, as to win their heartfelt gratitude[1] as

[1] When the famine was over, and once more the crops ripened over the country, the peasants, to testify their gratitude to Dr. Trench, assembled to carry in his crops and his turf, refusing all payment or food from their benefactor, who was deeply affected by this mark of their esteem.

well as the admiration of Dr. MacHale who however, did not hesitate to reprove him severely when misguided enough to encourage the proselytising party.

Dr. MacHale went to Dublin in 1826 to attend the annual meeting of the Bishops, and he also appeared at Maynooth before the Commission appointed by Parliament to inquire into the condition of education in Ireland. In reply to questions concerning the chapels in the West, Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam, stated there were 106 wretched edifices all thatched with the exception of sixteen which were slated, and that in many places Mass was celebrated in the open air. Dr. MacHale confirmed this statement in a memorial to the Holy See, in which he observed that all the old Catholic churches had been destroyed or turned into Protestant places of worship, while those erected by the Catholics were "mere cabins." He also described how by means of personal application, or by begging letters, he had contrived to collect enough money to erect just the outer walls of the new Gothic Cathedral at Ballina, which was still unfinished for want of funds.

As soon as Dr. MacHale returned from Maynooth he spent his vacation in his father's house at Tubbernavine, and during this period he was occupied in revising his excellent theological manual *On the Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church.* He published this book in 1828, and as there were very few English Catholic works of this description it became popular, and was even translated into German, a language already rich in theological works.

By the account of one of Dr. MacHale's sisters it appears that he was always a devoted son to

the old peasant father, riding often twelve miles to see him in the "Wayside Inn." He was also very kind to the rest of his large family, taking interest in the children, and after the recital of the Rosary at night he used to make one of them read aloud in Irish, which indeed was the only language spoken at home. Dr. MacHale in his walks often revisited the Fenian's Well and other well remembered spots on Mount Nephin, as well as ancient ruins and monuments to be found in the district of Tirawley, and which were of course most interesting to a Gaelic scholar learned in the history and legends of his native land. Later on in life Dr. MacHale actually made his sister teach him enough music to enable him to play the national airs on both piano and harp. The country people knowing the Bishop's love of Irish songs and ballads would often bring their best singers to Tubbernavine of a summer's evening to sing for him as he sat with his old father outside the house door.

Catholic Emancipation was now the burning question of the day, and Dr. MacHale took a prominent part in encouraging and aiding Daniel O'Connell in the struggle for liberty of conscience. In his ably-written account of Dr. MacHale's career, the late Mr. Oliver Burke wrote that, "he denounced in unmeasured terms the severities of the penal code, which had affixed the stamp of inferiority on their brows. In the agitation of 1826 his spirit was, so to speak, omnipresent; he spoke to the people in secret and in public, by night and by day, on the altar steps and on the mountain side, on the highways, and in places of public resort, calling up the memories of the past, denouncing the wrongs of the present, and promising imperish-

able rewards to those who should die in their struggle for the faith. He called on the Government to remember how the Union was carried by Mr. Pitt on the distinct assurance and implied promise that Catholic Emancipation, which had been denied by the Irish Parliament, should be granted by the Parliament of the Empire." [1] A famine having followed a partial failure in the harvest of 1830, Dr. MacHale in the spring of the ensuing year wrote a letter to the Premier, Earl Grey, describing the condition of the people and the distress caused by starvation and fever. In a second and sterner letter, he again enumerated the many crying abuses of the country, such as the ruin of the linen trade; the vestry cess for upkeep of Protestant churches and tithes to Protestant clergy, which the Catholics were forced to pay as well as their Protestant countrymen; the exorbitant rents to mostly absentee landlords; and the iniquitous manner in which the peasantry could only buy at usurious charges, seed corn and seed potatoes from landlords and agents. Finding that Earl Grey, absorbed in passing his Reform Bill, either could not or would not pay any attention to his appeals, Dr. MacHale, for the first time in his life, went to London with gentlemen from Co. Mayo. But they might as well have remained at home, for Lord Grey only gave them hollow and meaningless assurances. Having resumed his duties at Killala Dr. MacHale wrote two more letters warning the Ministers that the consequence of their apathy would be very serious. "All through his life Dr. MacHale never accused nor condemned the English people, whom he said

[1] *History of the Catholic Archbishops of Tuam*, by Oliver Burke, Barrister-at-Law.

were generous, but only the Government for its insensibility to the wrongs of Ireland, by creating thereby among the peasants a sullen indignant hatred, and a spirit of political cabal unknown to their more simple-minded and better-to-do predecessors." [1]

The Bishop, having been unwell, was now recommended a complete change of air. He therefore took advantage of the opportunity thus presented to visit Rome, where some business matters connected with the diocese could be laid before the Holy See.

But he first sent Lord Grey another letter telling him that the famine "was a famine in the midst of plenty, the oats being exported to pay rents, tithes, etc., and that the English people were actually sending back in charity what had grown originally on Irish soil *plus* freightage and insurance." On his way through London the Bishop witnessed the coronation of William IV in Westminster Abbey, and during his absence of sixteen months he wrote very able letters on all he saw in the course of his wanderings in France, Switzerland, Italy, and part of Austria, which were published in Dublin by the *Freeman's Journal*, and were eagerly read throughout Ireland. While in Rome the Bishop preached in two churches, the Gesu e Maria in the Corso, and St. Isidore, belonging to Irish Franciscans, and his excellent sermons, translated into Italian, were much admired, especially those on the Reprobation of the Jews, and the Panegyric of St. Patrick, delivered on the Feast of the Irish Apostle.

Yet in the midst of surroundings appealing to

[1] *Life*, by Mgr. O'Reilly, vol. i., chap. x.

his heart as a Catholic prelate, and to his mind as a learned scholar, the Irish prelate did not forget the woes of his countrymen ; from Rome he sent to Lord Grey another protest against the unjust tithes and cess and proselytism which was being again set on foot among the poor people. Pope Gregory XVI, in his final audience in August, presented to the coadjutor Bishop a gold chalice, which is now in the Cathedral at Tuam. On the long journey home by vetturino and diligence, Dr. MacHale, we are told, " collected information about the condition of the agricultural populations, and the working of various social institutions, treasuring up knowledge as a means for enlightening public opinion in Great Britain, or even as a weapon to use in the long battle before him in favour of justice." [1]

Again, occupied at Ballina with his episcopal duties, Dr. MacHale saw with sorrow that although the harvest was again scanty and cholera was prevalent, the abuses which he so fruitlessly pointed out to Government were going on unchecked ; and now arose the vexed topic of the National Schools to add still further fuel to the dissensions of Ireland. Dr. MacHale had full reason to fear that in the Bill for Irish National Education, as originally framed, a new attempt was being made by means of education to weaken the faith of Irish children, and to implant into their youthful minds that baneful spirit of religious indifference and scepticism which had produced the upas tree of the French Revolution. From his own uncle and from his French professors at Maynooth, who had to fly for their lives, Dr. MacHale, in his youth, must often have

[1] O'Reilly's *Life*, vol. i., chap. xiii.

heard of the awful effects of the godless teaching of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other infidels of the eighteenth century, which alas, since their day has never once ceased its deadly influence for evil, and is still deluding souls by destroying their belief in God. To Dr. MacHale the project of the National schools meant the insidious edge of the wedge, and in the year 1833 he expressed his strong disapproval of the Bill, and commenced his campaign against it.

Many of the other Irish bishops, clergy, and laymen, not possessing Dr. MacHale's intuitive perception of danger, saw in the Bill merely an advance on the part of the Government towards enabling the people to secure the education which had been denied them by the Penal Laws. They were of opinion that if necessary amendments were made, such as the appointment of Catholic teachers, the giving to the bishops and parish clergy, as pastors of the schools, the right of entrance and inspection, the regular setting apart of hours for religious instruction by the priests or those nominated by them, as well as very careful supervision of the books to be supplied—that with such precautions the schools would prove useful in their way, at least until a better and more perfect system of purely denominational education could be devised.

Dr. Oliver Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam, having died at Albano, in the Papal States, was followed into the next world, a month and two days later, by Dr. Waldron—so that Dr. MacHale became Bishop of Killala. Having given up his parish of Crossmolina, he conferred it on the administrator, Father Barrett, which afterwards occasioned him much trouble and annoyance. In June the clergy of the archdiocese selected three

candidates for the vacant Archbishopric, one of whom was Dr. MacHale, to the intense vexation of the English Government, who felt that in such a prominent position, the fearless stern champion of Ireland would be able more than ever to oppose effectually the shifty, callous, and unjust policy that was considered good enough for the Irish people. As usual the Holy See was approached by unavowed but very real agents of Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, "to try and get the Pope not to appoint any agitating prelate Archbishop of Tuam;"[1] besides another application that "His Holiness would not appoint MacHale to the vacant see—anybody but him."

Gregory XVI said dryly that the British Government had always been applying to him whenever any valuable preferment was vacant in Ireland; and he showed his opinion of the underhand intrigues of the English Ministers by promoting Dr. MacHale to Tuam. Unfortunately, in the commotion of leaving Killala, Dr. MacHale forgot to have from Rome the confirmation of Father Barrett's nomination to the parish of Crossmolina, an omission productive of much pain and injury both to the new Archbishop and his friend.

Taking leave of his old father, who humbly knelt for the blessing of his distinguished son, Dr. MacHale, in a carriage presented to him by the Killala clergy and people, drove the whole way to Tuam. Crowds of people followed him to the Bridge of Pontoon, over a small ravine, where Lough Cullen falls into Lough Conn, on the border of the two dioceses. Here were the

[1] Lord Palmerston's Letter to his brother, Ashlin's Life.

Castlebar and Tuam clergy and people, headed by the Vicar Capitular, Dr. Nolan, who, standing on the bridge, holding up a crucifix, said gravely, "In hoc signo vinces," words nearly akin to those on the escutcheon of County Mayo, "Salvation from the Cross."

Dr. MacHale, in the midst of a sudden and profound silence, rose and kissed the sacred emblem; then blessing his former flock, and saying a few farewell words in Irish, he drove away over the bridge into his new diocese. Twenty thousand people braved the bad weather to meet their new Archbishop at some distance from Tuam, which he reached on October 21st, 1834, the second day after his departure from Mayo. The old chapel was the scene of his enthronement, the Cathedral not yet being completed, and in the evening a banquet was given to the prelate, who in his speech spoke strongly against the tithes, the unjust payment of which was then rousing the ire of the half-famished Catholic peasants, and he avowed his intention to protect the poor to his dying day.

The next morning the new Metropolitan commenced his duties by the ordination of levites to the priesthood; a fitting begining to an Archiepiscopal reign of forty-seven years. He also continued his letters to the English Government, writing to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in forcible terms against the Protestant Irish Church establishment, and in the epistle to Peel, the Archbishop remarked that he had leased a farm, to qualify himself for the franchise, but that he would never "pay tithes to the parsons, a tribe who have scourged the people with a whip of scorpions." The "Tithe War," often causing riots and bloodshed, continued from 1830 till

1838, when the tithes, much reduced, were transferred from the down-trodden Catholic peasants to the landlords; but this effected little relief, as, according to P. W. Joyce, "the landlords added the tithes to the rent."[1] The General Elections and its grossly corrupt practices, together with the scanty harvest of the preceding year, augmented the discord and distress prevailing in Ireland, especially in Munster and Connaught. The Archbishop in his first pastoral issued May 6th, 1835, firmly denounced the barefaced bribery and other abuses of the elections. Finding that a private letter to the Premier, Lord John Russell, on the serious scarcity produced no effect, Dr. MacHale wrote the first of his series of open letters to the Government which were henceforth published in the newspapers, and often enough harassed the Ministers into much disliked activity in Irish affairs.[2]

[1] During the disturbances—often ending in bloodshed—during the resistance to the payment of unjust tithes, there were occasionally somewhat ludicrous incidents. For instance, old Mr. Martin Blake, of Ballyglunin, an eccentric Galway gentleman of large property, who in 1841 was elected M.P. for the Citie of the Tribes, was a sturdy opponent of the tithe system. When the dragoons were sent to aid the officers of the law in distraining for payment, Mr. Blake, having received previous warning, removed all his valuables and chattels, with the exception of a fine mare left grazing in the fields. The troopers were told to seize the animal; but no sooner did they come within reach of her than she at once commenced kicking and biting with such a vengeance as to rout the troops and to remain in possession of her liberty, to the great glee of the country people, who were all aware that the mare was an irreclaimably vicious brute that could never be controlled by anyone.

[2] It was both a new and a disagreeable experience for the British Ministers to hear such bold and unvarnished truths from John of Tuam, a member of the once downtrodden and despised Catholic episcopacy in Ireland. So cowed were our ecclesiastics by systematic persecution that the aged Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, in forwarding a letter from one of his priests to a Dublin

In the autumn of 1835 Dr. MacHale went to Achill, then a stronghold of the Protestant proselytisers, to see what could be done to arrest the mischief they were doing. He sent the Franciscan Monks of the Third Order thither, and increased the number of priests; and when Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London, attacked him in defence of the Bible readers, Dr. MacHale retorted that "there were not fifty Protestants in 860 parishes in the country, and the Achill Mission was another of the Protestant failures and frauds, and that a poor Catholic curate on £30 a year had more influence with the people than the wealthy Primate of All Ireland." [1]

The three first years of Dr. MacHale's episcopate were much troubled by the unhappy state of affairs in his former diocese of Killala, partly produced by an error of judgment on his part in recommending to the clergy the name of Dr. O'Finan as his successor in the See. The Archbishop had met Dr. O'Finan in Italy, and had been charmed by the great piety, learning, and exquisite manners of the Dominican friar, a native of Ballina, who had been in Portugal, and had been Prior of St. Clement's, in Rome. He was also confessor of the Grand Duchess of Lucca, having been seven years at her court, in contact with some of the most learned and remarkable men in Europe. His last office, when chosen bishop, was that of companion to the General of the Dominicans, a very important post in Rome, where Dr. O'Finan was really a valuable member of his great Order,

Castle official, apologised for his being styled "My Lord" by his reverend correspondent, stating that he (Dr. Troy) never used such a title.—See *Life of Dr. Doyle* (Fitzpatrick), vol. i.

[1] *Life of Dr. MacHale* (Mgr. B. O'Reilly), vol. i., chap. xix.

quite in his proper sphere, and beloved and admired by his friends. Dr. MacHale considered such a man could not fail to become a distinguished Irish bishop, forgetting that, with the exception of a few years spent in the seminary at Waterford, Dr. O'Finan, from the age of twenty, had lived on the Continent in the most civilised society in the world. Consequently he was quite out of touch with the primitive conditions of life then prevailing in the remote districts of Ireland; and so little did he comprehend this, that during the seven months he remained in Rome after his consecration, he was making plans for the establishment of a university as well as for the establishment of a chapter and canons in the Ballina Cathedral, in spite of the very decidedly expressed discouragement of the Propaganda. However, he persisted in commencing the latter project, by naming as his Dean Mr. Lyons, a litigious ecclesiastic of violent and quarrelsome temper. This clergyman acquired such a baneful influence over Dr. O'Finan that he had barely arrived at Ballina, before Father Lyons had him at loggerheads not only with his clergy, but with the suffragan bishops, and his patron and superior Dr. MacHale whom he would not even visit. Matters went from bad to worse, until after a lawsuit for libel against a local newspaper gained by Dr. O'Finan, the Archbishop appealed to Propaganda to put an end to all these scandalous disputes. Dr. O'Finan was accordingly recalled to Rome, and the much distracted diocese was administered for some time by the Archbishop of Dublin. What affected Dr. MacHale greatly in these troubles was the fact, that by his oversight in not obtaining from Rome the confirmation of his last appointment

as Bishop of Killala, his old friend Fr. Barrett was deprived of the parish of Crossmolina. Altogether it was a most disagreeable and painful episode in the life of the Archbishop of Tuam, lasting from 1835 to 1837.

On the 18th August, 1837, Dr. MacHale had the great satisfaction of solemnly dedicating the Cathedral of Tuam, founded by his predecessor, Dr. Oliver Kelly. Prelates, clergy, and laity, including among the latter Protestants as well as Catholics, attended the ceremony, and the distinguished preacher, Father Peter Kenney, of the Society of Jesus, delivered the sermon usual on such occasions.

In his private life the Archbishop was never known to waste time, which is the secret of success with men of genius who are overwhelmed by multifarious occupations, which they accomplish with a celerity and thoroughness astonishing to ordinary people. Every morning saw Dr. MacHale at an early hour in the Cathedral saying his Mass, before and after which he would hear confessions, chiefly those of his much loved poor. Study, prayer, business, and correspondence divided the day with the exception of an hour's exercise on foot or on horseback. Being most hospitable, particularly to his clergy, he often had guests to dinner, and occasionally there would be music in the evening. Rosary and night prayers with his household were then recited, and the well filled day would be concluded with a perusal of the newspapers, followed by the life of a saint and points of the meditation for the next morning. Dr. MacHale attended regularly to the affairs of his See, and he never omitted the periodical visitation of his very extensive Archdiocese.

He usually accepted the hospitality of the parish priests, when engaged in administering Confirmation, seldom visiting the local gentry. However, exceptions were made in favour of certain dear personal friends, among whom was Sir Michael Dillon Bellew, of Mount Bellew, who was very intimate with Dr. MacHale's valued friend Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Bellew, as he then was, assisted the latter considerably in his agitation for Emancipation; and on one occasion the Archbishop and the Liberator together paid a visit to Mount Bellew where they were welcomed by its owner, surrounded by his family and the neighbouring peasants, who came in crowds to see Daniel O'Connell. Whenever Dr. MacHale administered Confirmation, or required a short period of rest, he spent two or three days at Mount Bellew, where in the evening he would converse for hours with his friend on the most interesting and learned subjects. With the simplicity distinctive of a noble mind, the Archbishop used to talk to the numerous children of his host about their story books and childish pleasures, telling them anecdotes of his own youthful days in his father's cottage, while the gay band of children were quite at their ease with the "glorious Lord" as one little child innocently called him, to his amusement. Many long years after when one of these children, then a Jesuit Father, came as a dying man for a little change of air to the old home of his boyhood, Archbishop MacHale drove the whole way from Tuam solely to see, and to cheer the holy priest whom he had known and loved as one of his little friends so long ago.

A very special trait of this holy prelate was his love for the poor, which was most intense, and

although he was pestered every day by the idle Tuam beggars, he never showed impatience at their persistent attentions, but constantly sent for twenty shillings worth of pence to be distributed as he walked home after his early Mass. The beggars would then encamp for the rest of the day on the archiepiscopal door-steps, in readiness to escort him a little way on his walks. When it rained they took shelter under a tree in front of the house known as "the Beggar's Bush," wrote Dr. MacHale's sister.

His Grace was an excellent and most patient confessor, and whenever he made a visitation of the diocese, the very poorest of the country folks would be seen thronging the sacristy or the altar-rails, which at that time was often the place of hearing confessions, confessional boxes being almost unknown; and popular opinion not being particularly precise as to whether anything could be overheard—indeed it was considered rather a wholesome humiliation by the pious and unsophisticated western peasantry. In this way four or five hours would be spent, and then the children were examined by the Archbishop before Confirmation. He published for their use a catechism in Irish, which language, writes Mgr. O'Reilly, Dr. MacHale ever maintained was that of religion for his people, though he thought that English should also be learnt for civil and commercial purposes. Every Sunday the Archbishop preached an Irish sermon in his cathedral besides those delivered during his visitations to the country people, who of course all knew Irish, though occasionally in some remote district they found the language very fine, but not as easily understood as their own special dialect of Gaelic. All his life Dr. MacHale strenuously advocated

the keeping up of the old language which, as the nineteenth century advanced, was in danger of being forgotten except in out of the way corners of Ireland. On his journeys he usually conversed in Irish with his chaplain, and he never addressed the Tuam poor in any other tongue.

To his clergy the Archbishop ever showed the most affectionate consideration; his intense respect for the sacerdotal dignity rendered him slow in reprimand or criticism, though on matters of faith and principle he was inflexible. In matters of opinion, we are told, he was tolerant, always granting to others the liberty he claimed for himself, never treating any one as a foe, and never showing resentment or coldness to any antagonist, lay or clerical.[1]

Although Dr. MacHale entertained very strong views as to proper relief of the poor and the education of children, he ever condemned the Poor Law and National Schools devised for Ireland by the Government. To the Home Secretary (Lord John Russell) he wrote in February, 1838: "Your Poor Law and your Education Board will be in turn institutions well worthy of each other, the one pressing on the country the flood of its Scotch faith, and the other filling it with the abundance of its English charity until the national feeling is completely drenched under the influence of the exotic mixture." In a second letter he observed: "I am quite satisfied with the ancient and simple faith once delivered to the saints, and I am resolved never to entrust the religious education of any child in my diocese to any teacher, Protestant or Catholic, whose faith shall be fashioned by such

[1] *Life*, by Mgr. O'Reilly, vol. i., chap. xxii.

lectures as were and may still be delivered in the normal schools of national education."

Though Dr. MacHale wrote to Daniel O'Connell that he liked "religion to be as free as air which is the only true liberality," still he was ever on the alert for the thin edge of the wedge in the shape of non-religious, colourless teaching, in which God and dogma were to be quietly ignored. He who in his youth had heard so much from eyewitnesses of the godless education that produced the French Revolution, and effected such incalculable mischief, could not fail to raise the alarm when what appeared to be an insidious danger, threatened Ireland in the guise of National Schools and Queen's Colleges. To his last day Dr. MacHale distrusted both, and it was greatly due to his energetic remonstrances and opposition that amendments were eventually obtained by which the National Schools and books were freely opened to the inspection and supervision of the bishops and clergy as patrons, and also a Catholic lay manager appointed for each school. Though many of the bishops in their anxiety to secure some measure of education for their ignorant people, thought it better to allow the National Schools to be established in their dioceses, hoping to be able by the vigilance of their clergy to counteract the objectionable features of the new system; they agreed to have a meeting in Dublin in February, 1840, but their amendments were refused by the Lord Lieutenant. This disappointment naturally strengthened Dr. MacHale's opposition to the whole scheme of national and mixed education. He caused every National School in his diocese to be closed by the end of the year, and set about founding his own schools which were entrusted to the Christian

Brothers and Franciscan monks for the boys, and to Sisters of Mercy and Presentation nuns for the girls. But as there were not unlimited means, these religious schools were necessarily restricted in number, so that at a later period when the amendments were conceded, the National Schools were again opened. "This burning topic," remarks Mgr. O'Reilly, "produced great misunderstandings, and Dr. MacHale was deemed unreasonable and violent by many even of his own creed. Both sides appealed to Rome, and were desired by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, who approved of the supervision of books and schools by the priests, to refrain from controversies on the subject, lest the honour of religion, their own character or Christian charity should thereby be injured to the disedification of the people." [1]

The next subject that attracted all the sympathies of the Archbishop was the repeal of the Union advocated by his friend Daniel O'Connell, who, in August, 1840, held a great meeting in Tuam. His Grace was of course present, and spoke strongly in favour of Repeal. At another meeting, held three years later at Clifden, he gave his reasons for the measure in the following words:—"When I consider all these inveterate evils, when I see the poor literally starving in a land teeming with the gifts of nature, when I see our peasants in rags, and the flocks which cover plain and hill side; when I see their children denied the means of the free education to which they are entitled; and when from the books given to them must be expunged all record of the noble deeds and glorious past of their forefathers, all mention of the atrocities of their oppressors, and

[1] O'Reilly's *Life*, vol. i., chap. xxii.

of the heroism of the Irish clergy, I yearn for a domestic legislature as the only means of giving back to Ireland commercial and agricultural prosperity, a national literature, the intellectual fame and religious freedom of by-gone days." And Mgr. O'Reilly, in speaking of the friendship and sympathy ever shown by Dr. MacHale to O'Connell, says:—"There is no record of Dr. MacHale ever having approved, much less counselled, these enormous assemblages as demonstrations in any way intended to overawe the Government or to endanger public peace. He was for a thorough and universal organisation of Irishmen in a movement for obtaining by legal and peaceful agitation the restoration of Ireland's legislative independence. To keep aloof from all merely political parties or party interests, and to persist through the ballot box, and the united votes in Parliament of an independent Irish party, to force the Imperial Legislature to do justice to Ireland—such was Dr. MacHale's conception of the movement. As for Home Rule and Federation, he used to say he had not studied sufficiently these theories, it being enough for him to remain faithful to his great purpose of getting back Ireland's native Parliament."[1]

At the end of the year 1840, the Archbishop took great part in the election of Parliamentary members for Mayo and Galway, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the return for Mayo of his nominees, Messrs. Blake of Ballinafad, and Dillon Brown (Repealers); while in Galway, Messrs. Bodkin, of Kilclooney, and Martin, of Ballinahinch, were returned for the county greatly through the influence which he exercised. In

[1] *Life*, vol. i, chap. xxvi.

1841 Dr. MacHale published a translation into Irish verse, of a good number of Moore's celebrated Irish Melodies, which greatly flattered the poet. It was only the few leisure hours of well-occupied days that the Archbishop could devote to his works in the Irish language, which, besides the catechism, a manual of devotion and Moore's Melodies, also included a translation of the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, and Homer's *Iliad*, as well as a fine Irish rendering of the magnificent Latin hymns, "Dies Iræ" and the "Stabat Mater," All these excited the admiration of Celtic scholars who could appreciate the beauty of Dr. MacHale's classical Gaelic. As he wrote in his preface to his translation of the first canto of the *Iliad*, "There was no European tongue better adapted than ours (Irish) to a full or perfect version of Homer. It is true that in radical structure the Irish bears a stronger resemblance to the Hebrew than to the Greek tongue; but in the happy flexibility of the latter to the most varied and harmonious combinations, there is such an analogy between it and the Irish language as to render one the fullest medium for the transfusion of the other."

The Charitable Bequests Bill, which has been productive of many lawsuits owing to its animus against donations to religious orders, was denounced by Dr. MacHale, who was supported by Pope Gregory XVI and Propaganda in his well-grounded opposition.[1] The establishment of the Queen's Colleges was also vehemently opposed by Dr. MacHale, who informed the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, "that nothing but separate

[1] This Act has been since amended and, as I am informed by a high authority, in its present form it has been of considerable use to Catholic charities and the Catholic poor.

grants for separate education will ever give satisfaction to the Catholics of Ireland," and at a meeting held in Dublin in 1845, the Irish episcopacy condemned these colleges which were said to be instituted for the higher class, or academical education of students of every denomination, while at the same time they cast aside with cynical indifference all matters pertaining to faith and morals. The amendments proposed in a memorial by the Bishops to neutralize the evil tendencies of the Bill were left unheeded, but Dr. MacHale did not fail to show up the scheme in its true light to Sir Robert Peel, telling him that "coupled with your repudiation of the resolutions and memorial of the bishops, it is only a fresh attempt similar to that of the charter schools to bribe Catholic youth into an abandonment of their religion."

The next calamity that was to fall upon Ireland was the great famine of 1846-47. This terrible scourge had been preceded by a lesser one in 1842, during which Dr. MacHale warned the Government in forcible terms of the unhappy condition of the country, and commented severely upon the fact of the workhouses being closed at the very time they were most needed; observing that while thousands had been spent upon the salaries of Poor Law Officials, "in many instances not one particle has reached the poor of the most distressed localities. Other bad institutions require time for their development; the Poor Law system is realising its unhappy fruits before its full maturity."

But it was like a voice crying unheeded in the wilderness; the Government gave little aid, although Dr. MacHale reaped some benefit from his letter as usual published in the newspapers,

since it brought him liberal donations from Lords Stourton and Petre, and other generous people, all of which he distributed through the clergy of the Archdiocese.

In 1845 occurred the sudden blight of the potatoes, which at that period formed the staple food of the Irish. We, of the present generation, who have driven for miles throughout a land where cattle, sheep, pigs, and wild birds are the only living animals to be seen, cannot realise how dense was the population of Ireland before the Great Famine. To peasants who had to export corn and cattle to England in order to pay their rents and tithes, the failure of the potato crop meant starvation. Already straitened by the slighter famine of 1842, the people pawned all they possessed to re-crop their lands. The public Press and the meeting of the Dublin Corporation under O'Connell, took care that the Ministers of the Crown should have full notice of the coming evil, and O'Connell, besides his denunciation of the export of Irish oats to England at so critical a moment, made valuable and practical suggestions of relief, and advised the Government to give provisions, not money in wages, and to make some exertions to avert, or at least to palliate the famine. The Liberator, at the meeting of the Irish nobility, gentry, and clergy, generously proposed to stop his course of agitation for repeal, so that the government might be unhampered in the work of relieving the Irish people. But it was all useless. Sir Robert Peel would do nothing, and as we see by Dr. MacHale's Lenten Pastoral of 1846, the awful visitation was surely approaching in which more than a million of men, women, and children were to perish of hunger and fever. The writer,

in childhood often listened to relatives, who, living at this period, could relate the horrors of the Great Famine, when people died like flies on the roadside, or were found dead in their miserable hovels. When in the pangs of starvation, as Dr. MacHale sternly told Lord John Russell, the people would consume "a wretched turnip, far more scanty, but not more seasoned, by any other aliment than what was given in England and Ireland to the beasts of the field."

Through the entire distressful period, Dr. MacHale's powerful pen was not left inert. A series of letters were written to Lord John Russell, and subsequently published in book form, in which the Archbishop never ceased his denunciation of utterly useless relief works, which were expended on high-roads, instead of on the erection of quays and piers on the coasts to develop the fisheries. He also reproached the Government for its supineness and absurdity in telling "a people to supply themselves with food when food is gone." Meanwhile, if the Ministers did not fulfil their duty, the cry of the starving Irish was not left unheeded, and donations poured in upon the sadly afflicted people "from all parts of the United Kingdom—Europe, Canada, the United States, Australia and India."[1] The English Quakers were particularly helpful, sending over cargoes of food, which were distributed by some of the gentry, who set up kitchens in their own houses for the relief of their poor neighbours, while Dr. MacHale and his clergy gave all they possessed. The Archbishop kept his household hard at work "baking bread and making soup," wrote his sister, "and a hard task it was to

[1] *Life*, O'Reilly.

deal it out, so fearfully eager were the poor creatures to get a share." Children in the town kept crying "a penny for bread," and when the Archbishop drove out, it was to relieve these children, and those too weak to travel into town, and many a hungry creature and starving family was relieved by him during these fatherly excursions. Besides the onerous duties of his position as prelate, Dr. MacHale personally undertook the enormous task of acknowledging all the donations sent to him, "accounting for every penny received and disbursed, prompt in distribution, verifying all petitions for relief."[1] By the end of 1847, the ruin of the country was completed, including alike landlords and tenants. In his able sketch of Dr. MacHale's life, Mr. Oliver Burke, who was a witness of the terrible sufferings of the Irish, wrote: "Consequent on the famine, came the ruin of multitudes, trade was paralysed, the Bankruptcy Court was unable to accomplish its end, so was the Court of Chancery. A new Court was created for the sale of encumbered estates, rents were unpaid, and no institutions, save the poorhouse and the emigrant ship, were thriving.[2]

The death of O'Connell, 1847, deeply affected the Archbishop, who, on the receipt of the sad news, spent hours in prayer and solitude, and he afterwards ordered a requiem in his diocese for his beloved friend, whose demise he knew would fatally injure the cause of Repeal. This political question involved Dr. MacHale in a disagreeable correspondence with the Earl of Shrewsbury, who like other English Catholics, resented the agitation for Repeal of the Union. Ireland was also

[1] *Life*, vol. i., chap. xxxi,
[2] *Lives of the Archbishops of Tuam*, Oliver Burke.

in a most disturbed condition owing to ruthless evictions and agrarian murders, while the "Young Ireland Party" in 1848, disdaining to follow O'Connell's system of constitutional agitation, added to the general confusion by an abortive insurrection under William Smith O'Brien—an attempt that lodged in jail many men of considerable abilities; brought some under the shadow of the gallows, which they only escaped by flight or transportation; and deprived Ireland of a band of enthusiastic patriots who could have done much for their country had they only taken the wise advice of Dr. MacHale. His Grace, with sorrow, beheld the bitter dissensions in the ranks of the Repealers, and he condemned severely the Young Irelanders for their adoption of mixed education, which would have opened the road to scepticism and immorality.

The Government, endeavouring by intrigue at Rome, to befog the real purpose of the Queen's Colleges, already condemned by the Pope, Dr. MacHale, in April of 1848, travelled to the Eternal City to place the important matter in its true aspect before Pius IX and Propaganda. The summer and autumn months were occupied in this affair by the Archbishop, and the Propaganda confirmed the decision made during the previous year on the subject, and reminded the Irish bishops of the necessity of concord. Though Dr. Murray, of Dublin, and some other bishops, were in favour of the Queen's Colleges with the amendments tardily granted by Sir Robert Peel, still, there is no doubt Dr. MacHale inflicted a blow from which this educational system never recovered. The Archbishop also gained his object in preventing the establishment of regular diplo-

matic relations between England and Rome, about the wisdom of which action on his part, there has been naturally much divergence of opinion. He was able to leave Rome by the last coach, going to Civita Vecchia on the eve of the revolution, when the Premier Rossi was murdered, and Pius IX fled in disguise from Rome.

On his return to his diocese Dr. MacHale found that emigration had set in strongly, and as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote in his *Four Years of Irish History*: "Those who could escape were flying from the country by every port. If the evil could not be arrested, the Irish race might disappear from the island." Meanwhile, in the southern and western provinces famine, fever, and evictions were still carrying on their fell work. During January, 1849, the Archbishop held a Provincial Synod at Tuam, when the decrees against the Queen's Colleges were read, and the establishment of an Irish Catholic University was proposed. In April the *Freeman's Journal* published a letter wherein Dr. MacHale described a case he had recently seen of a poor person dying on the highway like so many others, and while blaming Parliament for callous lack of humanity in assisting the people, the prelate, with his wonderful insight into cause and effect, complained of "the absorption of Irish means into that wasteful and unreturning gulf (the Imperial Exchequer) which causes the continual drain that is so fatal to the prosperity and to the lives of the Irish people." Thus, long before the recent question of the over-taxation of Ireland did "John of Tuam," as he was now called, point out the evil that has hampered Ireland since the Union. The universal distress having increased

by midsummer, the Archbishop, says Mgr. O'Reilly, "addressed an open letter to the Queen, telling her of the awful misery caused by famine, cholera, and fever; the abuses concerning the distribution of relief, and pointing out the bad faith and callousness of Lord John Russell and the Ministers." The Government taking no heed of this letter, when the Queen came to Ireland during the summer of 1849, Dr. MacHale wished his observations to be inserted in the address of the Hierarchy, but as Dr. Murray was aware that such an address would never reach the Queen, he prudently insisted on another, omitting all political allusions, but forcibly mentioning the terrible sufferings of the poor.

The Synod of Thurles was held in great state and pomp in 1850, under the presidency of Dr. Cullen, then Archbishop of Armagh. In this assembly of bishops, those who were in favour of the Queen's Colleges, with their amendments, presented a memorial to the Holy See on their behalf, as well as their views upon the foundation of a Catholic University, though the Archbishop of Tuam strongly protested against any countenance of a mixed system of education already condemned by the Pope. On the question of education and the relations of the Catholic clergy with the Government, observes Mgr. O'Reilly, there existed a wide and life-long antagonism between Dr. Murray and Dr. MacHale.[1]

The recrudescence of "No Popery" aroused by the re-establishment of the English Catholic Hierarchy in 1851, having induced the Govern-

[1] *Life*, vol. ii., chap. vii.

ment to pass the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, inflicting penalties on any Catholic prelate assuming the title of his See, Dr. MacHale, with his usual indomitable spirit, wrote several letters on this subject to Lord John Russell, all boldly signed "John, Archbishop of Tuam." His intrepidity so startled the Ministers that they considered it better policy to attempt no prosecution, and to allow the Act to remain henceforth a dead letter.

The Catholic Defence Association arose both in England and Ireland, and during a visit to London Dr. MacHale had the satisfaction of seeing £1,100 given to the Committee for the Irish Catholic University, a project that was much countenanced by the English Catholics.

The Bible-readers and Gospellers profiting by the prevalent distress in the West, now increased their efforts to pervert the people, and those who succumbed to their persuasions were called "Jumpers" from their pretence of becoming Protestants to get the food and money offered by the Bible-readers, who, in their turn, were nicknamed "Soupers" from the soup they distributed in order to enforce their erroneous teaching. Hearing that this energetic proselytism was rampant in Dr. MacHale's diocese, Propaganda made an inquiry. The Archbishop, however, informed Cardinal Fransoni that the reports were exaggerated, and that in fifty parishes there were only two having perverts, led astray by promises of food and money, who were now repenting of their sin. He also wrote letters to the Government complaining of the attempts made to undermine the faith of the people, and of the false statistics given by the sectarians of their numerous converts in Mayo and Galway. In one of these epistles he told Lord John Russell

that the Gospellers were "lying impostors, roving knaves, who would never root Catholicity out of Ireland." A Papal Brief arrived October, 1852, in which Pius IX impressed upon the Archbishop the importance of resisting these attempts and of sparing no effort in the defence of his people.

The Pope also advised that missions should be given, a yearly retreat provided for the clergy, as well as more schools to which the people should contribute their support. The Holy Father, like his predecessor, Gregory XVI, on another occasion, reminded Dr. MacHale of the necessity of prudence, and he observed that a letter of his to the English Minister, which had been published in *Galignani's Messenger*, was written "in a tone which lacks moderation." Dr. MacHale replied that everything was being done to check proselytism, and he defended the paucity of National Schools by his disapproval of mixed education. But although he would prefer "purely Catholic schools, he did not indiscriminately forbid the introduction of the others, merely admonishing his priests to watch over them. All the recommendations of His Holiness would be carried out, and collections made for new schools and missions." [1] Mgr. O'Reilly observes that these charges were frequently reiterated, even by Catholics, to the end of the Archbishop's life, but it certainly must be acknowledged that as far as the schools were concerned there were grounds for complaint. The Archbishop's well known dislike of the National Schools kept numbers aloof from them, and as it was impossible to have monastic and conventual schools in every direction, this did afford an opening to the

[1] *Life*, vol. ii., chap. xv.

proselytisers, who infested Dr. MacHale's diocese, and took advantage of the prevalent ignorance of the peasantry, especially in remote and lonely districts in the Connemara mountains, where, as well as in the island of Achill, they had their orphanages for children from every part of Ireland.

Dr. MacHale strongly approved of the movement in favour of Tenant-right begun by two poor curates of the diocese of Ossory in 1850. Soon there arose the Irish Tenant League, the first of those favourite associations in Ireland for the amendment and reform of the Land Laws, which Dr. MacHale wrote to a son of Daniel O'Connell was "the assertion of the primitive right of man to enjoy in security and peace the fruit of his industry and labour." A conference held in the Rotunda was attended by men of every creed, the Presbyterians and many Protestants having joined the Archbishop of Tuam in his views of "fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rent." The next step was to secure at the coming General Elections the return of members who would advocate the ends of the League for tenant-right, which Lord Palmerston asserted would be landlord's wrong. Accordingly, Dr. MacHale spared no efforts for the return of his friend, George Henry Moore for Mayo, and Sir Thomas Burke of Marble Hill, and Captain Bellew of Mount Bellew for Galway. He was successful, and forty or fifty Catholic members were elected, pledged to support their religion against hostile legislation and oppression.

This halcyon state of things did not last very long, and great was the disappointment of Dr. MacHale, and greater the uproar of the Irish people when, in defiance of their solemn pledge to take no office under Government, Keogh

became Solicitor-General, and Sadleir, Junior Lord at the Treasury. Dr. Cullen, now Archbishop of Dublin and Apostolic Delegate in Ireland, with some other bishops did not, however, share Dr. MacHale's opinion of Keogh and Sadleir, and in no time, according to A. M. Sullivan in *New Ireland* "an open war raged between the sections of the clergy and the people who ranged themselves under the banner of Dr. MacHale or of Dr. Cullen. The latter maintained a severe silence." With respect to this serious difference, Mgr. O'Reilly is of opinion that "it was Dr. Cullen's misfortune to have lived his life-time abroad, and that he had never studied the mechanism of great political parties under such constitutions as that of England, and had never mixed in elections. But Dr. MacHale stood like a breakwater between the Irish and the waves of bitterness which the Apostolic Delegate's influence caused to flow in upon them from Rome, misinformed and deceived."

In less poetic language, Dr. Cullen knew very well what he was about in preventing a schism and a revolution, in which Dr. MacHale, aware of the impending danger, had to support his whilom friend, from whom he was now completely estranged, chiefly upon the question of the Irish Catholic University. During the assembly of the Episcopate, (1854), in Rome, for the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Cardinal Fransoni being extremely ill was represented at Propaganda by the Secretary of that Congregation, Mgr. Barnabo, who, unfortunately, was rough and disagreeable in his manners. The Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, the Archbishop's nephew, says that at meetings held concerning the Irish University,

and in order to effect a reconciliation between the Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam, the Secretary "only made matters worse; and, not being a bishop, he lectured the prelates, and laid down principles which the Archbishop (MacHale) could not sanction; he cried out that it was the privilege and duty of the Pope alone to lecture the bishops, thus arousing the anger of Barnabo, and from that day the enmity of Mgr. Barnabo, soon afterwards created Cardinal and Prefect of Propaganda, against the Archbishop of Tuam, was boundless."

A more pleasing incident at this period was Dr. MacHale's presentation to the Pope of his fine Irish verses upon the Immaculate Conception, which he read to the Cardinals, though only the wonderful linguist Cardinal Mezzofanti could understand and appreciate the poem. The controversy upon the Catholic University, and other matters becoming more acute, both prelates appealed by letter to the Holy See, when the Pope ordered Dr. MacHale to give an answer at once to Dr. Cullen's complaints. The Archbishop of Tuam only partially answered His Holiness, and departed suddenly from Rome on the pretext that the political state of Ireland required his presence, whereas it could very well have borne a delay in order that peace might be made between the two archbishops. From Tuam Dr. MacHale wrote a second letter to the Pope, denying Dr. Cullen's charges against him, and giving His Holiness a long account of Irish politics. By his precipitate departure Dr. MacHale certainly injured his own case at Rome, and while not positively denying his attack on Dr. Cullen before Propaganda, he repeated in his letter to Pius IX an unsubmissive remark concerning interference

in his diocese by Dr. Cullen, who, as Apostolic-Delegate, directly represented the Pope in Ireland.

The conclusion of this letter on political and religious matters seems to have been written to divert attention from the unhappily real charge of intemperate language in defence of his opinions. *Humanum est errare* we must remember, and although Mgr. O'Reilly asserts that Dr. MacHale always *meant* more than he said, in this unfortunate instance, we must reluctantly conclude that his Grace *said* more than he really meant in the heat of discussion on the burning topic of the management of the Catholic University and other matters at issue between him and Dr. Cullen.

With regard to Dr. MacHale's persistent antagonism to the English Government, and his unceasing efforts to obtain justice for Ireland, it must be acknowledged that an Irish prelate like Dr. Cullen, who was educated and lived a long time abroad, could not readily grasp the idea of Dr. MacHale and Daniel O'Connell, that there could possibly be a constitutional revolution set in motion by means of constitutional methods. On the Continent revolution spelt only disorder, uproar, and revolt against all powers, spiritual and temporal; hence "Castle bishops" (as Mgr. O'Reilly dubbed Drs. Murray and Cullen) could not go the lengths ventured by Dr. MacHale, whose genius projecting itself into futurity could gauge the ultimate consequences of present action with a clearness and boldness of conception and thought only to be found in minds like his. The misfortune really lay in the fact that he was quite in advance of his time, and that he did not possess that *suaviter in modo* which is invaluable to leaders of men and public opinion. He thus

startled or offended others who were not gifted with his clear perception of how things ought to be. In his eagerness to reform abuses, to put down injustice, and to secure the welfare of Ireland, Dr. MacHale was so uncompromising, and often impetuous, that he made many bitter enemies, who certainly did not spare him. In Rome Cardinal Barnabo declared that Dr. MacHale was an Irishman of twice-dyed colours—a good man who ever insisted on getting his own way. This excessive inflexibility of purpose, insufficiently tempered by prudence, explains the more or less stormy career of his Grace of Tuam.

Respecting the Irish Catholic University in Dublin, Dr. MacHale had been foremost among the Irish bishops advocating the project, but he considered that its management and control should be entrusted to the entire Irish Hierarchy. Dr. Cullen, in view of the inevitable delays, the varying opinions and objections that could not fail to arise among twenty-eight prelates, residing in different parts of the island, was of the decided opinion that the government of the University should be in the hands of the four Archbishops, the Apostolic Delegate having the casting vote. Moreover, it should be solely the office of the Rector to present the names of the professors he considered the most suitable for appointment by the Governing Committee instead of requiring the assent of the entire Episcopacy.

Concerning these points, Dr. Cullen was in the right, though Dr. MacHale persisted that they were injurious to the welfare of the University. Being also of opinion that rector and professors should all be Irishmen, he opposed the nomination as rector of the celebrated English scholar, Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Newman. During his

tenure of office Dr. Newman on various occasions wrote to the Archbishop of Tuam, who, while not having any personal prejudice against him, still bitterly resented the action of those who appointed him rector, and refused to place the University under the control of all the bishops.

After a few years, being grieved and discouraged by the utter want of concord among his superiors, Dr. Newman resigned his difficult and ungrateful task, and returned to England, where his worth was better appreciated. Mgr. O'Reilly excuses Dr. MacHale by saying that "his dissentiment was founded on solid reasons and objections dictated by conscience." Doubtless the Archbishop honestly thought so; but it is quite evident that his views were mistaken, and this, combined with differences of opinion on the part of the Irish Episcopacy, eventually ruined a University which otherwise might have still been doing good work in the cause of religion and science.

Dr. MacHale attributed the presence of secret societies in Ireland to the conduct of the Government, and he wrote to a priest in America that there were no Fenians nor Young Men's Society in his diocese, and that he thought if citizens "were not forbidden to assume the legitimate attitude, and to speak the language of constitutional freedom in remonstrance against oppression, there would be no secret societies." Mgr. O'Reilly writes "that as secret societies and agrarian outrages were unknown in his diocese, the Archbishop did not deem it his duty to interfere in any way with men outside of his diocese and province.[1] When needful the Archbishop never failed to

[1] Page 545, vol. ii.

condemn revolutionary principles and tendencies, or to denounce secret conspiracies for righting wrong, when open, legal agitation and constitutional combination could alone advance the popular cause."

Having written and spoken so much on the injustice of the Irish Church establishment, with its multifarious abuses respecting tithes and dues, which so long weighed heavily upon the Catholics of Ireland, Dr. MacHale naturally hailed with very legitimate satisfaction the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Bill of disestablishment, by which sectarian ministers should henceforth be supported by the members of their own flocks.

The Archbishop of Tuam, though now an old man, obeyed the summons of Pius IX to attend the Vatican Council in 1869, where close upon nine hundred bishops assembled to define the dogma of Papal Infallibility. With Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans; Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris; Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry; and some German and American prelates, Dr. MacHale thought that the favourable moment had not come for an immediate definition, and in the Council he spoke and voted against its promulgation. But once the dogma had been confirmed by the majority, Dr. MacHale instantly submitted his judgment to that of the Holy See; and when he once more stood in the pulpit of his own cathedral, he declared the dogma of Infallibility "to be true Catholic doctrine, which he believed as he believed in the *Apostles' Creed*." His public profession, thus uttered, raised still more the profound estimation felt for John of Tuam by all who admired his genius and his great virtues. Two years later, at the age of eighty-one, Dr. MacHale

published his translation of the eighth book of Homer, as well as a new edition of his Irish version of *Moore's Melodies*, with their English words, which were eagerly bought by the public.

Having by his absence from home missed the visit of the well known Scotchman, Professor Blackie, in answer to the Professor's inquiry respecting the decay of the Celtic tongue in Ireland, Dr. MacHale wrote: "Your countrymen possess Gaelic books, as well as retain the Gaelic tongue. Ours retain the latter in spite of penal enactments under which the former disappeared. When you reflect that under every form, whether written or oral the Irish language was banned under the severest penalties and all Irish Catholic teachers doomed as felons to transportation, you will not be surprised that the Irish youth could not then read or write their own language. Nay, I well recollect when at hedge schools some unfortunate urchins were whipped by cruel teachers for the great crime of speaking Irish at home to their own parents who could speak no other language—the parents being the informers, by cutting a notch in a small piece of wood which the boy carried in attestation of the cruel efforts to extinguish the Irish language. You can no longer be surprised that we have no Irish printed books, nor would we have even the language, but that tyranny itself cannot succeed in interdicting all oral communications.

"The knowledge of Irish, as a learned and written language, having been thus extinguished, English was substituted and encouraged, and its schools frequented by the children of the native Irish, as well as by those of the English settlers. Outside the schools the language was still Irish

when conversing with the people. Your Gaelic has never been banned in any hostile manner. Whereas our Irish being interdicted and persecuted to the death, there were not, I understand, more than two founts of clumsy Irish type in all Ireland; now you can find several of elegant forms."

The famous Galway election petition was tried this year, 1875, before Judge Keogh, and among the crowd of witnesses examined was the aged Archbishop. "It was" writes Mr. Oliver Burke, "a memorable display, and one of the most glorious incidents in his Grace's career after so long a life, a life that had exercised an influence on public affairs, it was a proud thing for the venerable man to be able to say in reply to an insolent taunt that he had never, either directly or indirectly, asked a public favour for himself or for any one, even the most remotely connected with him. Well can we say that the man who could make such a boast was proudly consistent in his principles and his politics through every event and every vicissitude."[1] The 8th of June was another proud moment in the Archbishop's life, for it was the golden jubilee of his Episcopal consecration by Dr. Murray. Numerous were the addresses and congratulations. At the solemn High Mass in the Cathedral were over 200 priests and crowds of the laity, among whom was the Lord Mayor of Dublin and some Members of Parliament. A marble statue of the Archbishop presented by his clergy was unveiled as it stood before the chief portal of the Cathedral; the words "Grata Connacia" being engraved upon the pedestal. This was, observes Mgr. O'Reilly,

[1] *Lives of Archbishops of Tuam.*

the first Episcopal jubilee celebrated in our country since the Reformation.

August found Dr. MacHale in Dublin attending the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of his ever lamented friend, Daniel O'Connell, with whom he had ever been in the vanguard of those who struggled and laboured for Ireland's welfare.

Not long after his jubilee Dr. HacHale applied to Rome for a coadjutor, requesting that his nephew, the Rev. Thomas MacHale, might have the nomination. He was already assisting his uncle in the diocesan business, and shared the same views on politics. The first and the second application were both refused, as the Pope and Propaganda considered that the Archbishop was still strong enough for his work. Moreover, not intending that the Rev. Thomas MacHale should ever succeed his illustrious relative, this excuse was also put forward to avoid giving what would be a painful refusal to Dr. MacHale. When his Grace at length wrote to Cardinal Franchi, that if his selection was not worthy enough he would be glad of an answer so as to choose some one else as coadjutor, Propaganda replied that three names might be chosen by the clergy of the archdiocese, and forwarded to Rome when the Pope would then assign one of the three as coadjutor.

This did not satisfy Dr. MacHale, who, being estranged from the Bishop of Galway, feared he might be one of the names chosen, since he knew that Dr. MacEvilly had a strong party of supporters among the Tuam diocesan clergy. Accordingly, the Archbishop made no answer to Propaganda until Cardinal Franchi very courteously but firmly wrote that the Holy Father ordered that the convocation of the clergy should take place. Though as a last

resource Dr. MacHale endeavoured to obtain Cardinal Cullen's interest in favour of his nephew, his Eminence replied that unless he were consulted by Propaganda any interference on his part was impossible. At the convocation in the Cathedral of Tuam, although Dr. MacHale advised his clergy not to choose a bishop but one of themselves as coadjutor, sixteen voted for Dr. MacEvilly, and twelve for Father MacHale.

It was a sore disappointment to the Archbishop, but with his usual tenacity of purpose, when Cardinal Franchi visited Dublin in 1876 his Grace journeyed thither, and in interviews and by letter refused his consent to the election of Dr. MacEvilly. He then despatched his nephew to Rome, where he did all in his power to secure another coadjutor more pleasing to his uncle. At last an arrangement was made that although Dr. MacEvilly's election must stand, yet that it should not be published nor take effect till Dr. MacHale's death.

This plan would have answered well enough, were it not that owing to advanced age the Archbishop was no longer able to exercise the same control in diocesan affairs, and that various exaggerated complaints were being made in Rome concerning proselytism, the insufficiency of clergy, and the disedifying conduct of some ecclesiastics.

Propaganda decided, in 1877, that Dr. MacEvilly's election should forthwith take effect, and Pius IX, with great consideration, sent this decision by the hand of the celebrated Dominican preacher, Father Burke, a warm personal friend of the Archbishop, who, in the kindest manner, endeavoured to convince the aged prelate that further opposition to Dr. MacEvilly would be useless. Dr. MacHale still hoping to gain his

wish again appealed to the authorities in Rome, who not wishing to press the old man too much decided that the Coadjutor should remain in Galway, but would have the administration of the diocese of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, unless the Archbishop should decide to avail himself of his services in Tuam. The accession of Leo XIII and the selection of Cardinal Simeoni as Prefect of Propaganda, produced another phase of the discussion, the new Pope enjoining the immediate employment of the Coadjutor. On Dr. MacHale's repeated objection Leo XIII sent the Archbishop of Armagh to induce obedience to the Papal order, and to examine and report on the state of the diocese. Dr. M'Gettigan sent a favorable report of the Tuam diocese, and observed that its Archbishop was still "in enjoyment of bodily vigour and possessed a wonderful energy of soul, and was quite able to fulfil all his episcopal duties."

Still unconvinced, Leo XIII, through Cardinal Simeoni, informed Dr. MacHale that his Coadjutor must go to Tuam. At length seeing that further resistance was worse than useless against the iron will and master mind of Leo XIII, Dr. MacHale submitted to the order of the Holy See, and he was never heard, says Mgr. O'Reilly, to utter a word against charity, or respect due to the Pope, and he never displayed any trace of resentment at his discomfiture. In that he certainly showed greatness of soul and Christian wisdom.

At the age of eighty-nine Dr. MacHale, still erect in bearing, unveiled in Dublin, August 1879, a statue erected to the memory of his friend Sir John Grey, Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. On this occasion he made his last public speech with the same energy of former years, fearlessly

warning his hearers that "Immoral and illegal combinations, disowned by right reason and reprobated by religion, cannot be enlisted in the service of our country. They would be auxiliaries entirely unsuited to so sacred a cause as the social regeneration of Catholic Ireland." Notwithstanding the weight of years Dr. MacHale still observed the rigorous Lenten fast of his early years though it had to be mitigated for a considerable number of his flock who no longer possessed the constitution that enabled their grandparents to fast forty days on fish at one meal. As long as it was possible the venerable prelate adhered to his usual routine of life, made the visitations of his diocese, and would preach in Irish in the cathedral, his last sermon being in April, 1881, after his Sunday Mass. Towards the end of his life, as Mr. Burke writes, "the infirmities of old age had pressed heavily upon his once iron frame; but the spirit was bright within him to the last; and at times his genius would flash forth with more than its earthly splendour as if a ray from the brighter world had fallen upon him, as he stood on that borderland that separates time from eternity."

The end came somewhat suddenly. On the 26th of October, we are told, that when the Archbishop was out driving an old woman cried out to him, "Ah, before many days you and I shall be in God's heaven." That night the aged prelate's strength gave way, and a doctor was sent for, but his medical aid was of no avail. Dr. MacHale devoutly received the last sacraments, and in the night of November 4th, the feast of the great Cardinal Archbishop, St. Charles Borromeo, John of Tuam, whom the Irish people called "the Lion of the tribe of Juda," quietly expired, sur-

rounded by his relatives, priests, and household. From Tuesday to Sunday the beggars prayed all day beside the coffin of their beloved benefactor, lying in the dining-room, now turned into a temporary chapel. Here numerous Masses were offered, and the people came in crowds to testify their respect and sorrow. On Sunday the priests carried the remains of the dead prelate into the Cathedral, where they lay in state till Tuesday. On that day, after the solemn requiem, attended by the Archbishop of Armagh, and many others of the Hierarchy, the worn-out frame of "John of Tuam" was laid to rest within the walls of the Cathedral, where for almost fifty years he had exercised with true and simple devotion his august functions as priest and prelate in the midst of his people.

His life, which, as the *Freeman's Journal* wrote, had been the history of Ireland for the greater part of the nineteenth century, had certainly been very eventful since those far off days in the lowly cottage, in the midst of the Mayo hills. "The Light of the West," as O'Connell called his friend, ever strove for the rights, both spiritual and temporal, of his native land. Many of the reforms and advantages it now enjoys were more or less originated by the powerful mind of the great Archbishop, who never ceased in his strenuous efforts for the well-being of Ireland and its people. With his countrymen John of Tuam shared many an hour of intense misery which he ever strove to mitigate by pen, word, and deed. He lived to see the dawn of more prosperous days for the race he loved so well. Though he sometimes made errors of judgment in the stress of warfare on behalf of what he considered to be common justice, still he was without doubt one of the most

remarkable men of genius born in our country. Rugged and stern, like his own mountains, he bore unflinchingly the brunt of the storms raised by his opponents, who resented the lash of his powerful pen, and who winced at the forcible language which he used in the pitiless disclosure of their real aims.

To the cause of religion and of Ireland, which were dearest to his heart, this celebrated Archbishop of Tuam devoted a lifetime, prolonged within ten years of a century, and his name must ever be remembered in the chequered history of Ireland as that of one of the most illustrious of her sons.

Father Robert Haly

OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

1796—1882.

THE following sketch does not pretend to describe the career of a great or even externally a distinguished man: Father Haly was more typical than extraordinary—typical of the best traditions and the highest virtues of the Irish priesthood. But, as from the year of the restoration of the Jesuit Order he was in many ways identified with its fortunes in Ireland, and as he undoubtedly did a great work for the country in founding and carrying on for half a century the system of parochial missions to the people, it can be hardly out of place to include his name, while it is still fresh in our memory, among those of great Irish churchmen of the nineteenth century.

It is to the writer a labour of love to compile a simple record of the life and character of a departed friend; but he found after enquiry that the existing materials for the little sketch were so scanty that it would have been quite impossible to carry out the project had it not been for the co-operation of the Rev. William Ronan, S.J., for many years Father Haly's devoted helpmate in the missions and other spheres of work, who kindly wrote down many details and recollections concerning his dear colleague and superior, in order to place them at our disposal.

There is also an interesting autobiographical paper written in Father Haly's old age and when his sight was failing, at the request of the late Father Carbery, which supplies many particulars of his early life and especially of his school-days. It is of considerable length and is not without great use for our purpose. But it is characteristic of the writer that he says comparatively little about himself or his family : the paper is very largely taken up with the reminiscences of Stonyhurst and his schoolfellows there. No doubt he intended to continue it, but with his return to Ireland after taking his vows, that is, at the point when the document would have become most attractive to Irish readers, it suddenly comes to an end. However we may be grateful for the information it conveys : certainly but for it we should know very little on the subject of Father Haly's childhood and youth.

Robert Haly, who was born at the end of the eighteenth century, was the son of James Haly, a man of more than respectable position in the city of Cork, being connected with several families of high and even noble rank ;[1] and of his wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Flynn. James Haly was engaged in the sale, and to some extent

[1] It was stated by "J. R." (James Rock, the well-known author of "Essays by an Octogenarian," chiefly reprinted from the *Dublin Review*) in the *Southern Reporter* (Feb. 9, 1852) that the Haly family had possessed an eminent position in the city and county of Cork for centuries ; and that they included in their marriage connexions Lords Dunraven and Lansdowne, as well as many other distinguished families. The celebrated Crimean General, Sir de Lacy Evans, was among those connected by marriage with the family, with several of whose members he was on terms of intimacy. Mr. James Haly's own brother, John, received the honour of knighthood for his eminence in the medical profession.

the publication of books : but possesing a certain amount of classical learning, he turned it to account by keeping a school, thus providing instruction for boys who were going on for the Church or otherwise required a Latin education at a time when seminaries and colleges were almost unknown in the land. He had six sons, three of them younger than Robert, who held honourable positions at home and abroad. A nephew, Mr. Frank B. Haly, entered the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was subsequently promoted to the position of Stipendiary Magistrate, which he held with much credit. He was married to Miss Anne Thunder of Lagore, Co. Dublin, and to both of them Father Haly was particularly devoted in his later life, and kept up with them a constant correspondence, which has survived, and is all the more acceptable as there is a dearth of letters in other directions—which is the more unaccountable as Father Haly, though leading (as we shall see) a very busy life, was undoubtedly fond of letter writing and full of the most tender affection for all the members of a large family.

Of one of the younger brothers, John, who lived in the West Indies, an incident is recorded on direct evidence,[1] which must be related here, as it illustrates the unselfish and deep-seated goodness of the Haly family. Hearing that an Irish soldier was under sentence of death for striking an officer on parade, and that he could not have the ministrations of a Catholic priest to prepare him for execution, because none was on the island, and the nearest island was some

[1] Father Nicholas Walsh, S.J., who received the story from Father Robert's lips, has told it at some length in *A few Irish Diamonds* (C.T.S. of Ireland). He says the soldier was a Kilkenny man, named Corcoran.

four hundred miles distant, Mr. Haly at once chartered and manned a sailing vessel on his own account to fetch the priest for the condemned Irishman, who received his timely aid with the deepest faith and gratitude.

Mr. James Haly had three daughters, of whom one became a nun at New Hall, Essex ; a second married a wealthy banker, and after his death established as a memorial to him the home now existing at Hackney for gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, known as "St. Scholastica's Retreat ;" a third, Eliza, was married to an Indian merchant named Barry, and had a large family. Father Robert was much attached to this sister, and corresponded with her regularly. After an absence of nearly half a century, Mrs. Barry returned to Ireland, in the year 1860. Naturally one of her first acts was to visit her brother—the Jesuit, who was then her nearest relative and who was at the time Rector of the College in Galway. He happened to be travelling, as was frequently the case, and came from Dublin in the same train with his sister. They thus met for the first time, but neither knew the other ! Shortly after his arrival in Galway, a note came to say that Mrs. Barry was at the Station Hotel, and hoped to have a visit from her brother. Afterwards he remarked to one of his Community that he would never have known her, she was so old and changed, "and yet," he added, "she is very like my mother."

Of that mother we can say little except that she was remarkable for sweetness of disposition and love of the poor. This particular virtue was characteristic of the Jesuit who no doubt inherited it from his mother ; it continued to increase in him with advancing years. Elizabeth

Haly was indeed a model of the Christian wife and mother, and after her duty to God her first care was that peace and happiness should rule in her house. Each of her children she regarded less as a possession of her own than as a sacred trust for which she was accountable to God, and hence she was the last to refuse when she was called upon to renounce to some extent her right and title to one who was the idol of the family. But this is to anticipate the course of events.

Robert who was born on April 11th, 1796, was baptised in the Franciscan Chapel, Broad-lane, Cork, as we know by tradition, for the font was pointed out with pride in later years by the Provincial of the Franciscan Order to Father Edmund Hogan, S.J., his cousin and namesake.

In his reminiscences, Robert remarks that his recollections went back more or less to the year 1800. "I remember the dusky appearance of the streets of Cork, with its oil lamps, few and far between in the winter. There used to be never-ending fights between the foreign hireling soldiers and the natives. The apple-women, vendors of stockings, *et hoc genus omne*, invariably spoke out, and many was the squabble between themselves, independently of the military, who in the day walked the streets *armed*. At the Assizes there were sure to be one, two, or more poor fellows hanged at 'Gallows Green,' not to speak of those condemned to the stocks, the pillory, or to be flogged from North to South jail, a distance I suppose of more than half a mile. I once witnessed a poor unfortunate fellow flogged, the drummer applying the lash and the officer walking by his side, and I never wish to behold such a sight again. The rabble used often to amuse themselves by pelting mud or rotten eggs at those

in the stocks or pillory." The writer goes on to describe the dress of the period : he remarks that even then shoes and knee-breeches were falling into disuse, as also "the ridiculous fashon of having the hair at the poll formed into a pig-tail tied with black silk ribbon. . . . Gentlemen, however, wore hair-powder up to the year 1814 (how much longer I cannot say). The high-priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, never appeared at the altar without being heavily powdered." After a few more similar remarks, he tells us the following incident, which throws some light on the medical art of the period.

"When I was a child, about seven or eight years of age perhaps, scrofula appeared on my neck and right leg and thigh. The family physician was treating me for it, but our old nurse Crow, who was very fond of us all, thought that the doctor was not curing me fast enough. Without saying a word to my parents, she took me off to a forge, where the smith was a friend of her own, who must have been in the habit of curing scrofula patients. He took a red hot iron held it at a convenient distance from each of the parts affected till each sore was completely dried up. From that day to this, I never had to deal with a doctor again for scrofula ! "

He gives many details of his early education at various day-schools, first with a lady called "Granny Duggan," a respectable pious Catholic ; next a Mr. Mulcahy whom he praises as humane and benevolent, "he administered the rod certainly, but with justice and moderation ;" and lastly a Capt. Walsh, "a good classical scholar, but the mischief for severity." Besides the "cat," which he employed unsparingly, he used the thumb-nails, which he allowed to grow

an unusual length, probably as an instrument of punishment. Imprisonment till lamplight in winter was one of his usual punishments; when condemning a culprit the sentence was "To Botany Bay" or "Lamplight is your hour."

Later he fell under the lash of a private tutor named Bellew, brother of Stephen Bellew who figures in the Prout Papers. Robert's younger brother, Frank, was being operated on by him one day and screamed so loud that a servant rushed in to rescue him "from the clutches of the tutor, whom he did not spare in any way." A complaint was lodged to the father of the boys, who proceeded gravely to write out an apology for the servant to deliver, with a promise never to interfere with the tutor again. "Why, faix!" was the reply "I have no objection to ax pardon of the Taicher if I did anything to displaise him, but—by the Law Harry, he'll never lay a hand on Master Frank as long as I am in hearing, at any rate!" It is, however, consoling to know that finally the affair was arranged satisfactorily.

Whether Robert made good use of all his early schooling is not clear; he speaks disparagingly of the amount of knowledge he had acquired when he commenced his college career.

This event took place in 1807 when the boy was eleven years old. There was at this date no college in Ireland, with the exception of Carlow, at which a high-class education was given to lay-boys. Clongowes Wood was not founded till seven years later, the year 1814. It speaks well for Mr. Haly's foresight, and shows that he was in a comfortable position, that he decided to send two more of his sons to Stonyhurst, having one there already. Other boys from Cork were going, including a nephew of Dr.

Moylan the Bishop, in all a party of five or six, and were about to embark for Liverpool in a sailing-vessel. The passage even from Dublin used often to take days, and from Cork would be longer. That it was not without peril is illustrated by the fact that the vessel they sailed in was lost with all hands aboard in its very next voyage just as it was entering the Liverpool harbour, which was then rendered dangerous by shifting sands.

The voyage even on the occasion we are considering was a lengthy and stormy one. After putting out they had to take refuge in Youghal Harbour, and then to return to Cork, so that in all it took them eight days to reach their destination. "This cured me of my first-love—the sea,"[1] but the boys got to Liverpool and disembarked safe and sound, and then insisted, in spite of the kind captain's remonstrances, on leaving the port at once, though Father Robert says it was a preposterous proposal, as it involved reaching Stonyhurst after one o'clock in the morning! He then proceeds: "I shall never forget the impression made on my young mind by the stillness of night and the appearance of the old castle, the bright moon shedding all its lustre on its castellated form. The great bell is tolled, and tolled again and again before there is any response. At long last the Rev. Mr. Hughes awoke out of his slumber, to receive the six young travellers: and to do him justice, he made no complaint of our most unreasonable proceeding,

[1] The brother Francis who was with him, actually did take to the sea in later years, and having become owner and captain of a merchant vessel, while on a voyage of return to New York died of fever and was buried at sea, just as his father was to meet him at New York.

but got us all into bed as quickly and quietly as possible."

The writer goes on to give some very homely details of the arrangements of the period, showing that things were primitive enough. He was very happy during the first few days, called "walking days," during which the new-comers were allowed considerable freedom from the routine of school work, in order to accustom them to their new life by degrees. When these days were ended, the poor boy had a severe fit of home-sickness, from which he was rather rudely aroused.

"We had fallen into the ranks, and my spirits fell to zero. The scholars were in the play-ground, I had no heart to mix with them. I slunk over to the wall, where all alone, my face turned to the truck-house (their name for the play-room) window, and remained musing over my sad fate. When I awoke out of my reverie and looked around, I was in solitude, not a human being but myself! The prefect had given a signal by clapping hands for the scholars to go to their dinner, and though they had obeyed, I heard neither the signal nor the tramp of 150 to 200 boys, so completely was I entranced by my grief. When I came to myself, judge of my feelings! I knew not where they had gone, nor what I was to do, till I accidentally met one of the servants who conducted me to the refectory door, which he opened for me to enter. Then I saw a venerable old Father with his black velvet skull-cap on, presiding over the repast and exacting the strictest silence, which was broken only by the voice of the reader and the music of the knife and fork. I entered with fear and trembling, and was not long in discovering that I was regarded as a culprit! What I may

have said in my defence I do not recall, but I soon found myself on my knees on the white marble pavement, and I proceeded to cry. However my executioner took pity on me, and my penance was of short duration, and when I was sent to my place, a Cork-man who was just entering rhetoric contrived to get near me and to administer comfort."

The two brothers were sent for a time to a preparatory class in Hodder, but Robert was soon brought back to the College to the class of Little Figures. Here he found some of his travelling companions, and a number of Irish and English lads who reached distinction in after years; including James McCann of Stalleen (afterwards M.P. for Drogheda); the Rt. Hon. R. More O'Farrell; Sir Charles Tempest; and Hugo (afterwards Lord) Clifford. In all the class contained thirty-six boys, and in after years Mr. More O'Farrell used to declare that Robert Haly was the best scholar of the whole lot, but such was the winningness of his character, that the rest never displayed the slightest jealousy in his regard.

School-boys are perhaps inclined to be jealous of superior talent, but those who knew Father Haly in after years (and who in Ireland did not ?) will hardly feel surprise at the above statement. He was essentially manly—you could not but know he was your master; but he never let you feel it. His manner was so unassuming, almost deferential, that you seemed to approach him rather as an equal than an inferior. This may have been the result of his life-long prayer and severe self-discipline, and no doubt it was to some extent, but—the child is father of the man.

And thus the boy's school-days passed quietly

away, while there was gradually formed in his heart the resolution to give his life to God in the Society of Jesus. About his vocation he tells us nothing, he seems, as he looked back after long years' hard and successful work for God and for souls, almost to take it for granted that he should have developed from the Rhetorician into the Novice. Notwithstanding his beautiful reserve, all unconsciously he allows us to infer to some extent what were the motives silently working in his mind during his seven years' schooling, from the incidents which he records as having at the time made the most impression on him, and which were indeed calculated to deepen in him the attraction towards a religious life, especially in the Society of Jesus.

The first of these was the rather sudden but beautiful death at Stonyhurst of Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, founder of Stonyhurst College, and at that time owner of the property, for up to the date in question (1810) the Fathers were still paying him a nominal rent. He had come as usual to celebrate the Feast of St. Ignatius with the community, and, probably foreseeing that his end was near, he had brought his last Will and Testament with him, and was surrounded by his six sons, of whom one was to join the restored Society, and another to be made a Cardinal. After the High Mass and Panegyric of the Founder of the Order, he was invited to visit the boys who were enjoying in the refectory a special entertainment which he had himself ordered to be provided for them. They were on such terms of intimacy with their generous benefactor and friend that they called on him to give them a song, for they knew he had a splendid voice and enjoyed being asked to use

it. This was the immediate cause of his death-stroke, as he had hardly got half-way through the song, which was a humorous one, when he fell back into the arms of his son. He fortunately retained full consciousness, and being laid in bed, at once told them where to find his will, and had it read on the spot in presence of his family (he had been to Holy Communion in the morning). The will contained the absolute transfer of the fee-simple of Stonyhurst Estate to the Society, and he asked if his sons were all satisfied with this disposition of the property. They all agreed, so that then and there the document was duly signed and attested. Very early the next day this great lover of the Society peaceably breathed his last. Father Haly adds no reflection but simply remarks that the remains lay in state in the College Chapel for nearly a fortnight, all the sons except one, who remained on guard, having left for Lulworth to prepare for the funeral. This arrangement certainly gave the inmates of the College, and especially the boys, a long opportunity for reflecting upon the relative value of this life and of the next.

Another incident described at length was one not quite so dramatic as the last, yet evidently possessing considerable interest for the young Irish schoolboy. It will be best related in his own words :—

" I had not been more than two or three years at the College when word was brought to the superiors of a sacred relic that was to be seen at a farmhouse at some distance. Amongst others I went to see it. It was a large oak box which had been buried in a secret place in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and which contained, besides a complete set of altar requisites for the cele-

bration of Mass, the head of the holy martyred priest who had been in the habit of using them. His name was Holden, and the relic in question was in possession of a family of the same name, his relatives. The vestments and missal were in an excellent state of preservation, but the wax candles were black with age. The chalice was very small, somewhat larger than an egg-cup, There were two circular pieces of wood that had evidently been fitted to the little chalice above and below to prevent its being injured on the road. The hair and flesh were on the martyr's head when I saw it, which was I suppose in the year 1811. The head of the family contrived to possess himself of all the articles after the execution of Father Holden ; buried them privately in the earth, and did not reveal the secret till he was dying when he disclosed it to his eldest son, binding him in like manner not to divulge the secret till he should find himself near his end. These precautions continued to be taken till 1811, when they were no longer necessary."

Several of Robert's class-fellows joined the Society, one or two of whom had preceded him into the noviceship, by entering it of their own desire before the conclusion of the usual school course. One of these did so under peculiar circumstances. He had been many years at school intending all along to become a Jesuit, and was a good, innocent and pious boy till once upon a time going home for the holidays he returned so altered for the worse that he was marked out for qualities the reverse of his former ones, was for ever getting into trouble, and of course incurred the severe displeasure of his superiors. All idea of the religious life had vanished, but strange to say he came across a book which com-

pletely changed him once more. This was *The Difference between Temporal and Eternal*, which he read with avidity and delight, with the result that he recovered all his former fervour and "fearing lest the devil might tempt him again to be unfaithful to his vocation," he got permission to enter the noviceship at once. This was in 1812. Later, though an Englishman, he came to Ireland to study for the priesthood at Clongowes Wood, where he became a great favourite. He was also ordained in Ireland, and became a most holy priest: and finally died in the Society full of happiness and in the odour of sanctity.

It was two years later than this class-fellow that Robert Haly joined the Society, in the very year of its full restoration, 1814. In the same year Clongowes Wood was founded by Father Peter Kenney, S.J., and it was arranged that after the two years of noviceship, which were to be spent at Hodder, young Haly with two other Irish Students should join the newly-founded Irish Mission, which was not yet even a Vice-Province, and was not able to provide itself with a noviceship till many years later.

Robert went home for his vacation in the summer prior to entering on his new life in September. When he told his friends of his resolution, many of them wished to dissuade him from carrying it out. He was now eighteen years of age and the world was opening out before him. With his talents and the training he had received, with his connexions and friends in the South of Ireland, there was no possible doubt that many honourable careers in the world were open to his choice, in which he could like other members of his family have won distinction

and wealth. Those who were anxious to see him devote his gifts to the world reminded him that he would find many opportunities in the various professions of doing good to others and of advancing the Catholic cause, which then if ever needed the aid of generous, talented, and educated young Irishmen. But the boy stood obdurate: he had made his choice with full deliberation, and would stand to it. His was not a case of disappointed ambition or satiety of worldly pleasure. He could not say he was weary of the world, for he had never known it. But a higher ambition, a deeper pleasure, than his tempters could have any notion of had taken possession of his youthful heart. He would consecrate his life to what he recognised as the object most worth living for—the service of God and his fellow-men in the Order to which he felt he could happily devote himself, for he knew it well. At this crisis the boy was fortunate in having a mother, who, tenderly as she loved him and was loved by him, yet felt it a duty and a privilege to strengthen and support her son in the sacrifice he wished to make. His father was less decided, but he let it be known that if Robert was determined on becoming a priest and a Jesuit, he would not interfere.

Putting then his strength in prayer, and armed with the blessing of his good Irish parents, he once more left his native land, though now for the comparatively short period of two years; and having arrived back at his old school-home he was formally received into the Society by the English Provincial, Father Marmaduke Stone, on September 7th, 1814. He remembered long years later that in accordance with the constitutions he was seriously questioned as to his will

and ability to conform to some of the more difficult disciplinary regulations for which the Jesuit Order is celebrated, and he answered with alacrity in the affirmative. The rules referred to oblige the Jesuit to grant superiors the right to open and read all their correspondence, and to consent that they receive all due information about them in regard to their external defects in virtue or the observance of rule.

The following day Robert and his companions passed over to Hodder to commence their training in the Jesuit spirit under their Novice-master. They were most fortunate in finding in the Father holding this position a real master of spirituality, one than whom perhaps no greater was ever produced by the English Province of the Society, at least subsequent to its early days.

This was Father Charles Plowden, S.J. He belonged to an old English Catholic family, the Plowdens of Plowden Hall, Salop, which gave a large number of its sons—at least ten or eleven, including a brother of Father Charles who was also very distinguished—to the Society in the troublous times of its suppression and restoration. Father Charles, by far the most celebrated member of the family, had suffered imprisonment for several months at the hands of the persecutors of the Society even previous to the suppression in 1773. He became Master of Novices in 1803 when the English Province was restored, and Rector of Stonyhurst and Provincial three years after the general restoration of the Society, or one year after Robert Haly's return to Ireland. After this date he lived only four years, dying suddenly in France on his return home from being present in Rome at the election of a new

General.[1] Along with Father Stone he was a principal instrument in God's hands for the revival of the English Province. His writings displayed great power, and the exhortations to his Novices which were published are still prized and read by religious of both sexes, and show that his solid piety was combined with a rare degree of learning and practical wisdom which made him an exceptional guide for aspiring Jesuits. His chief endeavour was to instil into them a practical knowledge of the principles contained in the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, a book to which he had an unbounded devotion, and which contained the secret of his own interior life.

It is not too much to say that the Jesuit formation depends more than that of other religious orders upon the impressions received from the Novice-master. During his second year, Brother Haly was appointed to teach some of the young boys, who even in those days resided at Hodder (now it is entirely given over to them). This arrangement was a proof that Father Plowden was assured of the progress his novice had already made, for it prevented his going to hear the ordinary exhortations to the novices. But the careful guide took pains to give his disciple the substance of them in private, and we may guess that by means of this more intimate communication it was easy to impregnate his young soul even more deeply with the principles which it was necessary for him to acquire.

One result of Father Robert's early training, was that he was a most devoted Jesuit. By this is not meant merely that he was ever re-

[1] By a mistake, which was never fully explained, he was buried in France with military honours as a *General*.

markable for his loyalty to, and love of, his rule; but that he had acquired in a highly typical degree what we may call the Jesuit spirit. It is not easy to define this, but externally it is often manifested by an evident and practical desire to lose no opportunity of doing good to others, combined with a certain urbanity which can only be the result of severe self-discipline.

But where we can most surely trace the influence of Father Plowden on the young Irish Novice, was in the intense faith which in after years he always showed in the efficacy of the Ignatian exercises. During his long and wonderfully successful missionary career from first to last he drew his inspiration from this source, and not merely preached the doctrines contained in it, but kept even to its form as closely as circumstances would permit. This appears to be a matter of importance, for the exercises of St. Ignatius are in reality the very life and soul of the Institute which he founded. Every order in the Church, as it has a special end and aim for its existence and its work, so it must also necessarily possess some special equipment for carrying on its operations. The Benedictine will allow nothing to interfere with his prayer and even his choir duty, which is his appointed method of acquiring and cultivating the spirit, known as the *Pax Benedictina*, that beautiful and joyful union with God which is the pride of the Order and a treasure of the Church of God. So that although the monk may indeed engage in external works for the salvation of souls, yet they must be kept altogether subordinate to the spirit of peaceful prayer. What the Choral Office is to the Benedictine, his silence and solitude is to the Carthusian; his extreme pov-

erty and detachment to the Franciscan; his theological study to the Dominican; his crucifix to the Passionist, and so on with all the rest.

The ideal of the Jesuit is broader and therefore more difficult. He is to keep no aim but one before his mind, and that is God's greater glory, in whatever shape or form it may turn up for his pursuit. Sometimes it may be prayer (though not for obvious reasons in Choir), sometimes study, sometimes external work of the most varied descriptions. But he can take no other aim but one, no other standard but the highest. This is the direct tendency and teaching of the Book of Exercises, which commences with the statement that every creature is to give glory to God, and throughout every one of its pages is instinct with this idea and its further elucidation. And because the idea is so exalted (even for serving as a watchword of a religious order), because the glory of God is a thing about which all men are peculiarly subject to self-deceit and hallucination, therefore the Order which professes to take it and no other for its standard of conduct, requires above all other institutes, to be guarded by obedience and fenced round with the strictest and most military discipline. Moreover, supposing the Society of Jesus to be recruited from among average human nature, minds which are naturally narrow and comparatively unintelligent will show at least on the surface more of the drill than of the sublime spirit which makes the drill indispensable. Hence the popular idea of the Jesuit is a man whose individuality has been knocked out of him by the severity of his rule and of his training, whereas this is very far from the real idea and the standard of the Founder of the Jesuits.

For when he set himself to draw up Constitutions, he began by stating that if possible he would have wished to dispense with them altogether, and to depend solely on the Spirit of the Exercises to attain his end. In other words, he admits discipline because he cannot help it, but warns us that so far from being his highest good, he regards it almost as a necessary evil! And yet Loyola was a soldier.

Now there was nothing narrow, nothing inferior, about Robert Haly. He represented the Jesuit spirit in its intensest, but also in its best and highest form. From the time he spent under Father Plowden's direction, he commenced to acquire the Jesuit's drill; and sweet as he was by nature, the result of it on him was to make him sweeter still, more lovable, more self-denying, more capable of attracting others to God and even to his Institute in which and through which he had learned to love God and to serve Him faithfully.

He was admitted to the first vows of the Society on the earliest date possible, namely September 8th, 1816, and at once returned to Ireland. As on a former occasion, again he seems to have had a very trying experience of the Irish Channel, though this time he crossed to Dublin direct. Such a gale was blowing that at Liverpool the mate of their vessel did not know whether she would venture to put out or not. However she did so, and after some hesitation young Haly and his fellow-travellers decided to venture the passage. "We set out," he writes, "'in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' and were at the mercy of the waves in a little sail-boat for three days. I remember little Johnny Kennedy crept out of

his berth and asked in a trembling voice 'Is there any danger?' No answer, so he repeated the question. Then a gentleman sitting on a sofa 'Ah! go to bed, Sir, and don't be making yourself ridiculous.' Then as the storm increased some of the steerage passengers began to say their beads aloud, and being sneered at for their cowardice, one of our party said 'Come, boys, let us all kneel down and join our prayers with those of these poor pious people that God, through the intercession of His blessed Mother, may save us from shipwreck.'" They reached land in safety, but were so sick and battered that a friendly parish priest whom they met at Howth laughingly refused to be seen travelling with them "or people will say I am going to your wake!" However they very soon started from Portobello in a canal boat for Sallins on the way to Clongowes, "dining on board with the other passengers on corned beef"—a sign perhaps that they were on the high road to recovery.

It was pitch dark when they arrived at the old gateway of the College on the Clane side, which was subsequently closed; and the gatekeeper had to rise from bed to admit them. They were hospitably but very quietly received, and went at once "to our miserable apartments or cells" for the night. Very little notice was taken the following day of the new arrivals. Here they had come to enter on the duties of their new life as Religious, but "no recognition was made of any of us by dear good Father Kenney, nor a single word addressed to us by him." After three days, however, word was given to the new Scholastics that the Rector would see them. All that our informant re-

membered of the conversation was the question addressed to him, 'Are you Haly?' and he adds that if any words of advice were given they must have been very few, for the whole interview was over in about three minutes. This treatment may strike the reader as cold and unsympathetic, even perhaps hardly judicious according to modern standards of government. But Robert Haly himself understood the meaning of it well enough. It was to try these Juniors in humility and to put them on their guard against themselves, a hint which the training they had already received taught them the value of.

For Rev. Father Kenney himself Haly, like the rest of his community, had the most unbounded veneration, and he speaks of the external administration of his Rector in terms of praise. The latter soon afterwards went to Dublin as Rector, and was succeeded at Clongowes by Father Charles Aylmer, who came from Dublin to change places with him.

About this time the death occurred of Father James Butler, and he had evidently made a great impression on the new-comer. "He used to assist and oblige the masters at Clongowes in their emergencies. He had a wonderful fluency but a bad delivery, which made him a tiresome preacher. He was as simple as a child, and delighted to join in the games with the smallest of the little boys, and would take, I would venture to say, more interest in the game than any of them. He died young, I daresay not over 35. . . . It was a very moving sight to see Mr. Dease, the only Catholic Magistrate of the day in Ireland, in his venerable old age weeping and sobbing over the grave of his deceased friend and spiritual father."

Thus was the young Jesuit launched upon a comparatively active life (though at first he gave at least some of his time to the study of philosophy under Father Paul Ferley) in the College where he was destined to spend the greater part of his life in religion, and over whose destinies he would himself preside for a longer period than any other of its fourteen Rectors.

In the *Story of Clongowes Wood* an interesting and vivid picture of the College in its early period is given by the Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J.[1] He describes the life of the Clongownian of pre-Emancipation days in all his moods and tenses, in his study and in his play, on walks and in the coursing-ground, saying his prayers in the dormitory, buying his tarts on Thursdays and his Macassar oil from the Sacristan, and being shown off to the best advantage in the "Academy Hall" once a year in presence of the Duke of Leinster. It is only right to add that his Grace was favourably impressed. He testified some years later, before a Parliamentary Committee, that "Clongowes Wood is the most curious establishment I ever saw; the boys are well brought up; there is a public examination every year, and Fellows of Trinity College are invited to go down; the Fellows are given a list of what Classics they are to examine them in, and the answering is wonderful."

Robert Haly was not perhaps by temperament so much as by force of circumstances an educationalist; yet his qualities of mind and heart were undoubtedly such as to give him influence over the boy-minds which in a large school form a miniature world of their own. And he wielded

[1] Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland in its Penny Pamphlet Series.

that influence to the best purpose, ever keeping before his own mind the great end of his vocation which is radically that of all human existence.

His power over human hearts was at all times and under all circumstances remarkable, but was never more strongly evinced than in his relations with the gifted but wayward Francis Mahony, better known in the literary world as "Father Prout." This extraordinary genius had spent some of his school days at Clongowes, and had returned to undertake a position as Classical Tutor during the early days of Mr. Haly's residence there. At a later date he entered the Society, in which however he remained only a few years; but it was long enough for him to contract with Robert Haly, his fellow scholastic, an intimate friendship which lasted unimpaired till Mahony's death in 1866. Even during the later years when the poor man was leading a Bohemian life in London very much out of touch with the Catholics of Ireland, in his letters, which it is to be hoped may be published before very long, he poured out his soul in the utmost confidence to his "Dearest Brother," in a way which clearly proves that he both trusted him and loved him dearly.

The period of school work, or the "regency" as it is called, forms a very essential part in the Jesuit's training for his priesthood and profession in the Order. In young Haly's case it ended, as appears from the catalogue of the province, in the year 1825, or nine years after his first vows. He then proceeded to Fribourg in Switzerland to make his theology. He journeyed *via* Geneva, and one of the most interesting of his extant letters was written to his sister, the nun at New Hall, partly from Geneva *en*

route, and partly after his arrival at Fribourg.[1] In it he gives an interesting account of the revival of Catholicity in Switzerland, and in particular of the devotion of the people to Father Peter Canisius, whose beatification was not carried out till later, though it was then expected by the Society at Fribourg where Canisius had died and where his relics were privately venerated. The Fathers were then returning after many years absence, owing to the suppression of the Society.

In describing this event Father Haly says, "I was greatly edified with the alacrity with which the good honest Swiss peasantry, young and old, flocked to hear the word of God. After the first Sunday, we were obliged to erect a pulpit in the open air, the concourse of people was so great. The people everywhere hailed our return with sincere and honest demonstrations of joy. On one of the hills we visited, there dwells a venerable old Patriarch who had lived to see his great-grandchildren, and who often attended the sermons of our forefathers in the Society. He is now blind with age, but retains the perfect use of his faculties. On our arrival, his son, himself an aged and married man, hastened to make his poor father happy by imparting to him what he well knew would be most grateful intelligence. I will not pretend to describe the scene which followed. The good old man, his careworn countenance already brightened with expectation, tempered however with doubt and uncertainty, comes hurrying out at-

[1] The letter is preserved in the Archives of Stonyhurst College, and it is owing to the kindness of the Rector in supplying the writer with a copy that he has been enabled to give the following extracts.

tended by his children and his children's grandchildren to satisfy himself that there was no delusion. And as he could not see, he began by feeling our girdles, our beads, and the make of our hats, and then the big tears of devotion of joy and of gratitude began to roll down the furrows of his manly cheek, and he exclaimed in emotion that he was happy and prepared to sink into the tomb, having experienced the completion of his wishes." In another part of the same letter he says, "I have just come from assisting at the first Masses of two of our young Fathers who were ordained yesterday. To-morrow morning two others newly ordained are to offer up the same spotless Victim at the same altars. When will it be my turn, dearest Mother Joseph? As you love me, redouble your fervent prayers that I may not lose my sacred calling, and that I may not die till I have given God some unequivocal proof that I am not ungrateful for all His mercies and favours, and not until I have done something worthy of a God so great and good."

The time for which he so much longed came after three years. On Michaelmas Day, 1828, and in the Church of St. Michael, Fribourg, he was ordained along with a large number of students. Fifty years later he wrote to a relative on the anniversary of his First Mass, saying that he remembered offering it simultaneously with ten or twelve newly-ordained priests, adding, "Fancy all I shall have to answer for saying Mass day after day with very few exceptions since 1828. Pray for me, that God the bountiful giver of pardon and lover of souls may be propitious to me."

After his ordination he still remained at the house of studies for a fourth year to complete

the full course of theology. It was during this last period that his immediate superior, having full confidence in one so recently raised to the priesthood, allowed to commence thus prematurely that missionary career which was in later years to make his name a household word in every cottage of his native land. He was sent to assist in giving a mission in Geneva, the capital of the country and the city hallowed by the memory of the great Francis de Sales. It was a happy coincidence, for there is no Saint in the Calendar more typical of the peculiar spirit of sweetness, humility and Christian love of which the Irish Jesuit's own missionary labours were so strongly redolent. On this his first effort the young priest was so markedly successful that the Bishop of Geneva, sent home with him a letter to his superiors saying that he found him "Pietate doctrina aliisque virtutum meritis maxime commendabilis." [1]

On his return to Ireland in September, 1829, he was again stationed in Clongowes Wood, of which he became Rector seven years later. Even before this happened his attraction for the poor and for parochial missionary work had commenced to show itself. Nearly a quarter of a century before he had the satisfaction of seeing a regular staff of missionaries appointed to work under his direction, he started the practice of giving the Spiritual Exercises to the people whenever he could find the opportunity, in which work he was frequently seconded by Father Henry Rorke. Together these two commenced the campaign, at Celbridge, a small town or village in Co. Kildare, not more than seven or eight miles by

[1] "Worthy of special praise on account of his piety, learning and every virtue."

road from the College. This mission, the first in Ireland since the Reformation, was given in 1833, in the February of which Father Haly pronounced his solemn vows, which attached him in the closest possible manner to the Society, and gave him a direct voice in its government. From this date he devoted all the time and energy which was possible to the work of restoring regular missionary work among the people.

The importance of this kind of work in the period immediately succeeding Emancipation will be readily understood. The people were strong in the Faith, which the Penal Laws had only served to root more firmly in their hearts; their lives were innocent and free from grosser sins to a degree almost without parallel in history, and (as the missioners themselves declared especially in regard to certain rural districts) almost beyond belief. Yet penal times had left their mark on the religion of the people. They were badly instructed in the faith, their fervour was in danger of becoming merely traditional, even the Sacraments would lose their vitality and their power, unless steps were taken to awake among the people a deeper understanding of their meaning. The school system was not yet in existence; the parochial clergy had their hands full in building churches and other material works; and with the best will in the world it was quite impossible for them to cope single-handed with the new condition of things in Church and State. It was Father Haly's merit, not indeed to be alone in understanding the wants of the people, but to be the first to take active steps to supply them.

We must postpone a fuller account of his missionary labours for the present, in order to

consider briefly the history of his term as Superior at Clongowes and elsewhere.

He was appointed Rector of Clongowes Wood in the year 1836, and held the position till 1850 (with the exception of one year in which he was sent to Dublin to fill the position there of Rector of the College and Residence). During this period he was sent to Rome to represent the Province in a Procuratorial Congregation. Somewhat later when Father Ffrench, who was Superior-General of the Irish Mission, was summoned to Rome as Assistant to the Father-General, Father Haly was left in charge of the Mission until the appointment of Father Lentaigne as Vice-Provincial (1858).

The two periods of Father Haly's Rectorship at Clongowes were both very important in the history and development of the College. In the year 1839 was celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the foundation in 1814. In 1841 the great Liberator O'Connell was ceremoniously received at the College as the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin since the days of Henry VIII. He used also to make retreats there regularly during the agitation for Repeal, in the course of which he gave the utmost edification to boys and masters alike. During Father Haly's term of office the front avenue and stately entrance-gate which form such noticeable features in the approach to the Castle, were arranged as at present, though the lime trees had pre-existed for a considerable time. Improvements of a more important sort, namely, those relating to the mental formation of the scholars, were also inaugurated during the same period.

All these movements in the life of the College show that Father Haly's Rectorate was a time

of progress, and it would be hardly fair to deprive the Superior of all the credit belonging to them. Yet it has been already stated that the Rector's heart was even now in missionary more than in Collegiate labours; and as a matter of fact he spent very much more of his time out of the College than in it. The fact is he had very able lieutenants, chiefly Father Henry Rorke, and in a less degree Father Halpin; and it was undoubtedly due to their initiation that many of the great things of Father Haly's Rectorate were undertaken.

Granting all this to the full, and no one would have been more generous than the holy man himself in giving away from himself honour where honour is due, yet (we repeat) his own share of credit must still remain to him. For to be able to make use of the talents of others is a great talent, one of the greatest, in a Superior. Moreover, the fact that the arrangement which was a strange one was kept up for so many years, shows that those interested in the welfare of the College were assured that to keep Father Haly in office, in spite of his call to work in a different field of labour, was better than putting another in his place. Even if we had not proof positive that the arrangement worked well and successfully, yet the fact of its existence would be a strong testimony to the tact, judgment and strength of the Rector, at least in the opinion of those whose business it was to know.

That he could be firm in his government when necessary may be taken for granted. As, however, so much has been said concerning his extreme gentleness and kindliness of heart, it may be well to narrate the following incident told to the writer by Sir Francis Cruise, who was

a boy at Clongowes under Father Haly. It appears there was a strict rule against allowing boys home for Christmas. To us this appears a severe regulation, but in the earlier half of the last century travelling was neither so easy nor so common as it is now, and Superiors thought it better to keep the boys at school during the scholastic year. Young Cruise's mother, however, not knowing fully the rules of the College authorities, wrote to her boy saying it was her wish to have him home for the holidays, and that he might settle the matter with his soft-hearted Rector. Delighted at the news and sure of a favourable answer he went straight to Father Haly, who heard what he had to say, and then replied very quietly, "Certainly, Frank, you may return to your mother since she wishes it, but I cannot promise that you will return here." So the matter ended ; but another mother, alas ! less prudent, wrote to the Rector to demand her son ; with the result that in his case the threat made to Sir Francis was ruthlessly put into execution.

This may be the right place to speak of Father Haly's relations with his own family. Hitherto we have been considering him as a member of a religious community, and from the facts we have related, it might easily be supposed that his occupations must have necessarily cut him off from his connexions in the world ; which as we shall now see is very far from the truth. A Jesuit by his rule is bound to be detached from the world and from worldly interests, even those regarding his nearest kindred. But St. Ignatius never contemplated that his sons should be wanting in affection for their own flesh and blood—all that he demanded was that such

feelings should be rendered spiritual, that is, purged of their worldly dross, and directed to the sole interests of the higher life. Robert Haly was a very striking example of the Ignatian spirit. Never was there a more affectionate heart than his; he was the very soul of human love for all that belonged to him, nor did he scruple to express his love in the most endearing fashion. Enough of his letters have been preserved to give abundant proof of his tenderness, and yet every word confirms the reader's impression that his affection was as supernatural as it was simple and sincere.

What he kept chiefly before his mind was the health of their souls, and when he alludes as he does freely to temporal affairs, his manner of doing so leaves no doubt that they hold a very secondary place in his esteem. On one occasion, writing of some financial troubles that were impending over a member of the family, he says, "If we could only succeed in getting him to set his mind at rest, I could be quite content and would regard these late trials as so many means made use of by the Almighty to bring the poor wanderer back to the bosom of our common Father." He had all the family pride that is so often found in Munstermen, but he ends this, perhaps the saddest letter of the little collection, with "God help us, it is bad enough; but provided we all succeed in saving our souls the rest is of little matter."

It is indeed remarkable in one who was so absorbed in very numerous and such important works for God and the Society, to note how this holy priest enters with evident zest into all the details of family life. At one time, he writes to console for the loss of a member of his large

circle ; at another he enters into the question of a marriage or professional appointment ; at another discusses an invention by his brother of a new compass " pointing due north without the slightest variation ;" at other times much more trival matters, such as the appointment of a governess, or the copying of a paper containing particulars of family history—but always with an evident hearty interest in the subject as though he had nothing else in life to occupy his attention but the affairs of his relatives in the world.

As an instance of his gift of sympathy, we may take the following letter written during his Rectorship at Clongowes in the year 1843, to his cousin who had lost a brother :—

" Be not jealous with my poor father ; though I have written several times to him, I have not had one line from him for more than six months ! The fact is I think the poor old man is breaking up, though he does not write himself to tell so. His sight, too, is bad, so he has for a long time had a horror of the pen. That he feels intensely for your loss and the death of our poor Edward I have not the slightest doubt. You ask me to continue to pray for Edward ! Ever since I heard the news I have offered for him every single Mass I said with the exception of a few which I was in justice obliged to give to others : by far the greater number were for Edward, and all my daily prayers and daily actions besides. I trust he does not now need them ; that his great, his sterling but unostentatious acts of virtue, religion and charity have already met the commencement of that reward which will be eternal. I hope this, yet lest he might be in need of aid, I have yielded mine,

and believe me, dearest Frank, I am not likely to discontinue the practice, for I loved him dearly, knowing the greatness of his heart and the generosity of his soul. May we all meet in a happy eternity!

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"R. HALY."

Notwithstanding his misgiving as to his own father he had not to deplore his loss till some years later, when he died at the ripe age of 86 (by a coincidence exactly the same as that afterwards reached by the Jesuit). The event happened in 1850, the last year spent by Father Robert as Rector of Clongowes. None of the family were present, for though long delicate, his fatal illness only lasted a few hours. Father Robert heard of his danger, and left Clongowes by the next train for Cork, but all was over before he could arrive. He wrote to his sister:—

"He was not pained at my non-appearance; he knew that I had been written for and was cheered at the hope of seeing me. He had all the succours and all the consolations of religion, which the venerable old man received with the most edifying and fervent piety. Father Russell, O.P., came to give him the last benediction and Plenary Indulgence, and the prayers were no sooner over than our dear father meekly breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Creator. This morning I said Mass in the little parlour, and to-morrow two Masses will be offered there. Oh! how the absent members of his family would be cheered if they could see the placidity and sweet resignation depicted on his angelic countenance as he is laid out on his little bed in the religious garb of the Carmelite Order. I

feel nothing but happiness: not one pang has his death caused me; it was too happy to cause pain or sorrow!"

In another letter a few days later he says to his cousin:—

"About your poor dear Uncle for whom you have enquired so affectionately, it is not the news your fond heart would wish to receive, for I am obliged to tell you that he has ceased to cheer us with his innocent and lively conversation and his merry jokes; but he is, please God, far happier than he ever was in this place of pilgrimage. The fatal symptoms appeared suddenly, and though I took the next train, it was not the will of God that I should find my darling parent alive." Having described the death as before, he continues, "a little before he died he sent word to the President of the St. John's Society, that according to their rules he had complied with his last year's Easter Duty. The President could not help smiling on receiving the message. . . . His death has not caused me a pang. I feel inclined to tax myself with want of feeling; but so it is. I am so persuaded of his happy exchange that from the commencement I have none but pleasurable feelings!" He then proceeds to give a message which his father left relating to a friend who, in the absence of his good daughters, had acted like one to him, and whom he strongly urged all the family to treat with kindness and attention. Father Robert took on himself to see that this dying wish was duly carried out.

About two years after the death of his father, Robert Haly lost a younger brother who died by a sudden but very heroic death in Philadelphia. He went one evening to see a fire which

had broken out, and being present, volunteered to assist in saving the property of the owners. Unfortunately a part of the building fell and killed him along with another. He had been recently married, and was a prominent member of the Bar. His fellow Barristers were so shocked at his sad end that they held a meeting under the Presidency of the Chief Justice, at which it was decided to present an address of sympathy to the widow, to attend the funeral, and to wear a mourning badge for the space of a month.

Father Haly naturally felt the blow very keenly, but his chief concern as usual was to console his sister, to whom he wrote, saying, "Dear William's death was sudden, but I trust not unprovided, and he died in a good cause, the victim of charity. It is consoling to know that he had made a most careful and religious preparation for his marriage; he had purified his conscience by a full confession and received the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. A brother Jesuit, an Irishman residing in Philadelphia, writes me word that he had lately remarked to his friends that he felt God would call him suddenly. The sensation caused in the city by his death was very lively, for he had been esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. . . . Instead of indulging in immoderate grief, like persons who have not faith and hope, let us trust to the infinite goodness and mercy of our Blessed Saviour. Masses and prayers have been offered up I may say all through England and Ireland for our lamented brother's soul. Not fewer than thirty religious communities in Ireland alone have been storming heaven in his favour, and oh! may their

holy prayers find acceptance at the throne of mercy."

It may be stated here, though it will have already struck the thoughtful reader, that Father Haly was very devoted to the dead. Certainly in his later life, and probably all through his long missionary career, he was most assiduous in praying and urging his hearers to pray for the faithful departed.

After leaving Clongowes in 1850, he resided chiefly at St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, but, as years passed he was more and more taken up with travelling from one parish to another carrying on his apostolic labours. His power of work was extraordinary, and though he never boasted of it, he was heard to say towards the end of his life that he believed there was not a parish in any single diocese in which he had not at some time or other done work. When he could not give a regular mission, he would give a sort of informal retreat, no matter how few and simple his hearers. Even when supposed to be resting in the intervals of greater works, he would ask the Parish Priest to allow him to give a few instructions which invariably ended with Confession and Communion, and when possible the renewal of Baptismal vows. Even when staying, as he sometimes did according to the freer customs then in vogue for religious, in country houses of the Catholic gentry who were ever proud to entertain him, he kept to the same custom. He would gather the family and the servants and retainers together, and give them a course of the Spiritual Exercises with the same care and unction as when dealing with large congregations, and, be it said, with

the same success as far as the individuals were concerned.

His Superiors were fully conscious of the greatness of the work he was doing for Ireland and for the Society, and at length in answer to his urgent and repeated solicitations they determined to provide him with an organised staff of efficient colleagues who should carry on with him and under his guidance the work which he had so faithfully prosecuted. He had for several years previously from time to time had the assistance of able coadjutors; but it was in a more or less spasmodic way; in the year 1857 he was permanently provided with a new staff which consisted, at first and for many years, of Fathers Fortescue, O'Dwyer, and Ronan.

Only two years later, however, in 1859, the Superior of the Missionaries had a new and possibly uncongenial burden laid upon his shoulders. The Queen's Colleges had been recently founded on lines which gave the Irish Bishops grave misgivings as to their influence on the rising generation of Catholics. Particularly in the West, it was deemed that a spiritual influence should be provided to counteract the danger of a non-Catholic University College in Galway. The Superiors of the Jesuits were accordingly invited by the Bishop to send some Fathers to take up their residence and start a high-school in the city, and in their turn they applied to Father Robert Haly to undertake what was in any case an arduous work, and more especially so as the necessary funds for building church and college would have to be raised. This last difficulty may have been among the motives of the Provincial in naming one who was already so widely esteemed and

beloved by Bishops, priests and lay people throughout the country.

Accordingly Fathers Haly and Ronan removed to Galway as their head-quarters; the arrangement was not unlike the one described above as existing between Fathers Haly and Rourke during the Rectorship at Clongowes. The Rector was frequently away on his excursions in the country, while Father Ronan, who was nominally minister, had much of the responsibility of directing affairs in detail. In the material part Father Halpin's experienced help was once more called in. It was he looked after building operations; he also opened the school, which soon contained one hundred boys; and laid the foundation of a library. He also trained a very efficient choir. Father Ronan assisted the saintly Rector in the work of collecting funds, with the result that when the buildings were completed the community was free from debt. In five years time (1864) the Missioner was freed from this particular burden, and his place taken by Father Michael Bellew, who had presented the site out of personal property. He was a highly gifted man, and so charitable and zealous that the poor of Galway still speak of him with regard.

One or two extracts from letters written at this time may interest the reader. At the time when he was collecting (1862) he wrote to his cousin :—

"The P.P. of Dunshaughlin did not find it convenient to allow me the run of his parish when I applied to him by letter, but I daresay you and Mr. Thunder (of Lagore) will contrive to introduce me to a few friends in the neighbourhood who may be useful to me in carrying

out the heavy work I have on hands. I did not make a *general* quest through the city of Cork; I thought it more prudent not to do so, though the Bishop left me free, and I merely called on a few personal friends, and I succeeded very well, thank God."

Again to the same he wrote:—

"I am established here (Prospect Hill, Galway) with two of our Fathers (Ronan and John Duffy); the air is pure and salubrious, but the people wretchedly poor. Our small chapel[1] is neat and comfortable in summer, but very cold in winter. Though Galway has become my head quarters, I am still a rover, a regular gypsy. A short time ago I left Kinvarra, and next Sunday we open a Mission in Carrigaholt, Co. Clare. My health continues wonderfully good, thank God, so my friends pay me the compliment of saying 'Galway has added twenty years to your life.' I wonder where they learned it? Alas! I may be whipped off after four or five hours' notice, like poor dear Father Rorke, or on shorter notice still."

From the end of his term of office at Galway nothing interferred with Father Haly's devotion to the mission till the call of death overtook him. His head-quarters were in future mostly Milltown Park, but also for some years the Residence in Dublin. Our task will be complete if we describe more intimately the methods of his work and the causes of the great influence he wielded over priests and people.

He was not what is ordinarily called a great preacher. In physique as in impassioned elo-

[1] The new church was not yet built (1859).

quence, he was far out-distanced by his celebrated *confrère* Father William Fortescue, who thundered at the people on the great truths of religion and stirred them to terror and to repentance by his fiery zeal, which was also combined with a gift of racy humour which went straight to their Irish hearts. These sermons were no doubt one of the great attractions which drew the crowds, bringing them for distances of twenty miles and upwards, for the people thought it nothing to "start at two o'clock in the morning from their mountain homes, delicate females as well as men, in the midst of rain and storm, to be sure to be in time for the first Mass in the Parish Chapel."[1] And when Father Fortescue set to work to rouse his congregation, sometimes their exclamations and groans almost drowned his own stentorian voice.

Religious excitement may have its uses, but it has its dangers also, and Father Haly's method was different. Perhaps unconsciously his tendency was rather to counteract whatever was rough and possibly disquieting in his colleague's campaign against vice and indolence. Father Fortescue himself got a hint to this effect from one of his hearers. He was very fond of the people, and once out of the pulpit would chat with them in the most homely and genial fashion, especially on the subject of his pet hobby—which was horse-flesh! On the occasion referred to the topic was his own sermon, for he dearly liked to know that they were having a due effect. So he asked the interlocutor which sermon he liked. "Ah!" said he, "the dear Father Haly's sermon suited me the best." "And

[1] Letter of Father Haly, written from Desert-Martin, Co. Derry, February, 1867.

why, my good man?" "Because, faix, he *partly titched on denying* that the Lord has anything but marcy for the sinner."

Father Haly's instructions were more often given in the morning than at the evening meetings, when sermons of the rousing sort were expected. He was a very early riser, and said the first Mass, after which he addressed the congregation. The people were present in great numbers, they loved to hear his beautiful voice reading the prayers at Mass, as well as telling them of the love of God and of His mercy even to the greatest sinners. He had a peculiar way of moving his venerable head while speaking, which seemed to the people to drive home to them his favourite teaching.[1] One who listened to him for many long years declares that he never heard him repeating himself. It was a true case of "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," but, as has been stated above, his chief inspiration was drawn from the Spiritual Exercises, which he knew well how to apply to the wants of his hearers.

Father Haly's chief efforts were directed to ensure the perseverance of his work. He was well aware that the strongest impressions may sometimes be transitory, and he gave the most moving exhortations to the people to remain constant in their good resolutions. He recommended them to say a certain prayer for forty days after the mission, and frequently contrived to return himself or send another of his staff back to preach on perseverance and to prepare

[1] A Missionary Father of the present day repeats a saying of an old lady: "One shake of Father Haly's head did more than three or four sermons." His white hair made him at this time seem older than he was. Sometimes a man would express his satisfaction at having succeeded in making his confession to "the old Bishop."

the people for another general Communion. He was also assiduous in organising Confraternities of the Sacred Heart and other Sodalities, and erected Mission Crosses as reminders to the people, with the same end of securing permanent fruit from his labours.

The parochial clergy were sensible that Father Haly's spirit and the work he did for the people were such as might be expected to endure. In the earlier days especially, before Missions had become as frequent as they are nowadays, the clergy came from great distances (as did their people) to see and to take part in the Missions, which were not merely parochial but extended their influence over large tracts of country. It was no uncommon thing for the Bishop to attend, and as many as twenty or thirty Confessors were sometimes seen assisting the Missioners to cope with the fresh crowds of penitents who kept coming to make the Mission. At the time we are now considering such was the desire of the clergy to sanctify their parishes by Missions that Father Haly could not do a tithe of the work that offered. Very often he had himself and his staff engaged in advance for three full years. At a later date indeed he had the consolation of seeing his work taken up by many other Orders, some of whom by degrees organised regular staffs of Missioners, until in later times the system has been so much extended as to form part of the ordinary routine of parochial life in Ireland. And although the freshness and novelty of the first Missions has long since worn away, none the less good work continues to be done in our own day, and may it be so always!

With the Irish clergy Father Haly was ever a favourite, for besides being essentially a gentle-

man, he made himself thoroughly at home with the priests. He enjoyed conversation on homely topics, being in complete sympathy with the people and profoundly concerned in everything belonging to their welfare. No guest was more welcome at entertainments of the clergy, and if the feast was cheered according to the custom with song, the good Missioner was sure to be called upon to contribute his quota of the fun, which he did by a homely and often pertinent rendering of the unique ballad "Robin the Bobbin" on which he conferred lasting fame. Father Haly's tastes were simple; having an excellent constitution, he kept indeed the fasts of the Church rigorously even when he was far beyond the age of exemption, but outside of this his austerity took the form of hard work, so that he was regarded as a powerful illustration of the adage "eat well if you will work well."

It may be mentioned that he had a great devotion to the sick and afflicted, and he used to read special prayers over them. This was often a regular function, for which the poor sufferers used to congregate at certain times. They had the greatest faith in his prayers, and indeed believed that many miraculous favours had been obtained through them. One of his colleagues, whose nature was less sympathetic, used to rally the old man on his curative powers, and once declared that he met a man on the road with a wooden leg, who said he was coming to the Missioner "to see if he could do anything for this," at the same time giving the faulty limb a rap with his walking stick!

But when the people seriously believed that there was anything special in his sanctity he was more than shocked. On one occasion towards

the end of his life, he heard that a relative had obtained a silk handkerchief which she was keeping as a relic, and he wrote a very scathing and indignant rebuke, saying she had fallen in his estimation as a sensible person, and was turning into ridicule the practices of the Church. He further demanded the restitution of "that old silk rag" as soon as possible. A few days afterwards, however, he wrote again more gently, saying that he had not intended to hurt her feelings, but that he wished to remove an opinion which she had been led into by partiality, and begging her, when he should be dead and gone, to pray that his manifold offences might be forgiven.

The life led by the Missioners was not in all circumstances an easy one. It happened not unfrequently that they had to rough it more than was suitable for an old man of eighty. For instance on one occasion Father Haly wrote from a Mission in County Derry: "I have two Fathers here with me, and we are all lodged in separate farms, distant a mile or two from each other, and as far or farther from the church where we have to officiate." And he adds that, although the weather was exceedingly wet, they were in good health. But it often happened that they were badly housed as well as at a distance from their work. In such cases it was known that Father Haly invariably insisted on taking the worst quarters for himself, and though the other Missioners expostulated, yet it was in vain, and it was this extreme self-denial which in the end occasioned his breakdown. In one of his missions of the summer of 1877, owing to the impossibility of finding a more suitable lodging in a district where faith abounded more than worldly wealth, he was put up in a way

that would have tried the health of a younger and robuster man. The result was that he got a sort of paralytic stroke which at the time seemed very serious, and did actually prevent his continuing his active career. The Provincial came down at once and found the sufferer had hardly any air. In his room there was no window except a single pane of glass let into the wall, through which he immediately drove the point of his umbrella, thus in all probability saving the sufferer's life.

He recovered and lived more than four years, but more or less an invalid. The chief effect of the stroke besides the general weakness induced was the partial loss of his eyesight. He felt very keenly being deprived of the consolation of offering the Holy Sacrifice. However he worked very hard at learning by heart the parts of the Mass which he did not know, and when after six or seven weeks of study he was at last able to get through, he attributed the boon to his holy father St. Ignatius. He wrote :—" Yesterday I was able to go through all the prayers and ceremonies to my own satisfaction and that of the dear priest who knelt at the rails of the Sanctuary to watch the proceedings, and if needs be to fly to the rescue. I had to sign to him to give aid only once for a moment, and he placed such reliance on my good behaviour that he left me entirely to myself this morning. My Mass was one of thanksgiving ; and will you all join with me in thanking God and His Blessed Mother and St. Ignatius ? "

About a year and a half before his death he wrote : " I remember you all in my daily Mass, which on account of my eyesight is still and will be as long as I live and am able to celebrate the Votive Mass of our dear Blessed Lady.

Unable to read the Mass of each of the Angels and Saints as it occurs, I am sure they will not be jealous when they find me every morning engaged in honouring them in the person of their holy and venerable Queen."

In the same letter he records with delight that he had just received "a very precious gift from the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, namely, the blessing of the Holy Father with a Plenary Indulgence when dying. What delights me most of all (he adds) is that this precious gift is extended to all my relatives of the first, second, or third degree."

Thus did the holy man prepare in peace and joy for the final release from the body and his admission to the great reward of his long life of labour in the Divine Service. He was more than ever the edification of his brethren, spending as he had been long accustomed to do long hours before the Tabernacle communing with a hidden God. More than ever now was his sweet patience manifested, and his gift of drawing souls to the love of God.

The end came rather suddenly, at Gardiner Street, Dublin. In June, 1882, he was ill with congestion of the lungs, and this caused much anxiety to the physicians who attended him. But as they predicted he recovered, and though his general strength had become impaired, he had no disease and was pronounced convalescent. The minister of the house, Father John Norton, who was most devotedly attached to him, wrote that on the day on which the collapse occurred, he went into his room and was surprised to see him sitting up, as it was early in the day; but (the letter proceeds): "at about 4.30 p.m. I was fortunately in my room when the lay-brother came in haste to tell me the patient had sud-

denly got a bad change. On entering his room I saw but too plainly that the end was at hand. However, I sent for the Doctor and desired Father Moloney to come in and anoint him. This was a very trying ordeal for the old friend of so many years, but he did his holy work lovingly and bravely. Father Haly answered the prayers, held out his hands for the holy unction, and was conscious almost to the very last moment when he expired calmly without a struggle about twenty minutes past 5 p.m." And he adds: "I do not tire of saying of your ever to be revered Uncle, whom I have known since October, 1847, that he was the most amiable, saint-like man I have come into contact with during my forty-three years spent in the Society of Jesus."

An English nun also wrote: "It must be a comfort to you to see how the Father is spoken of by those who knew him best as well as by all the world besides. The Jesuits are always so guarded in speaking of their own members, and I do not think that it has ever been said (by them) of any one, or that it will ever be said of anyone else, that '*almost every Bishop and every priest in Ireland will feel a personal loss in his death.*'"

Father Haly gave his pure soul to his Maker on the 1st of February, 1882. Like his father he remained beautiful after death, for one who saw the body said he was pleased with his sweet appearance as he lay in his priestly robes. He was interred in Glasnevin Cemetery.

He left to his people for whom he worked so faithfully and so long the memory of his saintliness, and (what is best) the hope that among Ireland's priests in years to come will still be found men like him.

Father Thomas Burke

OF THE ORDER OF PREACHERS.

1830—1883.

IN the curiously Spanish-like town of Galway, where still linger indefinable traces of merchants from the Peninsula, there is at the end of Dominic-street an old-fashioned building, formerly the property of the Athy family, who were reckoned among the thirteen tribes of Galway. It is now known as the Bridge House, standing close to a wooden bridge across the canal that divides the town from the Cladagh, where fishermen have lived for centuries. Any one who in 1875 turned in of a fine spring or summer's day would find in a spacious old-fashioned room a white-robed Dominican Friar, with books on a table near, and beside him, sitting erect on a chair, would be a somewhat stout old lady in a black dress and white cap.

Nothing could be more unlike than these two people, yet they were mother and son, devoted to each other in a vigorous fashion, totally devoid of all sentimentality on the part of the mother, whereas in her son there was much affection mixed with an indescribable blending of deep respect and whimsical humour. It was the celebrated Friar Preacher, Father Burke, who in bad health, was then on a visit with his family at the Bridge House. The wide lofty room, very

plainly furnished and adorned at one end by an excellent portrait, presented to Mrs. Burke, of her distinguished son, seemed to be quite in keeping with its inhabitants. Plenty of light streamed in from two glass doors of a conservatory behind the fire-place and from the open windows giving on the canal, the reflection of whose sun-lit ripples quivered over the ceiling. A kindly welcome would be extended by Mrs. Burke, in her somewhat austere manner, to any visitor, whom Father Burke would greet with all the courtesy of an Italian and the genial humour of an Irishman. In the course of a conversation, animated with many a brilliant witticism, joke, or mimicry on the part of Father Burke, his mother would quietly disappear, for as a rule she seldom approved of "Nicholas," as she always called him, being so ready with his jokes and merriment.

It has been said that remarkable men usually have remarkable mothers, and Mrs. Burke was no exception to this rule in her own way. She was intensely Celtic in her asceticism, her stern sense of duty, her extreme though reticent piety, and her wonderful faith, just as if she had inherited the spirit of some ancient Irish monk of the time of St. Columba. Yet she was a woman who all her life helped her husband in his business as a baker, who brought up her children in strict discipline and little indulgence, whose clear logical brain, if it disdained the vein of poetry, music, and wit, characteristic of her husband, could see things as they really were, and could adopt the most practical method of dealing with them. If one might say so, hers was more or less a man's brain in a woman's head. There was nothing feeble about her disposition, and her

words, never numerous, were always to the point. Those who knew her realised that Mrs. Burke must have taken as her model in life the wise woman so beautifully described in Holy Scripture. This Irishwoman, so little known outside her native town, certainly "opened her hand to the needy and stretched out her hands to the poor," and "looked well to the paths of her house." [1]

Father Burke was not born at the Bridge House but at another which was not far from the convent of Dominican nuns, who, in spite of persecution, faithfully clung to their foundation in Galway; taking refuge with their friends when soldiers chased them away, and turned the convent into barracks; and joining again in community when penal laws were relaxed. Mrs. Burke's only son, born after his two sisters, came into the world on the 8th September, 1830, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, and on the 10th he was baptised Nicholas Anthony, after the Augustinian St. Nicholas of Tolentino, and St. Anthony of Padua, to whom Mrs. Burke, as a Franciscan Tertiary, was devoted, and she always said St. Anthony had obtained for her the much desired son.

Nicholas Burke was a delicate child, but with all his love of fun and mischief he was not considered very precocious by his family or their friends, nor was he remarkable for being more devout than other children of his age. As he grew older he developed the most wonderful powers of mimicry, which were exceedingly distasteful to his mother, who thought them anything but a suitable accomplishment for one whom she destined with God's grace for the

[1] Prov. xxxi 20-27.

priesthood. Consequently, as Mrs. Burke had no idea of sparing the rod and spoiling the child, she very frequently bestowed a good beating upon her son whenever she heard complaints of his tricks, and she also felt highly obliged to pious Mother Baptist, a Dominican nun, who imitated her method of correction at times when Nicholas was troublesome or disobedient as a small acolyte in the convent chapel. His father, passionately fond of music, could sing numbers of Irish airs, and he also had all the Irish sense of humour and gaiety. He frequently told stories to his son in spite of Mrs. Burke's grave reproof that he "would be the ruin of that boy," but Nicholas appreciated his father's anecdotes too much to be baulked of them, and notwithstanding the very great disparity of age, there was a very real sympathy of tastes between him and his old father.

Nicholas was sent in his ninth year to the school of the Brothers of St. Patrick, whose founder, Brother Paul O'Connor, appears to have had great influence over his mercurial pupil. In this school and in two other more advanced Catholic schools of the town of Galway, Nicholas displayed a remarkable facility for learning, his memory and intelligence being far in advance of his comrades. With all his wild love of fun and thoughtlessness, he was never heard to curse or swear. His mother, longing to see her son become a priest, watched vigilantly over him, and instilled into him the unostentatious true piety that became the foundation stone of his religious vocation and great sanctity. Mrs. Burke had a very strong devotion to the Passion of Our Saviour, and often accompanied by her boy she would make the Stations of the Cross at the

Franciscan "Abbey Chapel" near the river, situated in the graveyard of the Friars Minor, who dwelt there in a fine monastery before the Reformation. She was also assiduous in her devotion to the Rosary, and she constantly spoke of the mysteries of our Lord's life and passion in a grave emphatic way, that made a deep impression upon her son's highly imaginative mind. Yet with all her sternness and severity there was not a more charitable woman than Mrs. Burke, who during the Famine of '47 used to seek out people who had known better days, and were ashamed to beg; and she would bring them, with the utmost delicacy, at night the food that kept them from starvation. Moreover she and her husband, as far as their means would permit, were most generous, feeding the famishing poor who crowded round their door. Such charity could not but bring down blessings on them; the most highly prized of all being the steady development of the religious vocation of their only son. During his later school years Nicholas Burke revelled in Shakespeare's plays; Latin, Greek, and history were also well studied, and in amateur theatricals he displayed remarkable dramatic instincts that surprised all who were present. Many years later Father Burke said to a friend that if he had not been given the grace of a religious vocation he would surely have gone on the stage. That his mother had some fear of this was evident by her locking up her boy one evening to prevent him from going to the theatre which was in the same street. Young as he was, Nicholas took great pleasure in going to the Courthouse in Assize time, to hear the speeches of the brilliant Irish lawyers then on circuit, and in this love of listening to famous

orators Nicholas showed how strong were his own inclinations in that direction.

Having quite made up his mind to enter the Order of St. Dominic, Nicholas at the age of seventeen was on his way to Rome, travelling during a very severe winter in diligences, and submitting to numerous hardships scarcely known to modern tourists. The Dominican Novitiate being at Perugia, Nicholas Burke was soon sent there, and in December, 1847, after the usual examination, he was clothed in the habit, given the religious name of Thomas, and he commenced his probation, which is not an easy one in a Dominican Novitiate. However the new Irish brother had good will to help him, and an ardent desire to belong to St. Dominic, of whom he had read so much with the deepest admiration.

It was difficult to check exuberant spirits, and to cultivate silence when longing to make some humorous remark, but by degrees he succeeded in the observance of this important rule of claustral life. The thought of our Saviour's forty days' fast in the desert helped Brother Thomas to follow the fasts of the Friar Preachers, and his devotion to the Passion enabled him to practise cheerfully all the other austerities prescribed by his rule. His days were occupied by prayer, study, penance, and manual labour, all beautifully ordered by the wise constitutions of St. Dominic. In their lives the members of this great Order are trained to be both contemplative and active, and in their quiet cloisters Friar Preachers prepare themselves for their apostolic labours in the world, striving, as it has been said, to be Carthusians within and apostles outside.

On the 5th of January, 1849, Brother Thomas Burke, in the presence of his Prior, pronounced

his solemn vows, " Usque ad mortem " (even unto death). There cannot be a more important moment than that in which a human soul deliberately vows itself to the service of God in the religious life, and that promise recorded in heaven can never be retracted, for almost like the sacraments of character, it stamps an indelible seal upon the soul. " Usque ad mortem," even unto death—beautiful touching words which so often uttered, have secured not only the salvation of those who pronounce them, but also of thousands who benefit by the apostolic works of our priests in the Catholic Church, and by the intercession of holy women who, in their convents, have devoted their lives to God " usque ad mortem."

No one could have felt more deeply that solemn moment, when, with tonsured crown, white tunic and scapular, and black mantle of a Friar Preacher, Brother Thomas bound himself for ever to the grand old Order of his Father St. Dominic. Soon afterwards he received the two lowest of the minor orders from the Bishop of Perugia, later Leo XIII. Two years were passed studying philosophy in the capital of the lovely Umbrian province, but it became seriously disturbed in 1849, when the inhabitants revolted, and established a revolutionary committee until a battle was gained by the Austrian troops, who then entered the hill town and restored order. Brother Burke studied his theology at the Minerva in Rome, and during this period he learnt by heart the *Summa* of St. Thomas of Aquino. From the Minerva, in the midst of narrow Roman streets, Brother Thomas was sent to the Dominican house of Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill, once the most densely populated quarter of Pagan Rome. Now

it is a solitary height, round whose base the Tiber sweeps onward to the sea; on whose flanks are vineyards, fields, and monastic gardens; from whose summit one can gaze across the desolate Campagna to the hills afar. No sound can be heard save the twitter of birds and the chiming of claustral bells. The noise, the bustle, the cries of Rome all cease at the entrance of the narrow path, that, skirting the Jewish cemetery, ascends the Aventine, to the front of a church, yellowish in colouring and possessing no external beauty, as if its builders had kept in mind the words of the Prophet King, "All the glory of the King's daughter is within."[1] A beggar will always be ready for a penny to pull the coarse bell rope hanging near a side door, by which the visitor is admitted into a lofty hall with a door leading into the church at one side, while at the further end is a small reception room, and higher up on the staircase is St. Dominic's cell, now an oratory. Thus far may seculars go, but the sons of the great Spanish saint pass onward into the cloister, endeared to them by so many legends of the past, that like some low melodious harmony seem to re-echo within its hallowed walls. Here Brother Thomas remained under the direction of the saintly Prior who was the Dominican artist Father Besson, formerly one of the eminent band of French novices brought to Rome by the celebrated Lacordaire to form the nucleus of the Dominican province in France, which had been suppressed at the Revolution. Very probably Father Besson and the General of the Order, Father Jandel, perceived in the Irish novice many dawning

[1] Ps. xliv. 14.

characteristics resembling those of their friend and leader Father Lacordaire, and certainly they spared no effort in the training of Brother Thomas, who profited much by his residence at Santa Sabina where the primitive observance of the rule was strictly maintained. Deeper into his soul sank the spirit of St. Dominic, surrounded as he was by so many traditions of the Founder; and under the teaching of the gentle yet ascetic Father Besson, Brother Thomas applied himself to the practice of those virtues that lead to religious perfection. He could kneel in the old choir on whose steps St. Dominic spent nights in prayer, he could hear Mass daily at the same altars where so many saints of his Order and the Seraphic Friar Minor of Assisi had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. He could chant the Divine Office in the same stalls they occupied in life; he could sleep in the narrow bare cell, where perchance some of these saints had dwelt; he could walk in the garden beneath the old orange tree, whose seed St. Dominic brought from his own land of Spain; or he could go down the hill path so often trodden by the holy patriarch, to San Sisto where Father Besson was painting Dominican legends on the walls of the Chapter-room near the ancient church. In a word, Brother Thomas was saturated with the spirit of prayer, contemplation, humility, and mortification that never left him to the end of his life; lying in the depths of a soul most sensitive to the voice of the Holy Ghost ever whispering, "Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation, Humble thy heart: and endure, incline thy ear, and receive the words of understanding."[1]

[1] Eccles. ii. 1, 2.

Thus at Santa Sabina on Aventine, Brother Burke, under the guidance of his holy Prior, learnt to appreciate still more the life of a Dominician cloister and its atmosphere of prayer. Once, while preaching on prayer, in his own church of St. Saviour, in Dublin, he again beheld in "the mind's eye," the humble monastery on the far off Aventine, where he spent such happy, peaceful days, and instantly in his matchless style he poured forth his thoughts and recollections in the following words:—"Where is the soul, where is the spirit crushed before God, where is the man, knowing his own infirmities, remembering his own past sins, and bewailing them in a spirit of contrition, who, with temptation around him, still clings to God? Do you ever pray in this fashion? Let every man look into his own conscience—do you know how to pray? I scarcely know how to pray, and I have been at it five and thirty years as the profession of my life. Listen to me. I remember seeing a priest kneeling before a crucifix in the oratory of a convent, in Italy, on a Good Friday morning, and he did not know I was watching him until he ceased to pray; —he was praying there before a life-like image of the Crucifixion. His mind, his heart and soul went into that Crucifixion. For three hours he realised every agony, every pain, and pang of the soul and body of the Crucified Lord; but he was not able to speak, and I saw him rise up from prayer, his eyes fixed upon that cross, and he threw himself at the foot of it and fell in a swoon as if he would die. I fled terrified, for I was a youth at the time, and I left the man there whose prayer had crushed him. Oh, how little do we know how to pray! It is the first and most necessary duty amongst us, and if any man

expects to enter heaven, he must open the way by prayer. In the name of God take up this practice. Throw yourselves like men, heart and soul, into it; put before Him your wants and necessities, for He who is your Father, who knows your soul so well, is only waiting to hear that prayer in order to grant that which is so necessary for us." [1]

The priest thus described was Father Besson, and the novice who could enter into the inmost feelings of his spiritual father, was not so far behind his saintly Prior, though in his profound humility he never for a moment imagined that this could be. Father-General Jandel, aware of his Irish novice's holiness, sent Brother Thomas, not yet ordained and barely twenty-one years old, to be Novice Master at Woodchester, then the headquarters of the reviving English Dominican province. It was a singular position for so young a novice, but Father Jandel knew that he would soon imbue the English novitiate with the true Dominican spirit. Brother Burke felt his responsibility very acutely, as may be gathered from the remark made by his novices, that for one year they never saw him smile. Moreover, he naturally missed the sunny South, his Italian and Irish brethren, the magic spell Rome weaves over all who are able to feel it; the fine basilicas, churches, and monasteries, the noble ceremonies of the Church in the Eternal City, the Angelus ringing three times daily from numerous belfries, the shrines of martyrs and saints, the old Roman monuments, and the hundred and one pious practices and sights that tell the beholder that he is in a Catholic land. At the period Brother

[1] *Lenten Sermon*, March 20, 1881.

Thomas came to England, Catholics were still afraid of being too much to the fore, laity and clergy shrinking from publicity, as they knew they were in a minority in a still hostile population who had recently been roused to fury by Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated letter "from the Flaminian Gate," announcing the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy. At Woodchester owing to the paucity of ecclesiastics on the mission, the Dominican Fathers acted as parish priests; the habit could only be worn inside the monastery, and occasionally when out for exercise, the novices would hear rude remarks at their expense, and stones even were thrown at them. The Prior was an old man who thought that the Dominican rule should be rigidly kept to the letter as well as in the spirit; consequently the prescribed austerities were often very ill-judged, and with much trouble Brother Burke induced his Superior to perceive that a too literal interpretation on all occasions was contrary to the intentions of their founder. Not that Brother Thomas was anything but extremely severe in his own way, especially as regarded corporal penances, whereas the Prior or Vicar, as he was usually called, was more insistent on abstinence and fasting. Between them both, the novices had rather a hard time of it, but it had the effect of testing vocations very thoroughly. While Novice Master Brother Burke used to give most beautiful addresses to his novices, speaking in Latin, as his knowledge of English had suffered by the long use of Italian, which had become like a mother tongue. However, knowing that his mission would be chiefly among British subjects, Brother Burke took lessons to remedy his errors of speech; and hearing by chance that comments had been

made upon his want of cheerfulness, he strove to conquer depression, and very soon the novices discovered that although their master could be stern when needful, no one could prove a more agreeable or more amusing companion at recreation hours.

In 1853 Brother Thomas was ordained by the Bishop of Clifton, and was given the charge of a very small mission in the neighbourhood of Woodchester, where he was still at the head of the novitiate. He carefully studied all that could help him in preaching, asking even the opinion of the novices, and taking any advice they bestowed upon him. An Oxford convert of remarkable ability was asked to revise his sermons, which then required pruning by a judicious hand; and from this excellent critic Father Burke learnt "never to use an English word coming from the Latin when he could get a word of like meaning of Saxon birth, the latter being more forcible and more readily understood than the former."

Father Russell, the Irish Provincial, claimed Father Burke in 1855, being anxious to get such a good novice master for Tallaght, where the Novitiate and House of Studies was about to be opened. The simple building, with its steep roof, was erected close to an old tower, while the stables, once belonging to the Protestant Archbishops of Dublin, were turned into a very humble chapel, which has been replaced by a Gothic church.

While fulfilling his duties in the community, Father Burke found ample time for study, and he used to hear the confessions of the poor people, and to preach on Sundays to them and to the neighbours attending Mass. A friend

living near the monastery wrote that Father Burke had "a joyous, pure, and lofty spirit, simple, unaffected, and sincere, wonderfully winning and gracious, without a tincture of condescension." Notwithstanding his strictness, the novices all loved him, as he exercised a wonderful influence over young people, who felt that beneath the sternness was a kind nature capable of sympathising with their youthful feelings and aspirations.

Although this sketch is especially intended to describe Father Burke's essentially interior and holy life, there is still another phase of his character that cannot possibly be omitted—his extraordinary gift of humour that appears to have found its source in joy, which, as we know from our Catechism, is one of the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost. Moreover, our great poet Tennyson speaks of humour as being "a glorious power, generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn spirits." Like Ben Jonson, Father Burke believed in the virtue of cheerfulness and wholesome laughter; he knew that it preserved the balance of minds that otherwise might be over-weighted, perhaps dangerously, by that inclination to depression and melancholy latent in every human mind, as he himself knew only too well. But so practical and deep was his piety that the joyousness of his disposition always asserted itself quickly over all depression, which in his own case proceeded from a wretched state of health.

There was never anything bitter, cynical, or uncharitable in Father Burke's humorous sayings or mimicries; they all came from that true joyousness, that *gaieté du cœur* which usually is inseparable from a singularly innocent and cheer-

ful mind. Side by side with his merry jokes witticisms, and vivid yet good-humoured representations of the peculiarities he saw around him, were the noble thoughts of a deep thinker, who ever realised the presence of God, the importance of an interior life, and the utter nothingness of a fleeting world except so far as it was lived for, by, and in God alone. He once said, talking of various infirmities, that if he had to suffer from deafness or loss of sight he would rather choose blindness, as that affliction could never prevent him from saying Mass, preaching, or hearing confessions, while as he had been blessed with a retentive memory he could repeat much of his breviary by heart, and could reflect upon all he had read. Now, as a rule, blind people are inclined to be meditative, and when they are pious, it is surprising how rapidly they acquire an interior spirit, as if in proportion to the darkness of corporal eyes, those of the soul were gradually being opened to that supreme light "that never was on sea or land." Thus, with all his fascinating social qualities, Father Burke was a most humble and interior soul, dwelling in an inner sanctuary where, under the shadow of the wings of the Holy Spirit, he lived "as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as needy yet enriching many, as having nothing, yet possessing all things."[1]

Even his religious brethren, though they admired Father Burke's beautiful sermons, had no idea that he would eventually rival in eloquence and genius the most renowned preachers of the Catholic Church. But after a sermon preached at Sandymount chapel had been reported in the

[1] 2 Cor. vi. 10.

Freeman's Journal, all Ireland became aware that there had risen an orator such as had never before been heard in an Irish pulpit. From all parts of the island came demands for charity sermons, retreats, religious professions, missions, opening of churches; and from this time henceforth Father Burke issued from the shadow of the cloister into the glare of publicity which he had never sought. His style of oratory was so peculiar to himself that it cannot be properly estimated by the mere reports of his sermons and lectures, which in print lose much of the vivid colouring and charm which Father Burke produced by the exquisite intonation of a rich and powerful voice, by his earnestness and simplicity, his graceful gesticulation, and by his very original ideas, arousing at once surprise and admiration. In its general aspect Father Burke's style resembled that of the best Italian preachers, especially in its passionate energy, and in that magnetic attraction that brought thousands to hear the utterances of a master mind, forgetful of self and filled with a true missioner's zeal for the salvation of souls. At first Father Burke prepared and wrote out his sermons, making use of the works of St. Thomas, Segneri, and of Cardinal Newman; but, later on, he used to take a text from Holy Scripture, or the gospel of the day, meditate a little upon it, and then proceed to pour out in the pulpit his wealth of striking thought and language upon his entranced congregation.

The Father-General Jandel summoned Father Burke in 1864 to Rome as Prior of San Clemente, that interesting Dominican convent possessing a most beautiful old church, whose crypts are now amongst the wonders of Rome, with frescoes

proving conclusively that modern Catholics do not differ in the smallest particle of dogma from their ancestors in the early ages of the Church.

Father Burke continued to preach at San Clemente and other Roman churches. The English flocked to his sermons, which fascinated both Catholics and Protestants, and in an Advent course preached at Santa Maria del Popolo, he uttered the following words that doubtless brought conviction to many :—"We children of the Church also are struck with the amazing energy of our Mother. We know her to be the oldest institution in the world, yet, we see in her no sign of old age. The Church is acknowledged, even by her enemies, to be as fresh and vigorous as she was two thousand years ago. She still grows, and the ancient mustard tree puts forth leaf and branch, flower and fruit in every land. She questions every comer, examines every doctrine, prescribes for every moral disease, denounces and punishes every crime with as keen an interest, and as vital an energy as in the days when the Apostolic Church sat in Jerusalem, when John the Evangelist denounced Cerinthus, when Paul excommunicated the incestuous Corinthian, when Peter preached in Corinth and Rome. The secret of all this is faith.—Friends admire and enemies decry the activity of the Church and of her children, but friends and enemies alike admit it. We are accused of many things, but no one dreams of accusing the Church of apathy, of indifference—nay, our very activity is the foundation for those charges of ambition, of intrigue, of restless zeal, of troublesome intermeddling, which are made against us ; and yet, if we reflect upon the nature of Divine faith, we shall find that this very activity is one

of its essential attributes. For faith is the image of God, the reflection in the human intelligence of that truth which is God Himself, and, consequently, faith must be not only one, because God is essentially one, but it must also be active because God is pure, essential and eternal action."

Father Burke remained three years in Rome meeting "all sorts and conditions of men"; from the Holy Father, in the closing years of temporal power; the present King, then Prince of Wales; cardinals, prelates, illustrious men, and people of the highest social position; down to the very poor of the Eternal City. Indeed wherever he went he always loved the poor, as he said that in them was to be found the highest amount of piety. Even more than the poor did Father Burke love little innocent children, calling their pure souls "the real temples of God and abodes of the Holy Spirit. I am always happy when I am with a little child."[1] Among others who came in contact with Father Burke at San Clemente was the American poet Longfellow. They became great friends, and it was said that Father Burke hoped Longfellow would become a Catholic. However, when asked some years later how it happened that a poet, with such apparent Catholic tendencies, had not been converted, Father Burke replied that the reason was simple enough—Longfellow could appreciate the emotional and poetical side of the Church, but he never could grasp the meaning of her faith.

His term of office expiring, Father Burke returned to Ireland and resumed his busy apostolic life in that country and in England. When the coffin of Daniel O'Connell was laid in its final

[1] *Life*, vol. i., Fitzpatrick.

resting place at Glasnevin, Father Burke preached the panegyric of the Liberator, of whom he said, "For Ireland he lived, for Ireland he died." At a later date when a Triduum of thanksgiving was held at the Pro-Cathedral for the disestablishment of the Irish State Church, Father Burke reminded his hearers that "It was no more a victory for Catholics than for Protestants rightly viewed. While they rejoiced in the strength of their holy religion, they should not forget that Protestants had given them the change, acknowledged the power of principle, and yielded the triumph to purity and faith. Catholics were now satisfied to stretch out the hand of frank fellowship to all their countrymen so that good might be worked for Ireland. They wanted no ascendancy. The word was hateful in Catholic ears. It stood not in their vocabulary; it lived not in their yearnings. They had, indeed, two words which they loved—unity and equality." Noble, high-minded sentiments were these of a son of St. Dominic, who, having a true abhorrence of all heresy and false doctrine, did not extend it to the persons of those who unfortunately had not the happiness of being children of the One, True, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. No one could be more ardent in his defence of our holy religion, no one more passionately loved the Church than this Irish Friar Preacher whose mind was of too lofty a type to admit of the narrow feeling of bigotry, which is only a cloak for all uncharitableness.

Father Burke, as the theologian of the Dominican Bishop of Dromore, assisted at the Vatican Council, which was attended by 803 Bishops. During the Advent before the opening of the Council Father Burke again preached at Santa

Maria del Popolo to English-speaking audiences, and among English, Irish, and American prelates was sometimes seen "John, Archbishop of Tuam," still vigorous after forty-five years of apostolic labour, and of struggles for the liberties of his country.

Rome was never more brilliant, and in the crowds from every country Father Burke was quite in his element, and it was not long before the tall Friar Preacher, with the rugged yet mobile face, became a favourite among stately Oriental prelates, who if they could not understand English, were quite able to comprehend the expressive gestures by which Father Burke could convey his meaning. Between him and the dignified ascetic Cardinal Manning there grew up at this time, as the Cardinal observed after his friend's death, "a bond of affection, mutual knowledge, and confidence, which was never relaxed, but grew more close and intimate even to the end. For in all he spoke for God, he remembered God, and he forgot himself; it was the eloquence not of study nor self-manifestation, but of the great soul filled with God and speaking for God. The whole man spoke, and yet in the pathos and beauty and light of what he spoke we never remembered the speaker. He concealed himself as it were, and, therefore, he touched and swayed the hearts of those who heard him." Of him we may say that he knew how to make himself "all things to all men."

With many of the learned theologians at the Vatican Council, Father Burke did not think the time had come to define definitely the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope in questions of faith and morals, although, like that of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, this dogma had always

been more or less implied. He made no attempt to conceal his very decided opinion ; but once the Infallibility was solemnly decreed, Father Burke unhesitatingly submitted ; and Father Jandel, who, as General of the Dominicans, held the rank of a bishop at the Council, presented to Pius IX an address from the whole Order, implicitly accepting the dogma of Infallibility. Father Burke's instant and humble submission was all the more meritorious, for he had been so firmly convinced that it was better for the good of the Church to leave the question open that, as he said later to some one, he really expected to see some extraordinary visible sign were the subject defined at what he honestly thought to be an inopportune moment.

On that momentous day it so happened that war was declared between France and Prussia, and in September the Pope was a life-long prisoner in the Vatican, while the Papal States, with Rome, were in possession of "Italia Irredenta," as represented by the house of Savoy.

After his return home we are informed that in 1871 alone, he preached 172 sermons and gave 21 retreats, during which sermons are delivered three or four times daily for a week. Then there was the work of the confessional, and Father Burke's penitents were, indeed, more than numerous. He also visited the sick and dying, and as far as possible he followed the rule of his Order, though the cruel disease had commenced which was to take him in his fifty-second year to the grave. At the end of the year, having been named Visitor-General of the Dominican monasteries in America, Father Burke was allowed to take leave of his aged parents in Galway.

In a very short time after his arrival in the United States the great Irish preacher was overwhelmed with demands for sermons and lectures on behalf of various charitable works, and so well did he respond to the calls upon him, and so popular was he with his enormous audiences, that he, a poor Friar having nothing of his own, was enabled to collect a sum of £70,000 or £80,000 for the benefit of all these good works. "The sweetest of all sounds is praise," says Xenophon, but the man who is a religious Christian will add that it is the most dangerous. Naturally there can be nothing more captivating or more delightful to a man than the consciousness that he possesses the rare gift of influencing his fellow creatures, of fascinating them by his words, of rousing all that is deepest in those men and women who are before him, like the key-board of some mighty organ, whose harmonies are evoked by his genius. It is indeed a wondrous sensation, familiar to all great orators and artists, but in that sensation lies a danger which was well recognized by the mediæval preacher St. Bernard, when he exclaimed to the tempter that he had not begun his sermon for him, nor would he end it for him. Father Burke could not possibly ignore his oratorical powers, but when he was at the zenith of his fame, when his praises were being re-echoed in the wide dominion of the United States, and thousands were filling church and lecture hall—the renowned preacher, firmly entrenched in a humility as strong as death, passed unscathed through an ordeal, terrible to one so humble and so fully convinced of the truth of our Saviour's words, "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?"

The limits of this sketch will not permit of a

longer account of the American tour, though it may be remarked that Father Burke said afterwards that there had been passages in his lectures, notably those on Froude, which he regretted having uttered in the excitement of the moment.

Father Jandel dying, a new General soon sent Father Burke an order to return to Ireland—an order welcomed as a relief by the great preacher, who so often thirsted for the solitude and silence of the cloister. When he reached Ireland, his brethren, who had trembled for him on hearing of the ovations greeting him everywhere in the States, were rejoiced to find their fears were groundless, and that Father Burke was just the very same humble, joyous, and interior soul as when he set out on his eventful journey. Numbers had been praying that he "might not be spoiled in America," and foremost was the aged mother in Galway, who said her Rosary every day that her Nicholas should ever remain faithful to the vocation of his life.

Father Burke soon went to see "the best of mothers," as he called her, but the old and dearly loved father was lying under the trees in the Claddagh graveyard surrounding the Dominican "West Convent." Father Burke has said the instinct of the Irish race is to honour their dead. Nowhere are more prayers offered for the repose of departed souls than in Ireland, where it comes as natural to our people to pray for the dead as it is to breathe. That Father Burke's devotion to the Holy Souls was very strong may be gathered from the fact that he could recite by heart the Office of the Dead, which is said once a week by every member of the Dominican Order.

The intense wear and tear of the American tour reacted most injuriously on Father Burke's

already shaken health, and he became a prey to a very painful internal complaint. Knowing that it was incurable, he determined to labour for God as long as he could; and again began the round of sermons, retreats, confessions, and occasional lectures. To this was added the task of interpreting the evidence of Italian canonists in the disedifying law-suit between Father O'Keeffe and Cardinal Cullen. Breaking down in 1875, Father Burke, compelled to take a long rest, went to spend some time at the Bridge House with his family. When able to leave his room, Father Burke used to read a good deal. Like his mother he could enjoy a good novel, and he was a great admirer of our fine English literature. Nothing could be more exquisite than his recital by heart of Milton's *Lycidas* or of passages from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, notably those lines descriptive of the Magdalen whose eyes were "homes of silent prayer." He and a favourite niece used also to sit long over the piano, where she accompanied her uncle as he sang Irish and Italian melodies in a very fine baritone voice. In the evening when the shops were closed, friends dropped in to play cards, which was another amusement to which Mrs. Burke was partial, giving all the pence she won to the poor.

Now and then during the May devotions Father Burke would preach at the "West Convent Church" to his old friends of the Claddagh with just as much readiness as to more educated congregations elsewhere. Many of the old people still remembered him as a gay, thoughtless child, full of boyish tricks and fun; but they listened with deep attention to his short sermons, taking them very much as a matter of course, just like a

countryman, of whom Father Burke inquired how he liked the sermon, and what impression it made upon him. The man replied he liked it very well, but he knew it all before. So with the Claddagh people, and the total absence of adulation on their part was pleasing to the illustrious preacher.

Having attempted to resume his sermons, the superiors, seeing he was not strong enough, decided on sending Father Burke to Rome, where he remained some time extremely ill, under the affectionate care of his old friend, Father Mullooly, at San Clemente. As soon as he could, Father Burke travelled home, and for seven years longer he laboured in pulpit and confessional, with many intervals of agonising pain to keep him in his bed. But he accepted the cross courageously, never praying for relief, and finding patience in frequent meditation upon the sufferings of the saints. When the attack was over he would be as active as ever, to the astonishment of the physicians, who admired the indomitable will that rose imperiously over every pang of a terrible disease.

One of the novices at Tallaght wrote that in the monastery Father Burke was remarkable for his love of obedience, and that he prayed all day long, and was frequently seen walking up and down "the Friar's Walk" in the priory garden devoutly saying his beads, which were always in his hands. During a particularly severe fit of illness, lasting some months, Father Burke, when his sufferings were more acute than usual, would crawl from his cell to the Chapter-room, and looking at the beautiful Spanish crucifix hanging there, he would say to himself: "What are my sufferings compared to His?" In his vivid devotion to the Passion and Death of our Saviour,

he found strength to endure the tortures that were slowly but surely killing him. Again came a respite, and though never free from pain, Father Burke went to see his mother, now very near her end. After her death he was much occupied as usual until November, 1880, when the Provincial selected him as his companion on his visitation to the Dominican house at Lisbon that is included in the Irish province, Corpo Santo having been founded by Father O'Daly as a novitiate for Irish novices in penal days.

This trip interested Father Burke very much, and he had also the pleasure of travelling through Spain, the native land of St. Dominic, whose constitutions have remained unaltered to the present day in his great Order.

Besides his really enormous labours, the great preacher was desired by the Father-General to collect for the erection of a suitable church at Tallaght, but the subscriptions came in slowly, which was strange in the case of one who, by his sermons, gathered such large sums for other churches. However, the foundation stone was laid, and Father Burke preached in the open air in spite of stormy weather to a great congregation, just a short time before he was re-elected Prior of Tallaght in 1882. But this nomination did not check his preaching, interrupted as it so often was by illness. On Good Friday of 1883, after Tenebræ, at St. Saviour's, in Dublin, Father Burke, in a rich impassioned voice, still unimpaired by suffering, addressed the crowds which from the steps of the bare high altar overflowed into the porch. The sermon was opened by a very original comparison between the deluge of water, the deluge of fire, in the Old Testament, and the deluge of the Sacred Blood

shed for mankind, described in the Four Gospels. As he spoke the listeners could realise something of the awful scene on Calvary, depicted in such burning words by Father Burke, whose own face was deeply indented by continual pain, and whose attenuated yet still beautiful hands, as they moved in picturesque gesture, gleamed palely against the black mantle of the Friar Preacher. It was a memorable sermon, the last ever to be heard from Father Burke on the Passion at St. Saviour's; for on the next Good Friday the cool hill breezes were sweeping over his quiet grave.

During the spring a few weeks were spent in Rome for a change of air, and Leo XIII. kindly welcomed the renowned preacher in a long private audience. The warm sunlit Italian spring probably effected some temporary relief, as in May Father Burke was preaching at Haverstock Hill, in London, for the opening of the Dominican Church. A fortnight of excruciating illness ensued, after which, accompanied by one of the English Dominicans, Father Burke returned home, and took to his bed at Tallaght, though, as he confessed to his faithful infirmarian, Brother Joseph, it almost broke his heart to think he could do nothing more for his new church, whose walls were now completed, and which he knew he would leave unfinished. One Sunday in June, although exceedingly ill, Father Burke mustered sufficient energy to appear in the pulpit of the Jesuits' church in Gardiner-street, and, taking for his text the miracle of the loaves and fishes, he preached a charity sermon for 5,000 poor children in Donegal on the verge of starvation.

For nine days longer, at Tallaght, Father Burke lingered in the greatest torture, heroically

and patiently borne, with never a murmur nor word of complaint. When, surrounded by the Community, the dying Prior received the last Sacraments, the scene was, indeed, impressive, especially at the moment in which he humbly asked pardon for any offence he may have given his brethren. But, as a Dominican Father observed, "The world may speak of the great scholar, the splendid orator; but those only in daily and hourly contact with him can speak of his unvarying sweetness of disposition, his tender piety, his complete self-abnegation, his marvellous modesty. Truly he was to us all a splendid example of humility." The prolonged and cruel agony continued the whole day before death, during which the dying Friar Preacher, from time to time, repeated fervent acts of faith, hope, and charity, and his favorite ejaculation "*Auxilium Christianorum ora pro me*," which indeed were the last words ever heard from his lips. The Fathers and the novices often came to pray beside him, their hearts full of sorrow at the fast approaching departure of their beloved Superior, whose steadfast courage and resignation never faltered during those weary final hours of pain. On the Feast of the Visitation, as the grey dawn was stealing over land and sea, his sufferings ceased for ever, and for the last time the dark eyes turned dimly towards the flushing eastern sky. Perceiving that the end was coming swiftly, the Fathers kneeling near their Prior's deathbed, recited the prayers for the dying, and in the midst of these solemn petitions of the Church, the soul of Thomas Nicholas Burke glided away into the eternal dawn of a day that knows no evening. Truly was his death the crowning of a saintly life, and of him might

well have been said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them." [1]

Father Burke, we may say, died in harness, just what he would have wished and his funeral was also as simple, as had been his life in the Dominican cloister. The plain coffin was placed before a temporary altar within the unfinished church, and in the presence of fourteen Irish prelates, and 4,000 people, the Requiem was sung by the Friar Preachers, eight of whom, chosen among the novices, bore the remains of their Prior to the grave, where they remained until the church was consecrated. Then, as it had been finished as a monument to the memory of Father Burke, the coffin was removed to its final resting-place, beneath a side chapel close to the porch, where it escapes all notice unless one knows where to look for the brass inscription on the slab scarcely raised from the pavement. But as this also was precisely what he would have chosen, no better site could have been selected for the tomb of the humble Friar Preacher, whose name in life was so renowned, and whose memory in death as years go by is gradually growing fainter as those who were his friends and admirers are following him behind the impenetrable veil which separates the living from the dead.

Short and fleeting is the sound of a human voice which to-day is, and to-morrow is for ever silent, and well did Father Burke realise this truth in the midst of adulation, such as is rarely bestowed in this world. He preached because it

[1] Apoc. xiv. 13.

was the talent given him to draw souls away from sin and perdition; he suffered because he had thoroughly learnt from his crucifix the meaning of self-sacrifice and pain; he prayed because it was the supreme craving of his soul ever to come nearer to God, to whom he had consecrated his life as a Dominican priest.

Most Rev. Thomas Croke

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND EMLY.

1824—1902.

THE death of this remarkable Irish prelate is still too recent to enable the writer to give as full an account of his many-sided career as might be perhaps expected by the reader. It is intended in the following pages to describe Dr. Croke rather from an ecclesiastical than from a political point of view, the writer not being qualified to deal with that phase of Dr. Croke's life, which yet, as was remarked by the Editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* was "a part and a substantial part of the history of Ireland during the last years of the nineteenth century."[1]

Leaving therefore this important subject to the more competent pens of future biographers we may here turn our attention to the great Archbishop in his threefold aspect of missionary priest, missionary bishop, and ruler of an Irish Archdiocese which has been distinguished by a long succession of Catholic prelates from the days of Cormac MacCullinan the saintly Bishop and King of Cashel.[2]

[1] October, 1902.

[2] Among the most illustrious predecessors of Dr. Croke, in the Archdiocese of Cashel, was the saintly Dermot O'Hurley, who died for the Faith in St. Stephen's-green, Dublin, after frightful tortures during the Elizabethan persecutions. His speedy beatification, along with other Irish martyrs of the Reformation period, is now looked for.

Catholic Emancipation had not yet been granted when, in 1824, on May 19th, at Castlecor, in the parish of Ballyclough, which is seven miles from Mallow, the subject of this memoir was born into the world, wherein he was destined to join the galaxy of eminent Irish churchmen of the nineteenth century. Belonging to a class of well-to-do farmers, the child's family had already given priests to the Catholic Church, though Dr. Croke's father, William, an excellent layman, strangely enough married a Protestant, Isabella Plummer; who retained her own creed until her conversion four years before her death. As so many of her children, both boys and girls developed religious vocations, and entered seminaries and convents, it is very evident that Mrs. Croke never interfered in the Catholic education of her young family.[1]

Thomas, or Tom Croke as he was usually called, spent the first years of his existence amid the exquisite scenery of the River Blackwater which flows past undulating and fertile hills, rich valley meadows, fine woods and orchards, and sweeps under the ancient narrow bridge of the old town of Mallow, with its quaint main-street, and the hot springs which were so much frequented at a period when there were no trains or steamers to take Irish invalids to foreign spas.

Thus from his earliest days when impressions

[1] One of Archbishop Croke's brothers, William, died young as a curate at Charleville, where during the great famine he contracted the fever produced by want and starvation among the poor Irish. Another brother, James, also a priest, went to America and eventually became Vicar-General at San Francisco, but he died about twelve or thirteen years before Dr. Croke. One of the sisters was for many years Superioress of the Convent of St. Mary at Charleville, while another sister, who survived the Archbishop, was the Reverend Mother of a well-known convent of New South Wales.

are freshest and strongest, the boy was accustomed to the natural beauty, that in so many districts is peculiar to the land ;

> " Where Sionainn and Bearbha and Abhaindubh flow." [1]

And from these youthful recollections he acquired that keen appreciation of fine scenery, which is ever a deep source of pleasure to those who can feel the beauty of a world and the power and goodness of its Creator.

Nothing has been said respecting the education of the Croke children in their infancy, but it is probable that Tom and his brothers learnt their alphabet and first lessons in one of those private schools taught by Catholics that were then to be commonly found in Ireland. Moreover, at that period the wandering school-master still went from one farmer's house to another, and gave the children the benefit of excellent instruction in return for food and lodging. Dr. Croke's father appears to have died while his children were still very young, for his son Tom was a mere boy, when taken away by his uncle and guardian, Father Croke, a very ascetic and saintly clergyman, who was Vicar-General of the diocese of Cloyne and parish priest of Charleville. This cheerful market town on the northern boundary of Co. Cork was known as Rathgogan until 1662, when the first Earl of Orrery informed the Duke of Ormonde that he had changed " the heathenish name " to Charleville in honour of the restoration of Charles II. after the stern régime of Cromwell and the Puritans, which had been a real scourge in Ireland, though with

[1] Shannon and Barrow and Avondhu (Blackwater).—" The Irish Brigade," T. Davis.

characteristic Stewart ingratitude the Merry Monarch quickly forgot the sufferings and sacrifices of his loyal Irish subjects.

The Vicar-General sent his nephew to the Endowed School of Charleville, where he studied well, although he was so devoted to athletic sports that he was considered a champion among his comrades. Meanwhile, with all his love of fun and gaiety, and his sunny open temperament, young Croke at a very early period developed a decided vocation to the ecclesiastical state, which was encouraged by his holy uncle, rejoiced as he was at the idea that his nephew to whom he was deeply attached, was inclined to follow in the footsteps of so many of his family; for besides his uncle, the parish priest of Charleville, there was a great uncle, Dr. McKenna, who in the eighteenth century had been Bishop of Cloyne, and another relative, Father Flynn, was Dean in the same diocese. With the firm intention of entering the Church, Thomas Croke pursued his studies with such success in the Endowed School that at the age of fifteen he won the diocesan burse of the Irish College in Paris, which enabled him to leave Ireland in order to continue the regular course of philosophy, theology, and canon law, marked out for ecclesiastical students. It is not related how young Croke travelled to Paris, then a long and tedious journey, but living in the South of Ireland it is probable that he went in a sailing vessel from Cork to one of the French ports, and then by the lumbering "diligence" to the French capital. He remained six years at the College, during which time he acquired a perfect mastery of the French language, and having a most powerful and retentive memory not only did he profit

by his prescribed studies, but also by the knowledge he assimilated from the literature of France and other countries that stocked the library of the Irish College. Such good use did our Irish student make of his opportunities, that at the age of twenty he was sent for a year to a Belgian College as Professor of Rhetoric, Philosophy and English, on which subjects he lectured to students of the place.

The seal was set upon Croke's untiring industry and application when the Superiors of the Irish College in Paris, passed on their brilliant student to the Irish College in Rome, which under the care of Dr. Blake, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, had been revived in the city of the Popes, and was established not far from the Quirinal in the ancient Santa Agata in Suburra. Through the courtyard of the Seminary in the retired Via di Mazzarini is the entrance to the small church of Santa Agata dei Goti, with its granite pillars and fine " opus alexandrinum " pavement, which is supposed to occupy the site of a house once the dwelling of St. Sylvia, the mother of the Pope St. Gregory the Great, who consecrated the sacred edifice and dedicated it to the Sicilian martyr St. Agatha. It was rebuilt at a later period, and at present it is chiefly interesting to Irish visitors, on account of the fine monument in which reposes the heart of Daniel O'Connell. At the time of Dr. Croke's arrival the College had as Rector Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, who appreciating the talent of his new student always continued to follow his career with the utmost interest. With a number of other comrades destined to become distinguished churchmen, Thomas Croke attended the brilliant lectures of the learned Jesuit Fathers

Perrone and Passaglia, and as in Paris, he proved himself to be an indefatigable student. In his twenty-third year, when only a sub-deacon, out of twenty competitors he won both gold and silver medals by his thesis on theology at a severe examination held by the Roman University. As it is a very rare event for a candidate to carry off both medals at the same time, this unusual honour gained by an Irishman was published in the *Freeman's Journal*, whose kindly notice was always prized and preserved by Dr. Croke. It may be added as a coincidence, that this first great distinction occurred on the 21st July, 1846, which many years later fell on the eve of his death. This same year, 1846, was rendered still more momentous to Dr. Croke, by his gaining his degree as doctor of divinity, by his ordination, and by his being selected to present an address on the visit of Pius IX to the Irish College. In the Church of Santa Agata the young priest celebrated his first Mass, a most sacred event in the life of any one who, like Aaron, is called upon in virtue of a sublime vocation to "approach to the altar and offer sacrifice for thy sin; offer the holocaust and pray for thyself and for the people."[1]

Not long after his ordination Father Croke left Rome for his own country, where he was to replace his dead brother, Father William, as curate to the kind and venerable uncle at Charleville who had fostered the religious vocation of his nephews. For a year also Father Croke was employed as Professor of Rhetoric in Carlow College, and then departing to France he taught theology in the Irish College that had been his

[1] Levit. ix. 7.

"Alma Mater." On his subsequent return home Father Croke recommenced his apostolic work, acquiring the love of his flock by his unfailing kindness and benevolence, qualities that forcibly appeal to the susceptible and warm-hearted nature of our Irish people. We are informed that nine years were passed by Father Croke in parochial work, not only at Charleville, but also at Middleton and Mallow, and during this time he became known as an excellent preacher and speaker. Never at a loss for brilliant illustrations of his original yet eminently practical ideas owing to his stores of wide and varied reading, expressing himself too, in language remarkable alike for its truly Celtic eloquence, and for a style that was graceful and at times poetic, Father Croke made his audiences soon forget the natural metallic hardness of his voice; carried away as they invariably were by the extreme beauty of the speaker's thoughts and words which fell on their ears like some cascade of clear sparkling water. One of Dr. Croke's friends, a member of a religious order, says that he usually preached without any regular preparation, being a splendid extempore speaker, energetic as an Italian preacher in gesticulation, but withal intensely Irish in his sermons, which were totally free from all that savours of bombast being rather full of the most practical exhortation and counsel.

Father Croke in 1858 was named President of St. Colman's College at Fermoy, which under his vigilant supervision prospered exceedingly, for not only had he the gift of imparting knowledge, but he was an excellent man of business, knowing exactly what was wanted and how to

obtain it. He had never lost the love of athletic sports that had been such a prominent feature of his own youthful days, so he could encourage his pupils in their games with genial sympathy, a thing which invariably attracts lads to their masters when they feel that their juvenile amusements are not overlooked by those who for the time being stand "in loco parentis." "As an experienced and thoughtful educationalist he was always listened to with pleasure and advantage, and he managed to infuse into his public addresses a judicious assortment of epigram and narrative harmonising with the character of the subject; and when the Catholic University of Ireland was established he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastic History, and nominated one of its select preachers."[1]

Father Croke remained at Fermoy until 1865, when he was appointed chancellor of the diocese of Cloyne and parish priest of Doneraile, a post now occupied by the Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, whose literary works are so celebrated throughout the English-speaking world. During the Vatican Council Father Croke was present in the august assembly as theologian to his Bishop Dr. Keane. Though the celebrated Irish Dominican, Father Burke, was preaching at Santa Maria del Popolo, Father Croke was able to attract considerable attention by his own fine sermons. He met at this eventful period in Rome distinguished churchmen of all nationalities, among whom was the austere and ascetic Archbishop Manning, who became a sincere friend of the future Archbishop of Cashel.

Now ensued the decisive turning point in

[1] *Irish Catholic*, July 23rd, 1902.

Father Croke's career. No more was he to lead the daily monotonous existence of a parish priest in an Irish country place; for the authorities at Propaganda, ever keen observers of character, had noted the abilities of the youthful ecclesiastic, and his old Rector, Dr. Cullen, now Archbishop of Dublin, was foremost in urging his promotion to the episcopacy as Bishop of Auckland in New Zealand. Father Croke was consecrated in Santa Agata, where he had celebrated his first Mass several years previously. He soon departed on the long journey to Australia, and from this great British Colony under the constellation of the Southern Cross, he sailed across the Pacific Ocean to the scene of his future labours in New Zealand, that beautiful country discovered first by the Dutch explorer, Tasman, in the seventeenth century, and again by our own celebrated navigator, Captain Cook, whose name is given to the fine strait separating the South from the North Island. It is in the latter the diocese of Auckland is situated, being in the midst of a highly volcanic region full of natural wonders such as geysers, fumaroles, boiling mud fountains, and lovely lakes and rivers, one of which, the Waikato, plunges through a series of hot springs lying at the bottom of a deep defile, while clouds of steam perpetually ascend from cascades of boiling water dashing over terraces of pumice stone, into the singularly opalescent stream, on its way to the sea that bathes the shore of the Auckland peninsula. The active volcanos, with numerous extinct cones scattered in profusion over the North Island, also contribute to form most peculiar and uncommon scenery which ever fills the mind with awe at the sight of such stupendous and myster-

ious forces. Yet all is not terrible in this northern part of New Zealand, where along the coast line are to be found fertile plains, and well watered valleys, varied by luxuriant forests, hilly ranges, and table lands. The climate of this island resembles that of Italy, and on it semi-tropical fruit will grow beside the familiar fruit of temperate zones. Notwithstanding frequent and severe gales on the coasts, New Zealand is generally blessed with an azure sky, and fogs are quite unknown even though there may be heavy rains at times, and the high mountain peaks be ever covered with perpetual snow. The town of Auckland, admirably situated near the sea, is the largest city in the Colony with its 60,000 inhabitants, and a University, but on Dr. Croke's arrival in 1870 it was suffering from the effects of the last considerable revolt of the Maoris which had only been suppressed the previous year.

The Catholic mission here was founded in 1835 under the first bishop, Mgr. Pompallier, of the Society of Mary. His flock consisted of thirty poor Irish Catholics who had been obliged to sail once a year to Sydney to have their children baptised and to approach the Sacraments. The other colonials were Protestants whose ministers were endeavouring with much success to make Christians of the Maoris, but according to Dr. Brown (one of these reverend gentlemen) the natives were actuated not by any desire of religious instruction, but by the hope of selling their lands profitably to the missionaries, many of whom did not scruple to obtain large tracts of land by the barter of hatchets and pocket-handkerchiefs. It must be said that when the scandal was discovered, the English govern-

ment compelled these men to disgorge much of their illgotten property. Therefore the appearance of disinterested Catholic missionaries was by no means welcome to the sectarians who did all in their power to discredit our apostolic workers with the Maoris, who were naturally inclined to despise their poverty. For a long time the Catholic mission existed on a precarious footing in New Zealand, but by degrees the humble and charitable lives of the unselfish patient missionaries won the respect of Maoris and Colonists; the Governor Sir George Grey reporting in 1857 that the Catholic native schools did great credit to the Bishop and his clergy. By 1860 it was reckoned that 40,000 Maoris had joined the Catholic Church, although the subsequent rebellions and massacres reduced the number to 10,000. Meanwhile the mission advanced so much among the colonists that in 1848 two bishoprics had been established on the North Island, at Auckland and Wellington. However, the Maori insurrection and other causes greatly impeded the progress of the mission which was in a great state of confusion when Dr. Croke went out to New Zealand. There was a very heavy debt upon the Cathedral of Auckland, and the diocesan affairs were much in need of a thorough reorganization. With his aptitude for business, his clear insight into every subject placed before him, his practical common sense, his zeal for religion, Dr. Croke was just the right man for the post, and he devoted himself to his new duties. Everything around him was strange, country, seasons, climate, natives and colonists; most probably he had never seen any of the clergy under his orders, but he fearlessly set to work regardless of his own comforts, and very

soon the affairs of the diocese assumed a more satisfactory aspect. Every part of the See was visited by the indefatigable Bishop, who often used to ride on horseback for seventy or eighty miles in localities not yet reached by rail. In this way he must have seen much of the natural wonders already mentioned, and he soon loved the country which he considered to be the best in the world for work and enjoyment. Dr. Croke preached a great deal, and he also gave lectures which were attended by people of every denomination, and which served to weaken and dispel popular prejudices against Catholicity, while his sermons effected a salutary change in his own flock, who were made to realise more perfectly their position and duties as Catholics. Dr. Croke was gratified to witness the generous and liberal spirit with which the colonists treated the clergy, and being himself most hospitable, he could appreciate the hospitality shown to him everywhere in New Zealand, where he was never allowed to pay a railway fare nor a hotel bill. No matter where he travelled a free pass was given to him on every line, and in every place he found people only anxious to receive him as their guest. The system of education also met with his approval, as in every school supported by the State, one day was set apart in the week for religious instruction by the ministers of every denomination. Consequently the Catholic priests were enabled to devote regularly several hours every week to the work of catechizing the Catholic school children, and in Dr. Croke's opinion, the system seemed to answer admirably.

While engaged in clearing the debt off the Cathedral and attending to the spiritual needs

of the Catholic colonists, Dr. Croke did not neglect his native flock, among whom he made many converts. Of all the races in Oceania, the Maoris certainly hold the first place by their intelligence, their noble brave disposition, and their fine physical appearance, many being extremely tall men, while most of them are above the average European in height. Their features are regular, and in the schools Maori children are quite as teachable and as bright as those of the colonists. The Maoris also excel in field sports, and at present four of these natives are members of the New Zealand Parliament, where they can display the logic and eloquence peculiar to their nation. Formerly cannibals and worshippers of stone idols, the Maoris are now all Christians, but they still retain their ancient veneration for the memory of their ancestors. They live chiefly in the North Island where they possess a quasi-independent reservation, but unfortunately consumption aided by drink, is rapidly diminishing the numbers of this fine race. As the Maoris will not submit to a census it is not possible to ascertain the exact native population, though it is quite evident that they are now far out-numbered by colonists of English, Scotch, and in a lesser degree of Irish descent. Dr. Croke and his missionaries taking a lively interest in these Maoris spared no pains nor trouble in looking after their spiritual necessities.

The Bishop was also greatly assisted by the Irish Sisters of Mercy at Auckland, who in the midst of all the distress and confusion existing during and after the insurrection, steadily continued their apostolic labours undeterred by serious obstacles. During his occupation of his southern diocese Dr. Croke rebuilt churches

destroyed in the Maori wars, and opened schools wherever they were needed; he encouraged his clergy in their arduous duties, ever showing them a powerful example by his own untiring exertions. At length when a new era of prosperity prevailed in the once much-tried diocese, the health of the zealous Bishop broke down from over work, and he was compelled to return to Europe; visiting on the journey his sister in her convent at Bathurst, New South Wales, where he gave much pleasure to her school children by his lively descriptions of New Zealand and the interesting Maoris whom he was destined to see no more.

The next year, 1875, while Dr. Croke was recruiting his strength among his own people in the south of Ireland, Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly died, and owing to Cardinal Cullen's efforts, Dr. Croke was translated to the vacant See by Pius IX, who summoned him to Rome to receive the pallium. In the church of the Irish College the Irish prelate, it is said, again celebrated his first Mass as Archbishop of Cashel.

Not having been selected by the clergy of the Archdiocese, Dr. Croke would at first have had to meet with a certain amount of reserve and coldness, but so great was his magnetic charm of manner, his geniality, and unvarying kindness, that he soon won the deep affection of his priests who were proud of their able and brilliant Archbishop. He was then about forty-six years old, having an extremely tall and stately figure, with massive features, in which were conspicuous, the keen large eyes, the broad intellectual brow, and the thin resolute mouth, with somewhat a melancholy expression, when

not lighted up by his pleasant winning smile. With all his attractive and charming qualities, his tolerance of the feelings of others, his gay witticism, "Dr. Croke was a churchman in the first and best sense of the word, devotedly attached to his profession, and a strict observer of its most stringent and exacting rules. No man had a higher conception of his ecclesiastical duties or devoted himself to them with greater earnestness."[1] Though discipline was strictly maintained, the Archbishop was remarkably just and prudent in his paternal government of his diocese, while his charity to the poor was unbounded, and he was beloved by them for his warm-hearted sympathy in their lives of toil and hardship.

The first public appearance of Dr. Croke in Ireland was on the memorable occasion of the centenary of the Liberator Daniel O'Connell, which was celebrated in Dublin the first week of August, 1875. The Pro-Cathedral at Marlborough Street was thronged by 4,000 people attending the High Mass and other religious functions that took place on the 5th August. So great was the number of regular and secular clergy that they and the thirty-three prelates present, were nearly an hour defiling from the side chapel to their seats in the sanctuary. French Bishops, Monsignori from Propaganda, German and Swiss clergymen, had all come over to join with English, Scotch, Welsh, Colonials, and Americans, in doing honour to the memory of Daniel O'Connell. Cardinal Cullen was surrounded by the three other Irish Archbishops, including the still erect if aged figure of "John

[1] *Irish Ecclesiastical Record.*

Archbishop of Tuam" who had been a devoted friend and admirer of the Liberator.

When High Mass, celebrated by the Bishop of Limerick was over, the Archbishop of Cashel entered the pulpit, where he preached a most powerful and instructive sermon from the text "a wise man shall inherit honour among his people, and his name shall live for ever" (Ecclus. xxxvii. 29). He proceeded to treat of O'Connell "as a Christian man, as a great Catholic, as a devoted son of the Church," describing all that a true Catholic should be, and in his own practical way asking his hearers, "did they by their words and deeds show to the world that they were proud of being Catholics; of sympathising with, and encouraging all that concerned the progress and welfare of their Church, and of Christian education?" In clear and simple terms the Archbishop gave a sketch of the life of O'Connell, pointing out how true a Catholic he had been in his public and private life; and dwelling on his deeply religious mind, and his love of the Catholic faith and the Catholic Church. The preacher then described the incalculable religious benefits that had accrued to Ireland since the Emancipation gained by her illustrious son, and he quoted O'Connell's remark, "there is but one bad religion, that of a man who professes a faith which he does not believe." "He believed and practised," concluded the Primate of Munster, "may his reward be exceedingly great for both! His spirit we trust is with the Saints and holy ones of the land he loved. May it act as a sentinel over us throughout all time, even as the Archangel guarded the heights of heaven against the rebel hosts of Lucifer; and should we ever be tempted to betray in anything the double

allegiance to which he was pledged, the twin cause of creed and country, may we be deterred from doing so, by the remembrance of the fidelity with which he served both, and of the brilliant genius with which he defended them."

The earnest distinct voice that in the southern Irish accent uttered vigorous thoughts in exquisite language, full of quotations testifying to the wide course of literature familiar to the preacher, was heard with the deepest attention, and from that day the Archbishop of Cashel was recognised as being one of our best Irish orators.

In the crowd of distinguished men assembled in Dublin, it must have been a pleasure to Dr. Croke to meet his old friend Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whom he knew so well in the early days of missionary work in the diocese of Cloyne. Although the writer has already disclaimed all intention of dwelling upon the political side of Dr. Croke's career, still it will not be out of place to mention that he yielded to none in his love of his native land, and his desire to assist the people whose needs he knew so well. It may also be remarked in passing that in those far off days Dr. Croke, then a country priest, foreshadowed the principle of peasant proprietorship now being put into practice, by his thorough support of the celebrated "three F's"[1] which were advocated by Gavan Duffy. And his Eminence Cardinal Logue observed that "all through his life the Archbishop was remarkable for his unswerving fidelity to the glorious traditions of the Irish priesthood. His sympathy was never wanting to the suffering and afflicted,

[1] Fair rent, free sale, fixity of tenure.

his compassion was never denied, even to the erring and fallen, the poor were never driven from his gate."[1]

In the government of the united sees of Cashel and Emly, Dr. Croke displayed the same administrative ability he had evinced in New Zealand. He commenced his episcopate at Thurles by completing the fine Cathedral begun by his predecessor, and he would have done so at his own expense, had not clergy and people raised £12,000 for this purpose. The consecration of this really beautiful building took place in 1879, when twenty bishops attended the stately ceremony by which a Catholic church is dedicated as a temple of sacrifice and prayer. All over the Archdiocese new churches and presbyteries replaced old and dilapidated edifices, convents were established wherever they were needed, missions were given in various places under Dr. Croke's auspices, and the deepest interest was taken in the schools by the energetic prelate who in especial had a great admiration for the excellent system of teaching pursued by the Christian Brothers.

Like Archbishop Leahy, Dr. Croke had much at heart the promotion of temperance in his diocese, and he established in every parish a branch of St. Patrick's League of the Cross against the curse of the Irish race, thus imitating his friend Cardinal Manning's celebrated League of the Cross for the same object. His Grace further ordained that every child making his or her first Communion should be enrolled in this temperance league until the age of twenty-one. In view of the Anti-Treating League now

[1] Sermon at Dr. Croke's Silver Jubilee, 1895.

progressing in Ireland, the following words of Dr. Croke will be read with interest. On one occasion after remarking that he would never allow a child, if he could, to know the taste of strong drink, and that the main hope for future temperance lay in this juvenile total abstinence society, the Archbishop added "I would urge all my countrymen to stop once and for ever, the custom of treating. If necessary I would pledge them never to give or take a treat. I fancy this would check an immense amount of that unhappy drunkenness which arises not from an Irishman's love of drink, but from his love of hospitality and good fellowship. A great stand should be made against this treating, and also against 'wetting the bargain' at fairs and markets, and the general idea that it is the decent thing to press drink on every friend who comes in the way. If we could get rid of these customs and notions, the backbone of drunkenness in this country would be broken."

On Dr. Croke's appointment to the Archdiocese, the Seminary College of St. Patrick, founded by a predecessor, Archbishop Everard, was seriously embarrassed by very heavy debts which were gradually paid off by our prelate, who also raised considerably the standard of discipline and the course of studies in this diocesan college. Out of his own funds he founded a number of burses for students who should devote their lives to the foreign missions, and aided by the people he was able to collect a large annual income solely for the training of priests for American and Australian missions. It was a work peculiarly dear to the zealous prelate who himself had "borne the burden of the day and the heats in his New Zealand missionary life, and who so

well knew the qualifications needed by those destined 'to preach to the nations that sit in darkness.'"

Near the episcopal residence were two convents, one belonging to the Ursulines, founded in 1787, having gardens on the bank of the River Suir, while the other was occupied by the Presentation Nuns, who have a lovely Gothic chapel. Near at hand are the fine schools of the Christian Brothers. Dr. Croke naturally took much interest in the educational work and religious life of his pious neighbours, who found in him a truly generous and devoted father and friend. In fine it has been stated that the sum spent upon various religious buildings, schools, etc., during his Grace's administration amounted to £200,000.

The following anecdote will serve to show us the extent of the apostolic work in the Archdiocese. On one occasion in Rome, having heard a Cardinal speaking disparagingly of the Irish, Dr. Croke drawing himself up to his full height, replied in his fluent Italian: "I beg to inform your Eminence that in my diocese so many thousands make their Easter every year, so many are weekly communicants, so many are members of Third Orders, confraternities, and charitable associations, may I therefore inquire can your Eminence give the same account of your diocese?" The surprised and embarrassed Italian Cardinal remained silent, it being well known that his diocese was notorious in Italy for the number of wicked, irreligious people living there.

The Archbishop, we are informed, spent the chief part of his life among his own clergy, not associating much with seculars, but he had a profound knowledge of human nature which enabled him to rule his priests with justice and

consideration. As he said in a speech made at his Silver Jubilee : " for twenty long and troubled years I have sat on the throne and held the crozier of Cashel, and it is no small thing for me to be able to say publicly, and in sober truth, that during that time I have not had as Bishop one hour's serious trouble on the part of either priests or people ; and if at times, though rarely, I had to draw the sword to smite a clerical or lay transgressor, it was universally understood that in doing so I felt more pain myself than I inflicted on the offender." It has also been remarked by one who had special opportunities of knowing the Archbishop very intimately, that often what were taken for his impromptu utterances were in reality the result of a resolution taken after long and careful deliberation.

His Grace was much esteemed by the Irish Hierarchy, and different as he was in many respects from Cardinal Cullen, there was a strong affection between them. But perhaps the close friendship which he enjoyed with an Englishman of such strongly marked tendencies as Cardinal Manning, is even a more striking testimony to the breadth of his sympathies and the attractiveness of his nature. The English Cardinal considered him a saint whom he loved as a brother, and on his death-bed one of his last messages was to send his love to Dr. Croke. If on certain political questions the Archbishop varied from Leo XIII's conceptions of them, yet he ever expressed his deep veneration for the Holy Father, saying once to a friend : " He must have the heart of a brute whoever could trespass on the feelings of that great man, for indeed he has the heart of a true father for the faithful of the whole world." When Leo XIII once in an audience

courteously but firmly intimated that his orders should be obeyed, Dr. Croke at a moment of keen disappointment gave a fine example of the unvarying and instant obedience paid by true Catholics to the Vicar of Christ, in his swift unhesitating reply, "When the Holy Father speaks, my time has come to be silent, and your Holiness will have no more obedient son than the Archbishop of Cashel."

From 1878 to 1890, while attending vigorously as ever to his episcopal duties, Dr. Croke became a most prominent figure in the domain of modern Irish history; but like O'Connell he had a horror and hatred of crime and evil doing, against which he ever made a bold and fearless stand, for which he had to face strong opposition and even for a time the odium of those whom he repressed.

An admirer of all wholesome athletic sport, Dr. Croke readily became a patron of the Gaelic Athletic Association, to whom he gave later two silver cups to be competed for by football and the national game of hurling, for which action he was very seriously criticised by those who saw reasons to disapprove of the Association. The prelate was also an excellent horse-man, and he often took long walking expeditions in which he would tire out the young curates who had the honour to be selected as his companions. It has been said that in his seventieth year he actually learnt to ride a tricycle, and to the last his interest was unflagging in all manly sports.

In 1895 Dr. Croke's silver jubilee as bishop was celebrated with much pomp and rejoicing at Thurles. Bishops, priests, and laity flocked to do honour to the Primate of Munster, and in the pulpit of the Cathedral Cardinal Logue in his sermon spoke of the "twenty-five years of zealous,

unselfish, fruitful service" rendered by the Archbishop of Cashel in his exalted office, and he reminded the venerable prelate that the crozier he wielded was that of "Cormac, patriot, scholar, prince, and pontiff;" and that "it dropped from the hand of O'Hurley only when he had sealed with his blood, the testimony of fidelity to the faith and country, which he has left to his successors; and in your hands, my Lord Archbishop, it has lost none of the hallowed associations which cling to it."

From all sides came addresses and valuable gifts, while in commemoration of this auspicious moment of his life Dr. Croke presented to Thurles, a splendid clock, that from the Cathedral tower strikes the hours in harmonious chimes. Respected, loved and honoured by all who knew him, the Archbishop of Cashel continued his hard working life which not at all "trivial" in its aims, was nevertheless animated by the spirit expressed in these lines of an English poet—

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Would furnish all we ought to ask;
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."

Possessing very considerable means, besides the revenues of his See, Dr. Croke was lavish in his generosity, thinking nothing, says the friend already mentioned, of giving £150 for any charitable or religious work. In discussion, argument, or a matter of business the Archbishop always seized the pith of the subject, and he ever adopted the most practical measures in carrying out his views. His piety also was practical, remarked the same informant; he was no friend of useless

devotions, and though he was really a very ascetic, holy, and humble man, he kept it all to himself, being in such matters like most Irishmen, exceedingly reticent and reserved. He offered up Mass every day, and his great love of punctuality was remarkable, seen in the observance of a self-imposed rule to recite his breviary as early as the rubrics would permit. He had a particularly strong devotion to the Rosary, never forgetting the decade said by members of the living Rosary. He was also in the habit of keeping three sets of beads so as to be well provided for every emergency. One of these which was of large size he kept for home use ; while a small Rosary was used when on his travels. His cherished medals, relics and the first pair of scapulars he ever got, were always carried about his person in a bag, and the day was regularly concluded by a visit to the chapel where the Archbishop knelt absorbed in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

No one was more exact and punctual than Dr. Croke in all his habits, especially as regarded his spiritual duties. In order to have more to give away he was parsimonious as to his own requirements which were always very simple. Though of extreme and abstemious sobriety he had the true Irish spirit of hospitality, and he never hesitated to keep up his position as a prelate in his residence at Thurles, which was really a charming well ordered house, with the garden in which the owner loved to see beautiful flowers growing on every side. The position of this Cathedral town, just about half way between Cork and Dublin, made it a peculiarly tempting halting place for the large number of Irish Americans who were perpetually streaming across the

Atlantic in the summer season, all of whom wished to say that they had seen and conversed with the great patriot Prelate of Munster; hence his hospitality was often taxed to the utmost. But he endured it all, and was indeed a delightful host, and he received not merely his clergy and friends, but also strangers with the cordial welcome of a gentleman of the old school.

Somewhat brusque in bearing, but withal exceedingly cheerful, gay and witty, Dr. Croke was an admirable 'raconteur,' and as he invariably kept himself abreast of all the topics of the day, his conversational powers were naturally much appreciated by all who were privileged to be his guests. Another very pleasing characteristic of the Archbishop was his sympathy for and kindness to dumb animals, and it is related that he was idolized by a wonderfully tame canary, and a pet dog who were the inmates of his house. To the members of his family and of his household Dr. Croke was affectionate, almost tender in his warm-hearted fashion, thereby easily securing their devoted attachment.

According to the writer in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "providence preserved the Archbishop strong and healthy to a fine old age; gave him a cheerful spirit, and endowed him with the keenest relish for the foibles, the absurdities, and the eccentricities of his neighbours. As he observed, he had put his shutters up leaving to time and common sense to judge impartially of his services to Church and country." As his years increased, the eminent prelate, while retaining the faculties of his clear and powerful intellect, was less able to carry out religious functions such as the confirmations, entailing much physical exertion. He consequently applied

for a Coadjutor, and to his satisfaction and that of the clergy and laity, he obtained a most efficient assistant in Dr. Fennelly, who was also named as his successor, and is now in the possession of the Archiepiscopal See.

The final illness of the Archbishop lasted for two months, during which his devoted attendants and friends could realise the sanctity and piety that had been the mainspring of the fast ebbing life. Every day he heard the Mass offered in his room by Dr. Fennelly or the chaplain. Two of the Ursuline or Presentation Nuns, his neighbours, came constantly to see him and to assist in the attendance required by his illness. Many were the members of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy who visited the dying prelate, or sent him repeated messages of sympathy, and from Rome was sent the Papal blessing of Leo XIII. Towards the end Dr. Croke was always praying and imploring the mercy of God, and sometimes he was heard to say, "I was always for faith and fatherland—God bless my people." As death came nearer the Archbishop lay almost unconscious, surrounded by his household and the priests of the Cathedral, who with the Coadjutor recited the prayers for the dying—those prayers which are prescribed by the Church for all her children, from the occupant of the Fisherman's throne to the poorest of the poor, at that supreme hour when all are rendered equal by the touch of death—that "ultimate boundary of human matters," and "the quiet haven of us all."

At 10 o'clock of the summer's night, July 22nd, 1902, all that was immortal of the great Irish Archbishop had left this world for ever, leaving behind tender memories of the past, and very sincere sorrow at the loss of one who had known

that "the fear of the Lord is a crown of wisdom," and that "a sweet word multiplieth friends and appeaseth enemies, and a gracious tongue in a good man aboundeth."[1]

The funeral of the late prelate was a most impressive and stately ceremony. The Requiem in the Ratisbon Plain Chant was exquisitely rendered by the finely-trained voices of ecclesiastical students and clergy. In the sanctuary of the Cathedral were the suffragan bishops of Munster, and the three metropolitan Archbishops of whom the Primate of Armagh was conspicuous, as in the violet mourning robes of a prince of the church, he stood beside Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, who, happening to be in Ireland, fitly represented the Church of Oceania, where as his coadjutor Dr. Kelly remarked in his panegyric at Bathurst (N.S.W.), Dr. Croke had been really "the founder of a diocese in this southern land, and when called upon to fill another sphere he left behind a name that would dwell for ever in the memory of our people."

Slowly the funeral procession passed through the crowded streets of Thurles, headed by the boys of the Christian Brothers' School, followed by the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and Irish Members of Parliament; the clergy, prelates and Cardinals being preceded by the Christian Brothers who were so much esteemed by their deceased benefactor and friend. When the procession once more swept into the Cathedral, the Dead March in Saul was played on the sweet-toned organ. Dr. Fennelly, now Archbishop of Cashel, gave the final absolution, and the remains of Dr. Croke were laid in a spot he had chosen

[1] Ecclus, i. 22, vi. 5.

many years before when he enclosed what had been the old Ursuline cemetery as a mortuary within the precincts of the Cathedral. Quietly now rests the coffin of the remarkable Irish prelate not far from the altars where daily Mass is offered, where his people so often come to kneel in prayer, and to hear God's word in the stately temple finished for the divine glory by their well-beloved Archbishop who had consecrated his whole life to apostolic work.

THE END.

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